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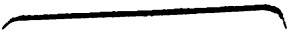

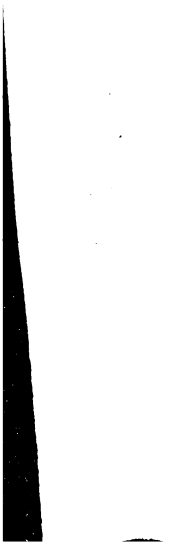

THE

WORKS

OF THE

FAMOUS AND WORTHY KNIGHT,

SIR DAVID LINDSAY

OF THE

MOUNT

ALIAS

LION KING OF ARMS.

Carefully corrected and amended, with several new additions by the same Author hereto prefixed, never before published.

JOB vii. *Militia est vita hominis supra terram.*

Vivit etiam post funera virtus.

EDINBURGH:

Printed and sold by PETER WILLIAMSON, and C. ELLIOT, Parliament Square.

MDCCLXXVI.

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TO THE READER.

IT hath pleaſed God in all ages, to raiſe up faithful and worthy men, of ſingular gifts and graces (eſpecially in the time of greateſt defection) to bear witneſs of his truth, and to rebuke the world of ſin: As Noah for the ſpace of an hundred and twenty years, before the deluge came upon the old world, to preach repentance. Lot in Sodom, whoſe ſoul they vexed with their ſinful deeds. Moſes the ruler of his people, ſent of God to threaten Pharaoh, for their opreſſion, reſolved to ſuffer with God's people rather than to commit ſin. And all his prophets, from time to time to reprove and correct the enormities not only of the Jews, but alſo of the Gentiles for their ſins: and in the time of goſpel, how many notable men of all nations have given their bodies to be cruelly tormented for the cauſe of Chriſt? and, in our own nation, among many other learned men, it pleaſed his Majeſty, even in the time of palpable darkneſs, to ſtir up this author Sir DAVID LINDSAY, albeit a courtier, and exerciſed about maters of ſtate; yet a man of ſuch ſincerity and faithfulneſs, that he ſpared not, as well in his ſatyrical phraſes and plays as in all other works, to inveigh moſt ſharply both againſt enormities of the court, and the great corruption of the clergy, that it is a wonder how he eſcaped their bloody hands, they having ſuch power at that time, as they practiſed in ſhedding the blood of God's ſervents, Mr Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forreſter, Gentlemen, George Wiſchart, and Walter Mill, with divers others, who gave their lives for the teſtimony of God's truth; and yet this Author ended his days in peace, for all their cruel menacing. This let us ſee the wonderful power and providence of the Almighty, that albeit he ſuffers the wicked to execute their cruelty upon ſome of his ſaints, yet he preſveth others, that their enemies have no power to touch one hair of their heads, but as it pleaſeth his Majeſty to permit them. For further commendation of the author, his own work ſhall teſtify his probity. I will not detain the good reader any longer from the peruſing of the ſame.

A

PROLOGUE

f the miserable Estate of the World, etween EXPERIENCE and the COURTIER.

MUSING and marv'lling on the [illegible],
From d[illegible] in earth which doth increase,
[illegible] each state the instability,
roceeding of the restless business,
Vhereon the most part do their mind address
nord'nately on hungry covetice.
'ain-glory, deceit, and other sensual vice.
But tumbling in my bed I might not lie
Vherefore I went forth in a May morning,
Comfort to get of my melancholy,
Somewhat before fresh phæbus up rising,
Where I might hear the birds most sweetly sing:
nto a park I past for my pleasure,
Deccored well by craft of dame nature.
How I received comfort natrual.
For to describe at length it were too lang,
Smelling the wholsome herbs medicinal,
Whereon the dulce and balmy dew down dang,
Like orient pearls upon the twists that hang;
Or how that the aromatick odours,
Proceeded from the tender fragrant flow'rs
Or how phæbus, that king etherial,
Sweetly sprang up into the orient,
Ascending in his throne imperial;
Whose bright and boreal beams resplendent,
Illumine all unto the occident,
Comforting ev'ry corporal creature.
Which formed were on earth by dame nature.
Whose donk impurpur'd vestment nocturnal,
With his imbrowd'red mantle matutine,
He left unto his region auroral,
Which *on him waited* when he did decline,

Tow'rd his occident palace vesperine;
And rose in habit gay and glorious,
Brighter than gold or stones most precious,
But horned Cynthia the night's fair queen,
She lost her light, and led a lower sail,
When once her sov'reign lord that she had seen,
And in his presence waxed black and pale,
And o'er her visage cast a misty vail.
So Venus did, the goddess amorous.
[illegible] Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.
Right to the [illegible]vicate Saturn
Perceiving phœbus pour his beams to [illegible]
Above the earth, then made he no sojourn,
But suddenly did lose his borrow'd light,
Which he did never show but in the night.
So Pole Arctick, Urses, and stars all,
Which situate are in the septentrional.
(To erring ships that are without all guide,
Convoying them upon the stormy night)
Within their frosty circle did them hide,
Howbeit that stars have none other light,
But the reflex of phœbus beam so bright.
That day durst none into the hav'ns appear,
Till he had circuit all our hemisphere.
Methought it was a sight celestial
To see phœbus so angel-like ascend
Into his fiery chariot triumphal,
Whose beauty bright I could not comprehend:
All care of worldly things did from me wend,
When fresh Flora spread forth her tapestry,
Wrought by dame nature quent and curiously.
Painted with many hundred heav'nly hues,
Glad of the rising of that royal roy,
With blossoms breaking on the tender bews,
Which doth provock my heart to nat'ral joy:
Neptune that day and Eolus held them coy,
That men of far might hear the birds sound,
Whose noise did to the starry heav'ns redound.
The pleasent pawn punzeing his sethrem fair
The mirthful mavis made great melody;
The lusty lark ascending thro' the air,
Numb'ring her natural notes crastily.

The gay goldſprink, the merl right merrily,
The noiſe of the noble nightingales,
Redounded thro' the mountains, meads and vales.
Contemplating this mirthful harmony,
How ev'ry bird dreſt them for to advance,
To ſalute nature with their melody,
That I ſtood gazing almoſt in a trance,
To hear them make their nat'ral obſervance
So royally, that all the rocks rang,
Thro' repercuſſion of their ſug'red ſang.
I loſe my time, alas, for to rehearſe
Such unfruitful and vain deſcription;
Or write into my rural ragged verſe
Matter without edification:
Conſidering how that mine intention,
Been to deplore the mortal miſeries,
With continual careful calamities.
Conſiſting in this wretched vale of ſorrow.
But ſad ſentence ſhould have a ſad indite:
So terms bright I like not for to borrow:
Of mourning matter men have no delight,
With rouſty terms therefore I will not write,
With ſorrowful ſighs aſcending from the ſpleen,
And bitter tears diſtilling from mine een.
Without any vain invocation,
To Minerva or to Melpomene:
Nor yet will I make ſupplication,
For help to Clio, or to Calliope,
Such marr'd muſes may make me to ſupply,
Proſerpine I refuſe and Appollo,
And right ſo Euterpe, Jupiter and Juno.
Which been to pleaſant poets comforting;
Wherefore becauſe I am not one of tho,
I do deſire of them no ſupporting:
For I did never ſleep in Parnaſſo,
As did the poets of long time ago:
And ſpecially the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I ever with Heſiodus.
Of Greece the perfect poet ſovereign,
Of Helicon the ſource of eloquence,
Of that mellifluous, famous, freſh fountain:
Wherefore to them I thought no reverence:

I purpoſe not to make obedience,
To miſchant muſes, or mahometry,
Before time uſed into poetry.
Hoping Rhamnuſia, goddeſs of deſpite,
Might be to me a muſe right convenable:
If I deſir'd ſuch help for to indite,
This murning matter, mad and miſerable,
I muſt ſeek a muſe more comfortable,
And ſuch vain ſuperſtition to refuſe,
Beſeeching the great God to be my muſe.
By his wiſdom all manner of things were wrot
The high havens with all their ornaments,
And without matter made all things of nought:
Hell in mid center of the elements,
That heav'nly muſe to ſeek my whole intent's
The which gave ſapience to king Solomon,
To David grace, and ſtrength to ſtrong Samſon.
And of poor Peter made a prudent preacher,
And by power of his deitie,
Of cruel Paul he made a cunning teacher;
I muſt beſeech right lowly on my knee,
His high ſuper-excellent Majeſty
That with his heav'nly ſp'rit he me inſpire,
To write nothing contrary his deſire,
Beſeeching eke his ſov'reign ſon Jeſu,
Who was conceived by the holy ſp'rit,
Incarnate of the purify'd virgin true:
And into whom the prophecy was compleat
That prince of peace, moſt humble, and moſt ſw
Which under Pilate ſuffer'd paſſion
Upon the croſs for our ſalvation.
And by that cruel death intolerable,
Loos'd we were from the bonds of belial;
And moreover it was ſo profitable,
That to this hour came never man nor ſhall
In the triumphant joy imperial
Of life, tho' they were never ſo good,
But the virtue of his precious blood.
Wherefore inſtead of the mount *Parnaſſo*,
Swiftly I ſhall go ſeek my ſovereign:
To mount Calvary the ſtreight way ſhall I go,
To get a taſte of that moſt freſh fountain:

That fource to ſeek, mine heart may not retrate,
Of Helicon, which was both deep and wide,
That Longinus did grave into his ſide.
From this freſh fountain ſprang a famous flood,
Which redolent river thro' the world runs,
As cryſtal clear, and mixed is with blood;
Whoſe ſound above the higheſt heavens dins,
All faithful people purging from their ſins:
Wherefore I ſhall beſeech his excellence,
To grant me grace, wiſdom and eloquence.
And bathe me with the dulce and balmy ſtrands
Which on the croſs did ſpeedily out ſpring
From his moſt tender feet and heav'nly hands;
And grant me grace to write or dite nothing
But to his high honour and laud loving.
Without his help there may no good be wrought
To his pleaſure, good works, word, or thought.
Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy majeſty,
As thou didſt ſhow thy high power divine,
Firſt plainly into Cana of Galilee,
Where thou convertedſt water into wine,
Convoy my matter to a fructuous fine
And ſave my ſayings both from ſhame and ſin,
Take heed, for now my purpoſe I begin.

A

DIALOGUE

Of the miſerable Eſtate of the World, between EXPERIENCE and the COURTIER.

INTO that park I ſaw appear
An aged man that drew me near,
Whoſe beard was near three quarters lang:
His hair did o'er his ſhoulders hang,
The which as any ſnow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delight:

His habit angel-like of hue
Of colour like the ſapphire blue;
Under a holin he repoſed,
Of whoſe preſence I was rejoiced,
I did him ſalute rev'rently,
So did he me right courteouſly,
To ſit down he requeſted me
Under the ſhadow of the tree,
To ſave me from the ſun's heat,
Amongſt the flowers ſoft and ſweet,
For I was wearied with walking,
Then he began to fall in talking:
I aſk'd his name with reverence,
F. I am, ſaid he, *experience.*
C. Then ſir, ſaid I, you cannot fail
To give a deſolate man counſel;
You do appear a man of fame,
And ſith experience is your name:
I pray you, father venerable,
Give me ſome counſel comfortable.
E. What been, ſaid he, thy vocation,
Making ſuch a ſupplication?
C. I have, ſaid I, been to this hour,
Since I could ride, a courtier;
But now, father, I think it beſt,
With your counſel to live in reſt;
And from henceforth to take mine eaſe,
And quietly my God to pleaſe,
And renounce curioſity,
Leaving the court, and learn to die.
Oft have I ſailed over the ſtrands,
And travelled thro' divers lands,
Both ſouth and north, eaſt and weſt,
Yet can I never find where reſt
Doth make her habitation,
Without your ſupportation.
When I believe to be beſt eas'd,
Moſt ſuddenly I am diſpleas'd:
From trouble when I faſteſt fly,
Then find I moſt adverſity;
Show me, I pray you, heartfully
How I may live moſt pleaſantly,

To serve my God of kings King,
Since I am tir'd of travelling,
And learn me for to be content,
Of quiet life and sober rent:
That I may thank the king of glore,
As if I had a million more:
With every court been variant,
Full of envy, and inconstant:
Might I without grief live in rest,
Now in old age I think it best.

E. Thou art a great fool, son, said he,
That to desire which may not be,
Imagine to have prerogative
Above all creatures that live:
Since father Adam create been
Into the great camp Damascene,
Might no man say unto this hour,
That e'er he found perfect pleasure,
Nor never shall, till that he see
God in his divine majesty:
Wherefore prepare thee for to travel,
Sith man's life been but battel.
All men begin for to die,
The day of their nativity:
And journally they do proceed,
Till Atropos cut off their fatal threed,
And in the short time that they have
Between their birth and the grave,
Thou seest what mutabilities,
What miserable calamities,
What trouble, travel, and debate,
Seest thou in every mortal state.
Begin at poor low creatures,
Ascending then to senators,
To great princes and potentates,
Thou shalt not find in no estates,
Since the beginning general,
Nor in our time now special,
But tedious, restless business,
Withoutten any sickerness.

C. Prudent father, said I, alace,
You *tell to me a careful case*:

You say, that no man to this hour,
Hath found on earth perfect pleasure,
Withouten infortunate variance
Since we been thral on such mischance.
Why do we set our whole intents
On riches, dignity, and rents,
Sith in the earth been no man sure,
One day without trouble t'endure,
And worst of all when we least ween,
The cruel death we must sustеen:
If I your father-hood durst demand,
The cause I would fain understand
And eke, father, I you implore,
Show me from trouble gone before,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the more have patience.
Fellows in tribulation,
Been wretches consolation.

E. Said he: After my small cunning;
To thee I shall make answering:
But orderly for to begin,
This misery proceeds of sin:
But were long to be defined:
How all men are to sin inclined,
When sin abundantly doth reign,
Justly God maketh punishing:
Wherefore great God into his hands,
To daunt the world with diverse wands.
After our evil condition,
He makes on us punition:
With hunger, dearth, and indigence,
Sometimes great plagues and pestilence;
And sometimes with his bloody wand,
Thro' civil wars by sea and land.
Concluding all our misery
Proceeds of sin allanerly.

C. Father, said I, declare to me
The cause of this fragility.
That we be all to sin inclin'd,
In work, and word, and in our mind:
I would the verity were shown,
Who hath this seed among us sown:

nd why we were condemn'd to dead:
nd how that we may get remeed.
E. Said he, the ſcripture hath concluded
len from felicity are denuded,
y Adam our progenitor,
metime of paradiſe poſſeſſor;
y whoſe moſt wilful arrogance,
as mankind brought to this miſchance,
hen he was diſobedient,
breaking God's commandement,
y ſoliſtation of his wife,
e loſt that heav'nly pleaſant life,
ating of the forbidden tree:
here began all our miſery;
o Adam was cauſe radical,
hat we are fragile ſinners all.
dam brought in this nation,
in, death, and eke damnation,
ho will ſay, that he is no ſinner,
hriſt ſaith, he is a great liar,
ll mankind ſprang from Adam's loins,
nd took to him fleſh, blood, and bones;
nd ſo after his quality,
re all inclin'd ſinners to be.
ut yet my ſon, deſpair thou nought,
or God, that all the world hath wrought,
ath made a ſovreign remeed,
o ſave us both from ſin and dead,
nd from eternal damnation;
herefore take conſolation:
or God, as ſcriptures doth record,
aving on man miſericord,
ent down his only Son Jeſu,
hich lighted on a virgin true,
nd clad his high divinity,
ith our poor vile humanity:
hen from our ſins, to conclude,
e waſht us with his precious blood,
owbeit thro' Adam we muſt die,
hro' that Lord we ſhall raiſed be,
nd every man he ſhall relieve,
hich in his blood doth firm believe,

And bring us all into his glory,
The which thro' Adam been forlore,
Without that we thro' lack of faith,
Of his God head incur the wrath:
But who in Christ firmly believes
Shall be reliev'd from all mischieves.
C. What faith is it that you call firm:
Sir, make me understand that term.
E. Faith without hope and charity,
Availeth not, my son, said he.
C. What charity is, that would I know,
E. Said he, my son, that shall I show.
First, love they God above all thing,
And they neighbour without feigning.
Do none injure nor villany,
But as thou wouldst were done to thee.
Quick faith without charitable warks
Can never be, as write best clarks,
More than the fire, until his might
Can lack the heat, or sun lack light,
If charity into thee fails,
Thy faith nor hope nothing avails.
The devil hath faith, and trembles for dread,
But he lacks hope and love indeed.
Do all the good that may be wrought,
Without charity, avails nought;
Wherefore pray to the Trinity,
For to support thy charity.
Now have I shown thee as I can,
How father Adam the first man,
Brought in the world sin and dead,
And how Christ Jesus made remead:
Which in the great day of judgment,
Shall us deliver from torment,
And bring us to his lasting glore,
Which shall endure forevermore.
But in this world thou get'st no rest,
I make it to thee manifast:
Therefore, my son, be diligent,
And learn for to be patient,
And into God *let* all thy trust,
All things shall then come for the best.

C.

C. Father I thank you heartily,
Of your comfort and company,
And heav'nly conſolation,
Making you ſupplication,
If I durſt put you to ſuch pine,
That ye would pleaſe for to define,
And make me clearly underſtand,
How Adam brake the Lord's command:
And how thro' his trangreſſion,
Was puniſh'd his ſucceſſion.
E. My ſon, ſaid he, would thou take cure,
To look upon divine ſcripture,
Into the book of Geneſis,
That hiſtory thou ſhalt not miſs:
And alſo ſundry cunning clarks
Have done rehearſe into their warks,
Of Adam's fall ornately,
A thouſand times better than I
Can write of that unhappy man;
But I ſhall do the beſt I can,
Shortly to ſhow that careful caſe,
With the ſupport of God's grace.

An Exclamation to the reader, touching the writing in vulgar and maternal language.

GENTLE reader, have me at no deſpite,
Thinking that I preſumptuouſly pretend
In vulgar tongue ſo high matter to write.
But where I miſs, I pray thee to amend,
To the unlearn'd I would the caſe were kend,
Of our moſt miſerable travel and torment,
And how on earth no place is permanent.
Howbeit that divers devout cunning clarks,
In Latin tongue have written ſundry books,
Our unlearned knows little of their warks,
More than they do the raving of the rooks;
Wherefore to calliats, carriers, and to cooks,
To Jack and Tom my rhyme ſhall be directed,
With cunning men howbeit that it be lack.
Tho' every common man be not a clark,
Nor *hath no leed*, except their tongue maternal,

Why should of God the marvellous heav'nly warl
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal,
The father of heav'n which was, and is eternal,
To Moses gave the law on mount Sinai,
Not into Greek nor Latin, as they say.
He wrote the law on tables hard of stone,
In their own vulgar language of Hebrew,
That the children of Israel every one
Might know the law, and to the same pursue
Had he done write in Latin or in Grew,
It had to them been a savourless guest:
You may well know God wrought all for the best.
Aristotle nor Plato, I heard sane,
Wrote not their philosophy natural,
In Dutch nor Dence, nor tongue Italian,
But in their most proper tongue maternal,
Whose fame and name doth reign perpetual,
Famous Virgil, that prince of poetry,
Nor Cicero, that flow'r of orat'ry.
Wrote nor in Chaldy language, nor in Grew,
Nor yet in language Saracen,
Nor yet in the nat'ral language of Hebrew,
But in the Roman tongue, as may be seen,
Which was their proper language, as I ween.
When Romans reign'd dominators indeed,
The ornate Latin was their proper leed.
In the mean time when that these bold Romans
Over all the world had the dominion,
Made Latin schools their glore for to advance,
That their langnage might be over all common,
To that intent, by mine opinion,
Trusting that their empire should ay endure:
But of fortune always they were not sure.
Of languages the first diversity,
Was made by God's malediction,
When Babylon was builded in Chaldy:
Those builders got none other affliction,
Before the time of that punition,
Was but one tongue, which Adam spake himself,
Where now of tongues there be threescore and twe
Notwithstanding, I think it great pleasure,
Where cunning men have languages enew,

That in their youth by diligent labour,
Have learned Latin, Greek and Hebrew:
That I am not of that ſort ſore I rue;
Wherefore I would all books neceſſar
For our faith were into our tongues vulgar.
Chriſt after his glorious aſcenſion.
To his diſciples ſent his holy ſpirit
In cloven tongues of fire, to that intention,
That being of all languages repleat
Thro' all the world, with words fair and ſweet,
To every man the faith they would forth ſhaw,
In their own leed delivering them their law.
Therefore I think a great deriſion,
To hear the nuns and ſiſters night and day,
Singing and ſaying pſalms and oriſons
Not underſtanding what they ſing or ſay:
But like a ſtirling, or a papingay,
Which learned are to ſpeak by long uſage,
Them I compare to birds in a cage.
Right ſo children and ladies of honours
Pray in Latin, to them an uncouth leed:
Mumbling their matins, even-ſongs, and their hours,
Their Pater-noſter, Ave, and their Creed.
It were as pleaſant to their ſpirit indeed,
God have mercy on me, for to ſay thus,
As for to ſay, *miſere me deus*,
Saint Jerome in his proper tongue Roman.
The law of God truly he did tranſlate
Out of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in plain,
Which hath been hid from us long time, God wit,
Until this time. But after my conceit,
Had ſaint Jerome been born into Argyle,
In Iriſh tongue his books had done compile.
Prudent Saint Paul doth make narration.
Touching the divers leeds of every land,
Saying, there have been more edification
In five words that folk do underſtand,
Than to pronounce of words ten-thouſand
In ſtrange language, and knows not what it means,
I think ſuch pratlings is not worth two preers.
Unlearned *people* on the holy day
Solemnedly they hear the Evangel ſung,

Not knowing what the prieſt doth ſing or ſa
But as a bell when that they hear it rung;
Yet would the prieſts in their mother tongue,
Paſs to the pulpit, and that doctrine declare
To laick people, it were more neceſſar.
I would that prelates and doctors of the la
With laick people were not diſcontent,
Tho' we into our vulgar tongue did knaw
Of Chriſt Jeſus the law and teſtament,
And how that we ſhould keep commandemen
But in our language let us pray and read
Our Pater-noſter, Ave, and our Creed.
I would ſome prince of great diſcretion,
In vulgar language plainly caus'd tranſlate,
The needful laws of this region,
Then would there not be half ſo great debat
Amongſt us people of the low eſtate.
If every man the verity did knaw,
We needed not to treat theſe men of law,
To do our neighbour wrong we would bev
If we did fear the law's puniſhment:
There would not be ſuch brawling at the bar
Nor men of law climb to ſuch royal rent.
To keep the law if all men were content,
And each man do as he would be done to,
The judges would get little thing a-do.
The prophet David king of Iſrael,
Compil'd the pleaſant pſalms of the pſalter,
In his own proper tongue, as I heard tell;
And Solomon which was his ſon and heir,
Did make his book into his tongue vulgar.
Why ſhould not their ſayings be to us ſhown
In our language? I would the cauſe were kn
Let doctors write their curious queſtions,
And arguments ſown full of ſophiſtry;
Their logic, and their high opinions,
Their dark judgments of aſtronomy,
Their medicine, and their philoſophy.
Let poets ſhow their glorious engine,
As e'er they pleaſe, in Greek or in Latin.
But let us have the books neceſſar
To common-wealth, and our ſalvation.

Juſtly tranſlated in our tongue vulgar;
And eke I make you ſupplication,
O gentle reader, have none indignation,
Thinking to meddle with ſo high matter,
Now to my purpoſe forward will I fare.

The Creation of Adam *and* Eve.

WHen God had made the heav'ns bright,
The ſun and moon for to give light;
The ſtarry heav'ns and chryſtalline,
And by his ſapience divine,
The planets in their circles round,
Whirling about with merry ſound:
Of whom phœbus was principal,
Juſt in his line ecliptical;
And gave by divine ſapience,
To every ſtar their influence,
With motion continual,
Which doth endure perpetual:
And fartheſt from the heaven's empire,
The earth, the water, air, and fire.
He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
All kind of fiſhes in the ſeas:
All kind of beaſts he did prepare,
With fowls flying in the air.
Thus by his word all things were wrought
Without a material, made of nought:
So by his wiſdom infinite,
All was made pleaſant and perfite,
When heav'n and earth, and their contents
Were ended with their ornaments;
Then laſt of all the Lord began,
Of moſt vile earth to make the man:
Not of the lilly, nor of the roſe,
Nor cypreſs-tree, as I ſuppoſe;
Neither of gold nor precious ſtones,
Of earth he made fleſh, blood and bones:
To that intent, God made him thus,
That man ſhould not be glorious;
Nor in himſelf ſhould nothing ſee,
But matter of humility.

When man was made, as I have told,
God in his face did him behold,
Breathing in him a lively ſp'rit.
When all theſe works were compleat,
He made man to his ſimilitude,
Precelling into pulchritude:
Doted with gifts of nature,
Above all earthly creature:
Then pleaſantly did him convoy
To a region compleat with joy,
Of all pleaſure which bare the price,
And called earthly paradiſe;
And brought by divine providence,
All beaſts and birds to his preſence.
Adam did craftily impone
A ſpecial name to ev'ry one,
And to all things material
A name he gave in ſpecial:
How he them nam'd, that been kend,
And ſhall be to the world's end.
Into that garden of pleaſance
Two trees grew moſt to advance,
Above all other which bare the price,
In midſt of that paradiſe;
The one was call'd, the tree of life,
The other tree began our ſtrife;
The tree to know both good and evil,
Which by perſuaſion of the devil,
Began our miſery and woe:
But let us to our purpoſe go,
How God gave Adam ſtrait command,
That tree not to touch with his hand;
All other fruits of paradiſe
He bade him eat at his device,
Saying, If thou eat of this tree,
With double death then ſhalt thou die:
Therefore I thee command beware
That from the tree thou ſtand afar.
Yet father Adam was alone,
Without company of any one.
Then thought the Lord it neceſſar
To create to him an helper.

God put in Adam ſuch ſopour,
That for to ſleep he took pleaſure,
And laid him down upon the ground,
Then when Adam was ſleeping ſound,
He took a rib forth of his ſide,
Then filled it with fleſh and hide;
Then made a woman of that bone,
Fairer of form was never none:
Then to Adam incontinent,
That fair lady he did preſent,
Which ſhortly ſaid, for to conclude,
Thou art my fleſh, my bone, and blood,
And *Virago* he call'd her name,
Which is interpret, Made of man,
Which Eva afterward was nam'd,
When for her fault ſhe was defam'd.
Then did the Lord them ſanctify,
Saying, Increaſe and multiply;
By this men ſhould leave all their kin,
And with their wives make dwelling,
And for their ſake, leave father and mother,
And love them beſt above all other;
For God hath ordained them truly,
To be two ſouls in one body.
My wit is weak for to indite,
Their heav'nly pleaſure infinite.
There was never earthly creature,
Since that time hath perfect pleaſure.
They had puiſſance imperial,
Above all things material,
As cunning clerks do conclude.
Adam precell'd in pulchritude,
Moſt natural, and the faireſt man
That e'er was ſince the world began,
Except Chriſt Jeſus, God's own Son,
To whom was no compariſon;
And Eve the faireſt creature
That ever was formed by nature.
Tho' they were naked as they were made,
No ſhame of other had.
What pleaſure *might* a man have more,
Than have his lady him before,

So lufty, pleaſant and ſerſite,
Ready to ſerve his appetite?
They had none other care, I wiſs,
But paſt their time in joy and bliſs,
Wild beaſts did them to repair,
So did the fowls of the air,
With noiſe moſt angelical,
Making to them mirth muſical.
The fiſhes ſwimming in the ſtrands,
Were wholly all at their commands,
All creatures with one accord,
Obey'd him as their ſovereign lord.
They ſuffered neither heat nor cold,
With every pleaſure that they would:
And to death they were not thral,
And ſo ſhould we have been all:
For he and his ſucceſſors
Should have poſſeſſed theſe pleaſures,
Then from that joy material,
Gone to the glore imperial.
They had, if I can well deſcrive,
Great joy in all their ſenſes five.
In hearing, ſeeing, taſting, ſmelling,
Induring that delightſome dwelling:
Hearing birds harmonies:
Taſting the fruits of divers trees;
Smelling the dulce balmy odours,
Which did proceed from fragrant flow'rs
Seeing ſo many heav'nly hews
Of blooms breaking on the bews;
Of touching eke they had delight,
Of others bodies ſoft and white:
Doubtleſs enduring that pleaſure,
They lov'd each other paramour:
No marvel tho' that ſo ſhould be,
Conſidering this their great beauty.
And God gave the command expreſs
To multiply, and to increaſe,
That their ſeed and ſucceſſion,
Might pleniſh every nation.
I liſt not tarry for to declare;
All properties of that place perelare;

How herbs and trees grew ever green,
And of the temp'rate air ſerene;
How fruits indeficient,
Were alike ripe and redolent:
Nor of the fountains nor of the floods,
Nor of the flow'rs pulchritudes:
That matter clerks do declare,
Wherefore of them I ſpeak no mair.
The ſcripture makes no mention
How long they reign'd in that region,
But I believe the time was ſhort,
As divers doctors do report.

The miſerable Tranſgreſſion of ADAM.

FAther, how happ'ned that miſchance,
Said I, ſhew me that circumſtance,
Declare to me that careful caſe,
How Adam loſt that pleaſant place,
From him and his ſucceſſion
How did proceed tranſgreſſion?
E. Said he: After my rude engine,
I ſhall rehearſe thee that ruin,
When God the creator of all,
Into the heav'n imperial,
Did create all the angels bright,
He made an angel moſt of might,
To whom he gave pre-eminence,
Above them all in ſapience,
Becauſe all others he did prefer,
Named he was bright Lucifer.
He was ſo pleaſant and ſo fair,
He thought himſelf without compair,
And grew ſo gay and glorious,
Began to be preſumptuous:
He thought that he would ſet his ſeat
Into the north, and make debate
Contrare the Majeſty divine,
Which was the cauſe of his ruin,
For he incurred God's ire,
And *baniſh'd from* the heavn's empire

With angels many a legion,
Which were of his opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest hell:
Some in the sea did make repair;
Some in the earth, some in air,
That most unhappy company,
At father Adam had envy,
Preceiving Adam and his seed,
Into their places to succeed.
The serpent was the subtilest
Above all beasts, and craftiest:
Then Satan with a false intent,
Did enter into the serpent,
Imagining some crafty wile,
How he might Adam best beguile,
And cause him break commandement:
But to the woman first he went,
Trusting the better to prevail,
Full subtilly did her assail:
With facund words false and fair,
He grew with her familiar,
That he his purpose might advance,
Believing in her inconstance.
What been the cause, madam, said he,
That you forbear yon pleasant tree,
Which been peerless and precious,
Whose fruit been most delicious?
I will, said she, thereto accord,
We are forbidden of the Lord,
The which hath giv'n us liberty
To eat of ev'ry fruit and tree,
Which grows into this paradise;
Break we command, we are not wise,
He gave to us a strait command,
That tree not to touch with our hand:
Eat we of it, without remead,
She said, doubtless we shall be dead.
Believe not that, said the serpent,
Eat you of it, incontinent
Repleat you shall be with science,
And have perfect intelligence,

Like God himſelf, of evil and good.
Then haſtily, for to conclude,
Hearing of this prerogative,
She pulled down the fruit believe,
Thro' counſel of this falſe ſerpent:
And ate of this incontinent.
And put her huſband in believe,
That pleaſant fruit if he would prive,
That he would be as ſapient
As the great God Omnipotent.
Think you not that a pleaſant thing,
That we like God ſhould ever reign:
He hearing this narration,
And by her ſoliſtation,
Moved by prideful ambition,
He ate on that condition,
The principal points of this offence,
Was pride and inobedience:
Deſiring for to be equal
To God the Creator of all.
Alas! Adam, why didſt thou ſo?
Why cauſed thou this mortal woe?
Hadſt thou been conſtant, firm and ſtable
Thy glore had been incomparable.
Where was thy conſideration,
Who hadſt the domination
Over every living creature,
That God hath formed by nature,
To uſe them at thine own deviſe?
Waſt thou no prince of paradiſe?
Was never man ſince thou on live,
That God gave ſuch prerogative.
He gave thee ſtrength above Samſon,
And ſapience more than Solomon.
Young Abſalom in his time moſt fair,
To thy beauty was no compare,
Ariſtotle thou didſt precel;
Into philoſophy natural.
Virgil into his poetry,
Nor Cicero in his oratory,
Were never half ſo eloquent.
Why brake thou God's commandement?

Whet=

Where was thy wit, that wouldst not flee
Far from the presence of that tree,
Gave not thy master thee free will,
To take the good and leave the ill?
How might thy forefault be excus'd,
That God's commandement refus'd,
Through thy wife's persuasion,
Which hath been the occasion?
Since that time many noble men,
By the evil counsel of women,
Have altogether destroyed been,
As in the history may be seen,
Which now we need not to declare:
But to our purpose let us fare.
When they had eaten of the fruit,
Of joy then they were destitute;
Then 'gan they both for to think shame,
And to be naked through defame,
And made them breeks of leaves green,
That their secrets should not be seen.
But in the state of innocence,
They had no such experience:
But when to sin they were subjected,
To shame and sin they were coacted,
And in a bush they did them close,
Ashamed of the Lord his voice;
Which called Adam by his name.
Said he: My Lord, I think great shame
Naked to come in thy presence,
Thou hadst no such experience,
Said God, when thou wast innocent,
Why brake thou my commandement?
Alas! (said Adam to the Lord)
The verity I shall record:
This woman that thou gave to me,
Caus'd me eat of yon pleasant tree.
Right so the woman her excus'd,
And said, the serpent me abus'd.
Then to the serpent God said thus:
O thou deceiver venemous,
Because the woman thou beguil'd,
From henceforth shall thou be exil'd:

l waried ſhall thou be exil'd,
r ſeed be after thee.
ſhall be thy food alſo,
ing on thy breaſt ſhalt go:
put enmity
he woman ever and thee:
hy ſeed and woman ſeed,
ntinual mortal ſeed:
ou haſt wrought their miſchief,
be as thou believes;
hall be in woman ſown,
ower ſhall be down thrown,
hine head that thou may'ſt feel,
hall tread him on the heel.
romiſe and meaning,
nmaculate virgin
r the Prince Omnipotent,
ld tread down the falſe ſerpent,
all his company,
confound all utterly.
: If Satan prince of hell,
e ſerpent, as ye tell,
can no way ſin at all,
he ſerpent made ſo thrall?
ſay, before that hour,
t had a fair figure,
p ſtraight upon his feet,
s members all compleat,
aſts upon the bent.
e: For he was inſtrument
his miſery.
was, as you may ſee.
rience thou may'ſt knaw,
o the common law:
vict of buggery,
s burnt as well as he,
e beaſt is innocent;
l of this ſerpent.
iend full of deſpite,
fall which had the wite,
of many mo:
urpoſe let us go.

Then to the woman, for her offence,
God did pronounce this ſore ſentence:
All pleaſure that you had'ſt beforrow
Shall changed be in laſting ſorrow.
Where thou ſhould be with mirth and joy,
Have born thy birth without annoy;
Now all thy children thou ſhalt bear
With dolor and continual care.
And thou ſhalt be, for ought thou can,
Ever ſubject unto the man.
By this ſentence God did conclude,
Woman from liberty denude:
When by experience you may ſee
How queens of moſt high degree,
Are under moſt ſubjection,
And ſuffer moſt correction;
For they like birds into a cage,
Are keeped ay under thirlage;
So all women in their degree,
Should to their men ſubjected be:
Howbeit ſome will ſtrive for ſtate,
And for the maſtery make debate,
Which if they lack, both even and morrow,
Their men ſhall ſuffer meikle ſorrow:
Of *Eve* they take that quality,
To deſire ſovereignity,
And then to Adam ſaid the Lord:
Becauſe that thou haſt done accord
Thy will, and heark'ned to thy wife,
Now ſhalt thou loſe this pleaſant life;
Thou waſt to her obedient,
But thou brake thy commandement:
Curs'd and barren the earth ſhall be,
Where'er thou goeſt till that thou die:
But thiſtle, nettle, brier, and thorn,
Without labour ſhall bear no corn:
For food thou get'ſt none other bield,
But eat the herbs upon the field;
Sore labouring till thy brows ſweat:
From henceforth ſhalt thou win thy meat,
I made thee of the earth certain,
And thou to earth ſhall turn again.

nade he them abullement,
s and ragged raiment,
to preſerve from heat and cold:
grew their dolor manifold.
Adam, ye are like to us,
your gay garment glorious.
im theſe words ſaid the Lord.
cry'd they both; Miſericord,
from that earth with hearts ſore
'd they were for evermore,
is wretched vale of ſorrow,
daily labour even and morrow,
whoſe dolorous departing.
ord gave Paradiſe in keeping,
he angel Cherubin,
ione ſhould have entry therein:
which entry he did ſtand,
laming fiery ſword in hand,
ep that Adam and his wife
not taſte of the tree of life:
they of the tree had preev'd,
tually they might have liv'd.
am and his ſucceſſion,
radiſe loſt poſſeſſion,
y his ſin original,
men of miſery made thrall,
n; now may'ſt thou clearly ſee,
world began with miſery:
miſery it doth proceed,
: end ſhall dolor be and dread.
Father ſaid I, what kind of life,
dam with his luſty wife,
his bailful baniſhing?
Said he continual lamenting.
heart hath yet compaſſion,
they went wand'ring up and down,
ing with many loud alas,
they had loſt that pleaſant place,
lderneſs to be exil'd,
e they nought but beaſts wild,
ing them for to devour,
all obedient were before.

C. Father, said I, in what country
Did Adam live after that he
Was banished from that delight?

E. The clerks, said he, have put in write,
How Adam dwelt with meikle bail,
In Mamre, it that lusty vale,
Which After was the Jewish land,
Where yet his sepulchre doth stand.
I list not tarry to discrive
The woe of Adam and his wife.
Nor how that they had sons two,
Cain and Abel, and no mo:
Nor how curst Cain for envy,
Did slay his brother cruelly:
Nor of their mourning, nor of their moan,
When they sonless were left alone.
Abel lay slain upon the ground:
Curst Cain esteem'd a vagabond:
Nor how God of his special grace,
Sent them the third son fair of face,
Most like Adam of flesh and blood,
Seth was his name, gracious and good,
And how blind Lamech rackleſly
Did slay Cain unhappily.
Adam as clerks do describe
Begat with Eve his woeful wife,
Of men-children, thirty and two,
And of daughters alike also:
By this thou may'st understand,
That Adam saw many a thousand,
That of his body did descend
Ere he out of the world did wend,
Adam lived in earth but wear,
Compleat nine hundred and thirty year:
And all his days were but sorrow,
Remembering both even and morrow,
Of paradise the prosperity,
And then of his great misery;
His heart might never be rejoic'd,
Rememb'ring how the heav'ns were clos'd
From him and his succession,
And that by his transgression.

† After his death, as I heard tell,
His ſoul deſcended to the hell,
And there remained priſoner
In that dungeon three thouſand year
And more; ſo did both evil and good,
Till Chriſt for them had ſhed his blood,
Then by that moſt precious ranſom,
They were delivered out of priſon.
I have declared now as I can,
The miſery of the firſt man.

How God deſtroyed all living Creatures in earth for ſin, and drowned them by a terrible flood, in the time of Noah.

PRUDENT Father, Experience,
Declare to me ere you go hence,
What was the cauſe God did deſtroy
All creatures in the time of Noah?
E. Said he, I tremble for to tell
That infortune how it befel:
The cauſe been ſo abominable,
And the matter ſo miſerable,
But for to ſhew the circumſtance
Manifeſtly of that miſchance:
Firſt, I muſt make thee underſtand,
How Adam gave expreſs command
To thoſe who were of Seth's blood,
Becauſe they were gracious and good,
Should not contract with Cain's kin,
Which were inclined all to ſin,
To obſerve that commandement,
Cain paſt to the orient,
With his wife called Galmana,
Which was his own ſiſter alſwa:
Where his offspring did long remain,
Hard by the mountain of Tarbane.
And Seth did long time lead his life
With Delbora his prudent wife,
Which was his ſiſter good and fair,
In Damaſcen made their repair.

† *This was an erroneous* opinion holden at that time.

In that country of Seth's clan,
Deſcended many a holy man.
So long as Adam was livand,
The people did obſerve command:
When he was dead and laid in ground,
The people greatly did abound;
And Cain ſlain, as I have ſhown.
And Seth's days all over-blown,
The ſons then of Seth's blood,
Seeing the pleaſing pulchritude
Of the ladies of Cain's kin,
Howbeit they knew well it was ſin,
Oppreſs'd with ſenſual luſts rage,
Did take them into marriage:
And ſo corrupted was that blood;
The good with evil, and evil with good,
Then as the people did encreaſe,
They did abound in wickedneſs,
As holy ſcripture doth rehearſe,
Which I abhor to put in verſe,
Or tell with tongue, I am not able.
The ſooth been ſo abominable,
How men and women ſhamefully
Abus'd themſelves unnaturally:
Whoſe foul abomination,
And filthy fornication,
I think great ſhame to put in write,
Even as Paul Oroſe doth indite.
And if I would at length declare,
It were enough to fyle the air;
Great clerks of antiquities,
Have written many true ſtories,
Which are worthy to be commended,
Howbeit they be not comprehended,
At length in the divine ſcripture;
But I ſhall do my buſy cure,
To take the beſt, as I ſuppoſe,
That moſt pertains to my purpoſe:
And with ſupport of Chriſt our king,
I purpoſe to confirm nothing
Of the old hiſtoriance,
Contrariús to his excellence;

Howbeit that mens traditions
Be contrary to Chriſt's inſtitutions.
Of them though ſomething, I declare,
Now let us proceed furthermair:
And with a language lamentable,
Declare this matter miſerable
C. Father, the cauſes would I knaw,
Why they of nature brake the law?
E. I truſt, ſaid he, that wickedneſs
Ent'red through ſlothful idleneſs,
The devil with all the craft he can,
When he perceives an idle man,
Or Woman, given to idleneſs,
He getteth eaſily entreſs:
And ſo by this occaſion,
And the fiend's perſuaſion,
The whole world univerſally,
Corrupted was all utterly.
C. What was the cauſe they idle were,
That cauſe, ſaid I, to me declare?
E. Said he, by mine imagination,
For lack of virtuous occupation:
For of crafts they had ſmall uſage,
Of merchandiſe, or labourage:
The earth was then ſo plenteous
Of fruit and ſpice delicious:
The herbs were ſo comfortable,
Delightſome and medicinal;
The fountains freſh and redolent,
To labouring they took little tent.
All manner of beaſt for their pleaſure,
Did multiply without labour.
The time between Adam and Noah,
To ſee the earth it was great joy,
Planted with precious trees of price:
Four famous floods of paradiſe,
Ran through the earth in ſundry parts,
Spreading their branches in all arts,
The water was ſo ſtrong and fine,
They would not labour to find wine.
The fruit and herbs were ſo good,
They made no care for other food:

And

And so the people took no cure,
But past the time at their pleasure.
Ay finding new inventions,
To fulfil their intentions:
And so the Lord Omnipotent,
That he made man did him repent:
And shew unto his serv'nt Noah,
That he would all the world destroy,
Except himself and his menzie;
Alas! said Noah, when shall that be?
Then said the Lord: Sith that thou spears,
I shall prolong six-score of years,
Tarrying upon their repentance,
Ere I fulfil my just sentence:
In the mean-time, fall thou to wark
Incontinent, and build an ark:
Which Noah began obediently,
And wrought on it continually,
And to the people daily preached,
To cry for grace he to them teached:
And to them plainly did declare,
That God his rod would no way spare,
But on them he would work vengeance.
To Noah yet gave they no credence;
And so they were incounselable,
Using their lust abominable:
And took his preaching in despite,
Ay following their foul delight,
More and more to that doleful day,
Which all the world put in affray.

C. Father, you make me understand,
When Adam brake the Lord's command,
To augment his affliction,
God gave his malediction
Unto the earth, which was so fair,
That it should barren be and bare,
And without labour, bear no corn,
Nor fruit, but thistle, brier, and thorn:
Now say you in the time of Noah,
To see the earth it was great joy,
Planted with fruits good and fair,
The sooth of this to me declare.

ſaylngs too make me conſider,
ou make them agree together?
ïod made his promiſe ſickerly,
it it came not inſtantly,
:, as clerks do conclude;
er when the furious flood
ſ'd the earth all utterly,
ame that promiſe ſickerly,
s God did give command,
ſhould not touch with his hand,
t of the forbidden tree;
id ſo, that he ſhould die,
:it he died not but wear,
hat day nine hundredth year.
o the prophet Eſaias,
ıg of Chriſt the great Meſſias,
, the child is to be born,
e mankind that is forlorn:
ıad been born inſtantly,
as he not born verily,
hat ſaying many a year,
he ſcripture thou may'ſt hear.
ſand year, who reckons right,
ı hour into God's ſight.
ıles many I might tell,
it not tedious for to dwell.
our purpoſe let us proceed,
ıg the height, the length, and breed,
ıantity of Noah's ark,
was a right excellent wark,
e-tree, bound well about,
ver with pitch within and out,
full cloſs with nails ſtrong,
as three hundred cubits long,
ı breed, thirty in height;
chambers joined well and wight,
very loft above another,
ıt an anker, oar or ruthe,
t cubit, as I heard tell,
aſure now might be an ell,
mid ſide a door there was
:aſts a full eaſy entreſs.

This

This ark which was both long and large,
Made in the bottom like a barge,
Covered with boards well above,
Moſt like a houſe, ſet on a roof,
Whoſe rigging was a cubit broad,
Wherein there was a windów made:
Some ſays well clos'd with chryſtal clear,
Where through the day-light might appear;
This wark the more was to be prais'd,
Becauſe by God it was devis'd.
The making of this ark but wear,
Indured well an hundred year,
When Noah had ended this wark,
God did him cloſe within the ark,
With his wife and ſons three,
With their wives and no more menzie,
Of all fowls of the air,
Of every kind entered a pair:
Right ſo two beaſts of every kind,
For why? it was the Lord's miud,
That generation ſhould not fail:
Wherefore of female and of male,
Of every kind were keeped two.
But to rehearſe mine heart is woe,
The dolent lamentation,
That time of every nation,
Saying, Alas! a thouſand ſize,
When wind and rain began to riſe.
The rocks which ried began to rive,
The ugly clouds did over-drive,
And dark'ned too the heav'ns bright,
The ſun and moon might ſhew no light:
The terrible trembling of earthquake
Made buildings bow, and cities ſhake,
The thunder rent the clouds ſtable,
With fearful noiſe inevitable.
The fire flaughts flew o'er through the fels,
Then was there nought but ſhouts and yels,
When they perceiv'd without remead,
All creatures for to ſuffer dead;
All fountains from the earth up-ſprang.
And from the heaven the rain down dang;

orty days and forty nights:
hen ran the people to the heights:
me climb on hills, ſome climb on trees,
me to the higheſt mountains flees,
ith more terror than I can tell;
ut all for nought, the floods down fell,
nd wind did rout with ſuch a reard,
hat every wight wearied his weard,
rying, alas! that they were born,
nto the flood to be forlorn.
len might not make moan to their wives,
lor yet ſupport the childrens lives.
he floods roſe up with ſuch great might
hat they o'ercover'd all the height;
hey might no more their lives length,
ut ſwim'd as long as they had ſtrength,
nd ſo with cries lamentable,
nded their lives miſerable.
bove mountains that were moſt high,
ifty cubits did riſe the ſea,
len may imagine in their mind,
ll creatures in their kind;
oth beaſts and fowls of the air,
n their manner made meikle care:
he fiſhes thought themſelves beguil'd,
hen they ſwim'd through the woods wild.
he whales tumbling among the trees,
ild beaſts ſwiming in the ſeas:
irds with many a piteous pew,
fraidly in the air they flew,
o long as they had ſtrength to flee,
hen ſwatter'd down into the ſea.
othing on earth was left in life,
eaſts nor fowls, man nor wife:
or wholly God did them deſtroy,
xcept them in the ark with Noah;
he which lay fleeting in the flood,
alt'ring among the ſtreams wood,
ith many terrible affrays,
emain'd an hundred and fifty days
n great *langour and heavineſs,*
re wind or rain began to ceaſe,

Sometime

Sometimes effectuously praying,
Sometimes the beasts vifying:
For by the Lord's commandement,
He made provision sufficient.
For Noah dwelt in the ark, no doubt,
A year compleat ere he came out,
How at more length in holy write,
This doleful story been indite,
And how that Noah 'gan to rejoice,
When conduits of the heav'ns did close,
So that the rain no more descended,
Nor yet the flood no more ascended,
When he perceiv'd the heav'ns clear,
He sent a raven forth messenger,
Into the air for to espy,
If he saw any mountains dry:
Some says the raven did forth remain,
And came not to the ark again.
Forth flew the dove at Noah's command;
And when she did perceive dry land,
Off an olive she brake a branch,
That Noah might know the flood did stanch:
And there no more she did sojourn,
But with the branch she did return,
That Noah might clearly understand,
That fellon flood was decreasand.
And so it did, till at the last;
The ark upon the ground stack fast,
On the top of a mountain hie,
Into the land of Armenie.
And when Noah had done espy
How that the earth began to dry,
Then threw he down the doors all,
And loosed them the which were thrall,
The fowls flew forth into the air,
And all the beasts by pair and pair.
Past forth to seek their pasturages,
There were none but eight personages,
Noah, his three sons, and their wives,
On earth that was left with their lives,
Whom God did bless and sanctify,
Saying, *Increase* and multiply.

t if Noah was blyth and glad,
f that priſon he was freed.
Noah had made his ſacriſice,
ıg God of his benefice,
ling on mount Armenie,
ıe the country might eſpy:
believe his heart was ſore,
ıe earth which was before
d, ſo pleaſant and perfite,
ɔ behold was great delite,
w was barren made and bare,
hich fructuous was and fair:
ıſant trees bearing fruits,
ing pull'd up by the roots;
ɔlſome herbs, and fragrant flow'rs,
both virtue and colours.
s green and flowriſh'd meads,
oiled of their pleaſant weeds.
h which firſt was ſo fair formed,
the furious floods deformed.
ometime were the pleaſant plants,
epy coves and high mountains:
ıding rocks great and gay,
h waſhen clean away.
oah had greateſt diſpleaſures,
g the dead creatures,
as a ſight lamentable;
ɔmen, beaſts inumberable,
ıem lying upon the lands,
e were floating upon the ſtrands:
ınd monſters of the ſeas,
nd ſtab'd among the trees,
re the flood was decreaſand,
re left waltering on the land.
the flood during that ſpace,
was all into one place:
the earth as been decided,
parts was not divided,
Europe and Aſia,
ay from Africa.
ow divers famous iſles,
rom land right many miles.

All these great isles, I understand,
Were then equal with the firm land,
There was no sea Mediterran,
But only the great ocean,
Which did not spread such hurling strands,
As it doth now o'er through the lands,
Then by the raging of that flood,
The earth from virtue was denude;
The which before was to be prais'd,
Whose beauty then was disaguis'd,
Then was the malediction known,
Which was by God to Adam shown,
I hear now clerks do conclude,
Induring that most furious flood,
With which the earth was sore oppress,
The wind blew forth of the south-west,
As may be seen by experience,
How through the waters violence,
The high mountains on every art,
Are bare forenent the south west-part,
As the mountains of Pirenees,
The Alps, and rocks in the seas;
Right so the rocks great and gay
Which standeth into Norway:
The highest hills in every airt,
And in Scotland, for the most part,
Through watering of that furious flood,
The hills of earth were made denude,
Travelling men may consider best,
The mountains bare next the south-west.
C. Declare, said I, ere you conclude,
How long liv'd Noah after the flood:
E. Said he: In Genesis thou may'st hear,
How that Noah was six hundred year,
The time of this great punishment,
And ay to God obedient:
And was the best of Seth's blood;
And more he liv'd after the flood,
Three hundred and fifty years,
As holy scripture witness bears:
And was, ere he rendred his sp'rit,
Nine hundred and fifty years compleat.

To ſhow this ſtory-miſerable,
At leng'h, my wits are not able,
And more, my ſon, as I ſuppoſe,
It belongs not to our purpoſe,
To ſhew how Noah's ſons three
'Gan to encreaſe and multiply.
Nor how Noah planted the vine,
And drank till he was drunken fine,
And ſleeped with his members bare,
And how Ham made for him no care,
But laugh'd to ſee his father ſo,
Howbeit his brethren were right wo:
Nor how Noah but reſtriction,
Gave unto Ham his malediction,
And put him under ſervitude,
To Shem and Japhet that were good,
Nor how God made a covenant
With Noah, to make no puniſhment,
Nor by the flood no people drown:
In ſign of that condition,
His rain-bow ſet into the air,
Of divers heav'nly colours fair,
For to be a perpetual ſign,
By flood to ſend no puniſhing.
This hiſtory if thou liſt to know,
At length the bible ſhall thee ſhew.

The Second BOOK.

Containing the building of *Baby'on* by Nimrod: and how king Ninus began the firſt Monarchy of their Idolatry: and how Semiramis governed the empire after her huſband Ninus.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
The firſt inforiune that befel,
Immediately after the flood?
And who did firſt ſhed guiltleſs blood,
And how idolatry began?
E. Said he; I ſhall do as I can;

After the flood I find no ſtory
Worthy to be put in memory,
Till Nimrod did begin to reign,
Above the people as a king,
Which was the principle man of one,
That builder was of Babylon.
C. That ſtory, maſter, would I know,
That thou to me the ſooth would ſhow,
Why, and for what occaſion
They builded ſuch a ſtrong dungeon?
E. Then ſaid to me Experience,
I ſhall declare with diligence,
Theſe queſtions at thy command;
But firſt, ſon, thou muſt underſtand
Of Nimrod the genealogy,
His ſtrength, courage, and quantity;
Howbeit Moſes in his firſt book,
The ſtory lightly doth o'er-look;
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a ſtrong hunter.
But other clerks curious,
As Oroſe, and doth Joſephus,
Deſcribe Nimrod at more length,
Both of his ſtature and his ſtrength.
This Nimrod was the fourth perſon,
From Noah by line deſcending down,
Noah begat Ham, and Ham begat Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, the ſooth been thus:
Thus Nimrod a man of might,
That time on earth was none ſo wight;
He was a giant ſtout and ſtrong,
Perforce wild beaſts he down throng,
The people of that region,
Came under his dominion.
No man there was in all the land,
His ſtalwardneſs that durſt gainſtand:
No marvel was though he was wight
Ten cubits large he was of height,
Proportionate of length and breed,
Conform unto his height we read,
He grew ſo great and glorious,
So prideful and preſumptuous,

That he came inobedient,
To the great God Omnipotent.
This Nimrod was the principle man
That firſt Idolatry began,
Then caus'd he all the people call
To his preſence both great and ſmall,
And in that great convention,
Did propone his intention:
My friends, ſaid he, I make it known,
The great vengeance that God hath ſhown
In time of our fore-father Noah,
When he did all the world deſtroy,
And drowned them in furious flood;
Wherefore I think we ſhould conclude,
How we ſhould make a ſtrong defence
Againſt the waters violence,
For to reſiſt his furious ire,
Contrary both to flood and fire:
Let us go ſpy ſome pleaſant field,
Where a ſtrong building we may build:
A city with a ſtrong dungeon,
That none engine may beat it down;
So high, ſo thick, ſo large, ſo long,
That God to us ſhall do no wrong.
It ſhall ſurmount the planets ſeven,
That we from God may win the heav'n,
Theſe people with a firm intent,
All to his counſel did conſent,
And did eſpy a pleaſant place,
Hard on the flood of Euphrates,
The people then did there repair;
In the plain field Shinare,
Which now of Chaldie bears the name,
Which did ſo long time flouriſh fame.
The great fortreſs then did they found,
And ſearch'd it till they found ſure ground,
And fell to work, both man and child.
Some found out clay, ſome burnt the tyld,
Nimrod that curious champion,
Deviſer was of that dungeon:
Nothing they ſpared their labours,
Like buſy bees upon the flow'rs,

Before they found him good and kind,
But then they thought him by his mind;
When he so furiously did flyte,
Then turn'd his pride into despite.
Full dark eclipsed was his glore,
When they would work for him no more.
Behold how God was gracious,
To them that was outragious:
He neither brake their legs nor arms,
Nor did to them no other harms,
Except of tongues division;
And for a final conclusion,
Constrained they were to depart,
Each company in sundry airt,
Some past into the orient,
And some into the occident,
Some south, some north, as they thought best,
And so their policy left waste.
But how that city was repaired.
Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatry: How Nimrod pelled the people to adore the fire in Chaldea

NOW Sir, said I, shew me the man,
Which first idolatry began.
E. That shall I do with all mine heart,
My son said he, ere we depart,
When Nimrod saw his purpose failed,
And his great labour nought availed,
In manner of contemption,
Departed forth of that region:
And as Orelius doth rehearse,
He past into the land of Perse,
And many a year did there remain,
And then to Babylon came again,
And found huge people of Chaldie,
Remaining in that great city,
That was glad of his returning,
And did obey him as their king,
Nimrod his name for to advance,
Among them made new ordinance,

think you are not wise
o God make sacrifice,
fulfil his false desire,
be made a flaming fire,
e it of such breadth and height,
it burn both day and night:
the people of that land,
e fire at his command,
on knees and faces,
g their new god of graces,
hem more occasion,
them great persuasion;
, said he, is of great might,
his beams on the night:
and moon are both obscure,
nly brightness doth endure.
ns members suffer cold,
neth them even as they would.
'd the people at his desire,
no god, except the fire.
ere was any imagery,
s first idolatry:
me there was no usage,
, or for to paint image:
le he proclamation,
e not adoration
ew god, without remead,
fire should suffer dead.
man into that land.
ny that durst gainstand,
n and Aram his brother
bey'd, I find none other,
velling was in that country,
r father, called Thary.
thren Nimrod did reprive,
him: Lord, by your leave,
is but an element,
to God Omnipotent,
ade the heaven by his might,
n and stars for to give light:
the fishes in the seas,
, *with beasts*, herbs and trees;

And

nd last of all, for to conclude,
e made man to his similitude.
'o that great God give praise and glore,
Vhose reign endures for evermore.
When Nimrod in his furious ire,
Theſe brethren both caſt in the fire;
Abram by God he was preſerv'd,
But Aram in the fire was ſtarv'd.
When Thary heard his ſon was dead,
He did depart out of that ſtead,
With Abram, Nachor, and their wives,
As the ſcripture at length deſcrives,
And left the land of Chaldea,
And paſt to Meſopotamia,
And dwelt in Charen all his days,
And died there, as the ſtory ſays,
The life of Abram, as I ſuppoſe,
Nothing belongs to our purpoſe.
Into the bible thou may'ſt read
His virtuous life, word and deed.
Now have I ſhown thee the man
That firſt idolatry began.

Of the great miſery an ſkaith that cometh of wa
how king Ninus began the firſt wars, and ſtra
firſt battle.

FAther, I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to me ere we depart,
Who firſt began theſe mortal wars,
Which every faithful heart ſo ſcars,
And every policy down thraws,
Expreſs againſt the Lord's laws,
Since Chriſt our King Omnipotent,
Left peace into his teſtament:
How doth proceed this cruelty,
Againſt juſtice and equity?
In land wherever war hath been,
Great miſery there may be ſeen.
All things on earth that God hath wrought,
Wars do deſtroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many ſtrong dungeon,
Are burnt, and to the earth thrown down

Virgins and matrons are deflour'd,
Temples that richly were decor'd,
Are burnt, and all their priests spoil'd;
Poor orphans under feet are soil'd:
Many old men made childrenless,
And many children fatherless.
Of famous schools the doctrine,
Both natural science and divine,
And every virtue trodden down,
No reverence done to religion:
Strengths destroy'd all utterly,
Fair ladies forced shamefully:
Young widow's spoiled of their spouses,
Poor labourers driven from their houses.
There dare no merchant take in hand
To travel either by sea or land,
For butchers that do them confound,
Some murder'd been, and some are drown'd:
And craftsmen of good engine,
Are altogether brought to ruin:
The bestial reft, the commons slain,
The land without labouring doth remain.
Of policy the perfect warks,
Buildings, gardens, pleasant parks,
Have altogether destroyed been,
Great granges burnt there may be seen:
Riches is turn'd to poverty,
And plenty into penury,
Death, hunger, dearth, it is well kend
Of war this is the fatal end.
Justice turn'd into tyranny,
All pleasure into adversity.
The war all utterly down thraws,
Both the civil and common laws.
War genders murder and mischief,
Sore lamenting without relief.
Wars do destroy realms and kings,
Great princes war to prison brings.
War doth shed meikle guiltless blood.
Since I can say of wars no good,
Declare to me, sir, if you can,
Who first this misery began.

A 2

A short description of the four monarchies: And h king Ninus began his monarchy.

OF wars, said he, the great outrage,
Began into the second age,
By cruel, prideful, covetous kings:
Reavers but right of others reigns;
Howbeit Cain before the flood,
Was first shedder of guiltless blood.
Ninus was first and principal man,
Which sinistrous conquest began:
And was the man withoutten fail,
In earth which strake the first battel,
And first invented imagery,
Where through came great idolatry.
We must know ere we further wend,
Of whom king Ninus did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define,
He was from Noah the fifth by line,
Noah begat Ham, Ham begat Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, and Nimrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus, but leesing,
Of Assyria the second king.
And builder of that great city,
The which is called Ninevey;
And was the first and principal man,
Which the first monarchy began.
C. Father said I, declare to me,
What signifies a monarchy?
E. The sooth, said he, son, if thou knew,
Monarchy is a term of Grew,
As when a province principal,
Had whole power imperial,
During their nominations,
Above all kings and nations.
A monarchy that men do call,
Of whom I find four principal,
Which hath reigned since the world began.
C. Then said I, father, if you can,
Which four are they? show me, I pray you.
E. My son, said he, that shall I show you.

ign'd the king of Aſſyrians:
reign'd the king of Perſians:
eeks thirdly, with ſword and fire,
: obtain'd the third empire:
rth monarchy, as I hear,
mans keeped many a year.
s ſpeak of Ninus king,
began his conqueſting.
Greek hiſtorian
s, he writes plain,
great length of Ninus king,
mpire and conqueſting,
Semiramis his wife,
ne the luſtieſt on life.
too long to put in write,
Diodore doth indite:
all ſhow, as I ſuppoſe,
moſt belong to our purpoſe.
Nimrod prince of Babylon,
his wretched world was gone,
ſon Belus dead alſwa,
t king of Aſſyria:
nus which was ſecond king,
nantly began to reign,
s not pleaſed nor content
wn region nor rent:
g his glory for to advance
reat people and puiſſance,
pride, covetice and vain-glore,
prepare to conqueſt more,
nered forth a great army,
Babylon and Chaldy,
re he had ardent deſire
that land to his empire,
he had thereto no right,
is tyrrany and might.
ten fear of God or man,
ueſting he thus began.
:ople being in array,
dy took his ready way,
at the *Babylonians*,
with the Chaldeans,

Heard tell king Ninus was come and,
Made proclamation through the land,
That each man after his degree,
Should come and ſave his own country:
Though that they had no uſe of war,
Without all fear they paſt forward,
And put themſelves in good order
To meet king Ninus on the border,
In that time ye may underſtand
There was no harneſs in the land,
For to defend, or yet invade,
Whereby more ſlaughter there was made;
They fought through ſtrength of bodies,
With goads of iron, with ſtones and trees,
With ſound of horn and hideous cry,
They ruſh'd together right rudely.
With hardy heart and ſtrength of hands,
Till thouſands lay dead on the lands,
Where men in battle naked been,
Great ſlaughter ſoon there may be ſeen,
They fought ſo long and cruelly,
And with uncertain victory:
No man might judge that ſtood on far,
Who got the better or the war.
But when it did approach the night,
The Chaldeans they took the flight:
Then the king and his company
Were right glad of the victory;
Becauſe he wan the firſt battel
That ſtricken was on earth but fail.
And peaceable of that region.
Did take the whole diminion:
Then was the king of Chaldea,
As well as of Aſſyria,
As for the king of Arabia,
In his conqueſt made him ſupply:
Of this yet he was not content,
But to the realm of Mede he went,
Where Fernus king of that country
Did meet him with a great army:
But king Ninus the battle wan,
Where ſlain was many a noble-man;

And to the king would give no grace,
But plainly in a public place,
With his ſeven ſons and his lady,
Cruelly did them crucify.
Of that triumph he did rejoice,
Then forward to the field he goes;
Then conqueſt he Armenia,
Perſe, Egypt, and Pamphilia;
Cappadoce, Lyde, and Muritane,
Caſpia, Phrygia and Hircane:
All Africa and Aſia,
Except great Ind and Bactria,
Which he did conqueſt afterward,
As you ſhall hear ere we depart.
Now would I, ere we farther wend,
That his idolatry were kend;
Then after that without ſojourn,
To our purpoſe we ſhall return.

How King Ninus invented the firſt idolatry; or worſhipping of images.

NINUS a image he caus'd make,
For king Belus his father's ſake,
Moſt like his father of figure,
Of quantity and portraitour:
Of fine gold was that figure made,
A craſty crown upon his head,
With precious ſtones, in tokening
His father Belus was a king.
In Babylon he a temple made
Of craſty work both high and broad,
Wherein that image gloriouſly
Was throned up triumphantly,
Then Ninus gave a ſtrait command
To all the people of that land,
As well into Aſſyria,
As in Shinar and Chaldea,
Under his domination,
They ſhould make adoration,
Upon their *knees* to that figure,
Under the pain of forfeiture.

There was no lord in all that land,
His ſummoning that durſt gainſtand:
The young and old, both great and ſmall,
To that image they prayed all;
And chang'd his name, as I heard tell,
From Belus to the great god Bell.
In that temple he did deviſe
That prieſts ſhould make their ſacrifice;
By that conſent then came a law,
None other god that they would knaw:
Alſo he gave to that image,
Of ſanctuary the priviledge;
For whatſoever tranſgreſſor,
An homicide, or oppreſſor,
Seeing the image in the face,
Of their guilt got the king's grace.
C. Declare to me, ſweet Sir, ſaid I,
Was there no more idolatry,
After that this falſe idol Bell
Was throned up, as you me tell?
E. My ſon, ſaid he, incontinent
Theſe novels thro' the world went,
How king Ninus, as I have ſaid,
A curious image he had made,
To the which all his nation
Made devout adoration.
Then every country took conceit,
They would king Ninus counterfeit,
When any famous man was dead,
Set up an image in his ſtead,
Which they did honour from the ſpleen,
As it immortal God had been:
Images ſome made for the nones,
Of fine gold, of ſtocks and ſtones,
Of ſilver ſome and ivory bone,
With divers names to every one:
For ſome they called Saturnus,
Some Jupiter, ſome Neptunus,
And ſome they called Cupido,
Their god of love, and ſome Pluto:
They called ſome Mercurius,
And ſome the windy Eolus.

Some Mars made like a man of war,
Enarmed well with ſword and ſpear:
Some Bacchus, and ſome Apollo,
Of names they had an hundred mo.
When any lady of great fame
Was dead, for to exalt her name,
An image for a portraitour,
Was ſet up for an oratour:
The which they called their goddeſs,
As Venus Juno and Pallas:
Some Ceres, Veſta and Diana,
Some Clio, ſome Proſerpina:
And ſome the great goddeſs Minerve,
With curious colours they would carve,
Among the poets you may ſee,
Of falſe gods the genealogy.
So that theſe abominations
Did ſpread through all nations:
Except good Abram as we read,
Who honoured God in word and deed:
For Abram had his beginning
Into the time of Ninus king;
Ninus began with tyranny,
And Abram with humility;
Ninus began the firſt empire,
Abram of war had no deſire.
Ninus began idolatry,
Abram in ſp'rit and verity,
He prayed to the Lord alone,
Falſe imagery he would have none:
Of him deſcended I heard tell,
The twelve tribes of Iſrael.
Theſe people made adoration,
With humble ſupplication,
To him who was of kings KING,
And heav'n and earth made of nothing:
Dead images they held at nought,
Which were with mens hands wrought,
But the Almighty God on live.
My ſon, now have I done d. ſcrive
Theſe *queſtions at thy* command,
The which thou did'ſt at me demand.

G. What was the cauſe, ſir, make me ſure,
Idolatry did ſo long endure
Out through the world ſo generally,
And with the Gentiles eſpecially?

E. Said he, ſome cauſes principal,
I find in my memorial:
Firſt was through princes commandment,
Which did idolatry invent:
Then ſingular profits of the prieſts,
Painters, goldſmiths, maſons, wrights,
Theſe men of craft moſt curiouſly,
Made images moſt pleaſantly,
And ſold them for a ſumptuous price:
So by their crafty merchandiſe,
They were made rich above meaſure.
As for the prieſts, I thee aſſure,
They got profit into all lands,
Through ſacrifice and offerands;
And by their feigned ſanctitude,
Abuſed many men of good.
He in the time of Daniel
The prieſts of that idol Bell,
When Nebuchadonozor king,
In Babylon highly did reign,
The prieſt the king made underſtand
That image made with mens hand,
He was a glorious god of life,
And alſo had prerogative:
That by his great power divine,
Would eat beef, mutton, bread and wine;
And ſo the king caus'd every day,
Before Bell on his alter lay,
Forty fat wedders freſh and fine,
And ſix great rubors of wight wine,
Twelve great loaves of bouted flour,
Which was all eaten in one hour;
Not by that image deaf and dumb,
But by the prieſts all and ſome,
As by the bible thou may'ſt ken,
Whoſe number was threeſcore and ten,
They and their wives every day,
Ate all that on the altar lay.

Then Daniel in concluſion,
Shew'd the king their abuſion;
And of their craft he made him ſure,
How underneath the temple floor,
Through a paſſage they came by night,
And ate that meat by candle light.
The king when he the matter knew,
The prieſts with all their wives he ſlew;
Thus ſubtily the king was filed,
And all the people were beguiled.
My ſon, ſaid he, now may thou ken,
How by the prieſts and crafty men,
And by their craftineſs and cure,
Idolatry did long endure.
Behold how John Boccacious
Hath written works wonderous,
Of Gentle ſuperſtition,
And of their great abuſion.
And in this great book thou may'ſt ſee,
Of the falſe gods genealogy,
Of Demogorgon in ſpecial.
For grand-ſire to the gods all,
Honour'd among Arcadians.
And of the falſe Philiſtians,
With their great deviliſh god Dagon;
With their idols many one.
But I abhor the truth to tell,
Of the princes of Iſrael,
Choſen by God Omnipotent,
How they brake his commandement,
King Solomon as the ſcripture ſays,
He dotted in his latter days,
His wanton wives for to pleaſe,
He car'd not God for to diſpleaſe.
And did commit idolatry,
Worſhipping carved imagery,
As Moloch god of Ammonites,
And Chemoſh god of Moabites,
Aſhtaroth god of Sidonians:
So for his innobedience,
And foul abomination,
Was *puniſh'd his* ſucceſſion.

His ſon Rehoboam, I heard tell,
Loſt the ten tribes of Iſrael,
For his father's idolatry,
As in the ſcripture thou may'ſt ſee.

Of images uſed among Chriſtian men.

FAther, yet one thing would I ſpeer,
Behold in every church and queer
Through chriſtendom, in burgh and land,
Images made with mens hand:
To whom are given divers names,
Some Peter and Paul, ſome John and James,
Saint Peter carved with his keys,
Saint Michael with his wings and weys,
Saint Katherin with her ſword and wheel,
An hynd ſet up hard by ſaint Geel.
It were o'er long for to deſcrive
Saint Francis with his wounds five,
Saint Trodwel eke there may be ſeen,
Who on a prick hath both her een.
Saint Paul well painted with a ſword,
As he would fight at the firſt word.
Saint Appolline on altar ſtands,
With all her teeth into her hands.
Saint Rech well ſealed, men may ſee,
A boil new broken on his thigh.
Saint Eloy he doth ſtately ſtand,
A new horſe-ſhoe into his hand.
Saint Ninian of a rotten ſtock,
Saint Dutho borded out of a block.
Saint Andrew with croſs in his hand.
Saint George upon a horſe ridand.
Saint Anthony ſet upon a ſow,
Saint Bryde well carved with a cow,
With coſtly colours fine and fair,
A thouſand more I might declare.
As ſaint Coſm and ſaint Damain,
The ſouter of ſaint Criſpinian.
All theſe on altars ſtately ſtands,
Prieſts crying for their offerands;

To whom we commons on our knees
Do worſhip all theſe imageries,
In church or queer, or in the cloyſter,
Praying to them our *Pater-noſter*.
In pilgrimage from town to town,
With offering and addoration,
To them ay babling on our beeds,
That they may help us in our needs:
What differs this, declare to me,
From the Gentiles idolatry?

E. If that be true that thou reports,
It goes right near the ſelf-ſame ſorts:
But we by counſel of clergy,
Have licence to make imagery,
Which of unlearned been the books,
For when the laiks on them looks,
It brings them in rememb'rance,
Of ſaints lives the circumſtance:
How the faith for to fortify,
They ſuffered pain right patiently.
Seeing the image on the rood,
Men ſhould remember on the blood
Which Chriſt into his paſſion
Did ſhed for our ſalvation.
Or when thou ſeeſt the portraitour
Of bleſſed Mary virgin pure,
A pleaſant babe upon her knee,
Then in thy mind remember thee,
The word which the prophet ſaid,
How ſhe ſhould be both mother and maid:
But who that ſitteth on their knees,
Praying to many imageries,
With oration and offrands,
Kneeling with cup into their hands:
No difference been, I ſay to thee,
From the Gentiles idolatry.
Right ſo of divers nations,
read th' abominations,
How Greeks made their devotion hail
To Mars to ſave them in battle.
To Jupiter ſome took their voyage,
To ſave them from the ſtormy rage:

Som

Some pray'd to Venus from the ſpleen
That they their lovers might obtain:
And ſome to Juno for riches,
Their pilgrimage they would addreſs:
So doth our common popular,
Which were too long for to declare,
Their ſuperſtitious pilgrimages,
To many diverſe images.
Some to ſaint Roch with diligence,
To ſave them from the peſtilence;
For their teeth to ſaint Appolline:
To ſaint Trodwel to mend their een.
Some make offerings to ſaint Eloy,
That he their horſe may well convoy.
They run when they have jewels tint,
To ſaint Syeth ere e'er they ſtint:
And to ſaint Germane to get remead,
For maladies into their head.
They bring mad-men on feet and horſe,
And binds to ſaint Mungo's croſs,
To ſaint Barbara they cry full faſt,
To ſave them from the thunder blaſt.
For good novels, as I heard tell,
Some take their way to Gabriel:
Some wives ſaint Margaret doth exhort
Into their birth them to ſupport.
To ſaint Anthon to ſave the ſow,
To ſaint Bride for calf and cow.
To ſaint Sabaſtian they run and ride,
That from the ſhot he ſave their ſide,
And ſome in hope to get their heal,
Runs to the old rood of Rareal:
Howbeit the people rude,
Think their inventions to be good,
Wo be to priefts, I ſay, for me,
Which ſhould ſhow them the verity,
Prelates which have of them the cure,
Shall make anſwer therefore, be ſure,
In the great day of judgment,
Where no time is for to repent,
Where manifeſt idolatry
Shall puniſh'd be perpetually.

An exclamation againſt idolatry.

ent people, ignorant and blind,
hat reaſon, law, or authority;
authentic ſcripture can ye find
or to commit idolatry?
to bow your body, or your knee,
vote humble adoration,
image made of ſtock or tree,
o them offering or obligation.
do ye give the honour, laud, or glore
ıg to God who made all things of nought,
.s, and is, and ſhall be evermore,
es by mens hands wrought?
folk! why have ye ſuccour ſought:
that cannot help you in diſtreſs?
onably revolve into your thought,
or ſtone can be no holineſs.
deſert the people of Iſrael,
maing on the mount Sinai,
ıde a molten calf of fine metal,
ıey did honour as their god alway,
n Moſes deſcended, I heard ſay,
conſider their idolatry,
›eople three thouſand caus'd he ſlay,
ripture at length doth teſtify.
e the holy prophet Daniel,
on idolatry reprov'd,
ıld not worſhip their falſe idol Bell,
›le people at him were ſore agriev'd,
effect that he ſhould be miſchiev'd,
d him to ramping lions ſeven,
ıt dangerous den he was reliev'd,
miracle of that great God of heav'n.
how Nebuchudonozor king,
vail of Duran did repair
e of fine gold, a marvellous thing,
re of cubits high, and ſix of ſquare,
clearly the ſcripture doth declare;
n all people by proclamation,
lies bow'd, and on their knees bare,
mbly made their adoratian.

An

A great wonder that day was ſeen alſo,
How Nebuchadonozor in his ire,
Took Shadrach, Meſech, and Abednego,
Which would not bow their knee at his deſire
To th' idol, caus'd caſt them in the fire
For to be burnt, ere he ſtirr'd off the ſtead.
When he beliv'd they were burnt bones and lyre,
Was not conſum'd a ſmall hair of their head.
The angel of the Lord was with them ſeen
In that hot furnace, paſſing up and down,
Into a roſy earth as they had been:
No ſpot of fire diſtaining coat or gown:
Of victory they did obtain the crown,
And were to them that made adoration
To that idol, or bow'd their body bown,
A witneſſing of their damnation.
What was the cauſe, at me thou may'ſt demand,
That Solomon us'd no imagery
In his triumphant temple for to ſtand,
Of Abram, Iſaac, Jacob, nor Jeſſe,
Nor to Moſes, their ſafegaurd thro' the ſea,
Nor Joſhua their valiant champion?
Becauſe God did command the contrary,
They ſhould not uſe ſuch ſuperſtition.
Behold how the great God Omnipotent,
To preſerve Iſrael from idolatry,
Directed them a ſtrait commandement
That they ſhould make no graven imagery,
Neither of gold, ſilver, ſtone nor tree,
Nor give worſhip to any ſimilitude,
Being in heaven, in earth, or in the ſea,
But openly in his ſovereign celſitude.
The prophet David plainly did reprieve
Idolatry to their confuſion,
In graven ſtock or ſtone that did believe,
Declaring to them their great abuſion,
Speaking in manner of deriſion,
How dead idols by mens hands wrought,
Whom they honour'd with humble adoration,
Where in the market daily ſold and bought,
The devils ſeeing the ill condition
Of the Gentiles, and their unfaithfulneſs,

augment their ſuperſtition,
ſe idols they made their entreſs,
i them ſpake, as ſtories do expreſs,
men believ'd of them to get relief,
their help in all their buſineſs,
ially they turn'd to their miſchief.
ſt well, in them is no divinity,
with the rouſt their fair colour doth fade;
h they have feet, on foot they cannot flee,
eit their temple burn about their head.
n is neither friendſhip nor remead.
i figures what favour can ye find;
mouth, and ears and eyes tho' they be made,
en may ſee they are dumb, deaf, and blind.
/beit they fall down flately on the floor,
have no ſtrength themſelves to raiſe again:
h rats run over them, they take no care:
eit they break their necks they feel no pain,
hould men pſalms to them ſing or ſain.
growing trees that yearly beareth fruit,
ore to praiſe. I make it to thee plain,
utted ſtocks, wanting both crop and root.
dinburgh the great idolatry,
anifeſt abomination,
ir feaſt days all creatures may ſee:
ear an old ſtock image through the town,
abern, trumpet, ſhalm and clarion.
have been uſed many a year bygone,
ieſts and friers into proceſſion,
nto Bell carried through Babylon.
ık ye not ſhame ye ſecular prieſts and friers,
great ſuperſtition to conſent?
rs ye have been many years,
's againſt the Lord's commandement.
fore brethren, I counſel you repent;
o honour to carved ſtocks or ſtone,
nour give to God Omnipotent,
aiſe him ay, as wiſely writeth John.
n you friers that uſes for to preach,
advance forward idolatry:
lo ye not the ignorant people teach,
dead image carved on a tree,

As it were holy, ſhould not honour'd be;
Nor born on burgeſs backs up and down:
But ye ſhow plainly your hypocriſy,
When ye paſs foremoſt in proceſſion.
Fy on you foſterers of idolatry,
That to the dead ſtocks do reverence,
In preſence of the people publicly.
Fear ye not God to commit ſuch offence?
I counſel you to do your diligence,
To cauſe oppreſs ſo great abuſion:
Do ye not ſo, I dread your repentance
Shall be nought elſe but clean confuſion.
Had ſaint Francis been borne out thro' the tow
Or ſaint Dominick, though ye had refuſed
With them to have paſt in proceſſion,
In that caſe ſome would you have excuſed.
Now men may ſee how that ye have abuſed
That noble town through your hypocriſy:
The people think that they may right well uſe it,
When ye paſs with them into company.
Some of you have been quiet counſellors,
Provoking princes to ſhed guiltleſs blood,
Which never did your prudent predeceſſors;
But ye like furious phariſees denude
Of charity, which rent Chriſt on the rood,
For Chriſt's flock, without malice or ire,
Converted fragile faultors, I conclude
By God's own word, withoutten ſword or fire.
Read ye not how Chriſt hath given command
If thy brother do ought thee to offend,
Then ſecretly correct him hand for hand
In friendly manner, ere thou further wend,
If he will not hear thee, then make it kend
To one or two by true narration.
If he to them will not his miſs amend,
Delate him to the congregation.
And yet if he remain ſtill obſtinate,
And to the holy church incounſellable,
Then like a Turk hold him excommunicate,
And with all faithful folk abominable,
Baniſhing him that he be no more able
To dwell among the faithful company;

When he repents be not unmerciable,
But him receive again right tenderly.
  But our dumb doctors of divinity,
And ye of the laſt found religion,
Of poor tranſgreſſors ye have no pity,
But cries to put them ay to confuſion,
As cry'd the Jews for the effuſion
Of Chriſt's blood into their burning ire,
Crucify ; ſo ye with an union
De cry, cauſe caſt the faulter in the fire.
  Unmerciful members of the antichriſt,
Extolling your human tradition,
Contrare the inſtitution of Chriſt.
Fear ye not for divine punition,
Though ſome of you be of good condition,
Ready to receive new recent wine :
I ſpeak to you all boſſes of perdition ;
Return in time, ere you run, in ruin.
  As ran the perverſe prophets of Baal,
Which did conſent to the idolatry
Of wicked Ahab king of Iſrael,
Whoſe number were four hundred and fifty,
Which honoured that idol openly,
But when Elias did prove their abuſion,
He cauſ'd the people ſlay them cruelly :
So in one hour came their confuſion.
  I pray you prime in your rememb'rance.
How the red friers for their idolatry,
In Scotland, England, Spain, Italy and France,
Upon one day were puniſh'd piteouſly.
Behold how your own brethren now lately,
In Dutchland, England, Denmark, and Norway,
Are trodden down with their hypocriſy,
And as the ſnow are vaniſh'd quite away.
  I marvel that our biſhops think no ſhame,
To give your friers ſuch pre-eminence,
To uſe their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
But might a biſhop augment his own expence,
For each ſermon ten ducats in his hand :
He would ere he did lacke that recompence,
Go preach himſelf both into burgh and land.

I trust to see good reformation,
When that we get a faithful prudent king
Which knows the truth, and his vocation:
All publicans, I trust, he will down bring.
And will not suffer in his realm for reign
Corrupted scribes, nor false pharisience,
Against the truth which plainly do malign:
Till that king come we must take patience.
Now farewel friends, because I cannot flyte,
Howbeit I could, ye must have me excus'd,
Tho' I against idolatry indite,
Or them despite that will not yet refuse it,
I pray to God that it be no more used
Among the rulers of this region,
That common people be no more abused,
But give him glore that bare the thorny crown.
Who teacheth us by his divine scripture,
To right prayer the perfect ready way,
As writteth Matthew in his sixth chapter,
In what manner, and to whom we should pray,
A short compendious oration each day,
Most profitable both for body and soul:
The which is not directed, I heard say,
To John, or James, to Peter or to Paul,
Nor to none other of the apostles twelve,
Nor to no saint, nor angel in the heaven;
But only to our Father God himself,
Which oration is contained full even,
Most profitable for us petitions seven,
Which we laick folk the Pater-noster call,
Tho' we say psalms nine, ten or eleven,
Of all our prayers this is the principal.
By reason of the Maker that is made,
Who was the Son of God our saviour:
And by reason to whom it should be said,
To the Father of heaven our Creator,
Who dwelleth not in temple nor in tow'r;
He clearly sees our thought, will, and intent:
What needeth us at other seek succour,
When in all place his power is present?
Ye princes of the priests, ye that should preach,
Why suffer ye so great abusion?

Why do ye nót the ſimple people teach,
How, and to whom to dreſs their oration?
Why thole ye them to go from town to town,
In Pilgrimage to any imageries,
Hoping to get ſome ſatisfaction,
Praying to them devoutly on their knees?
This was the practice of ſome pilgrimage,
When fillocks into Fife began the ton;
With Jack and Tom then they took their voyage,
In Angus to the field chappel of Dron.
Then Kittock there as keadzy as a con,
Without regard either to ſin or ſhame,
Gave Lawry leave at leaſure to loup on:
Far better been to have tarried at hame.
I have ſeen paſs a marvellous multitude,
Young men and women ſinging on their feet,
Under the form of fained ſanctitude,
For to adore an image in Lawriet:
Many came with their fellows for to meet,
Committing their foul fornication,
Some kiſt the clagged tail of the hermite:
Why thole ye this abomination?
Of fornication and adultery,
Appearantly ye take but little cure,
Seeing the marvellous infelicity,
Which hath ſo long done in this land endure,
Of your default, which have the charge and cure;
This is of truth, my lords, with your leave.
Such pilgrimage have made many a whore,
Which, if I pleaſed, plainly I might prove.
Why make ye not the ſcriptures manifeſt
To poor people touching idolatry?
In your preaching why have ye not expreſt
How many kings of Iſrael cruelly
Were puniſh'd by God ſo rigorouſly?
As Jeroboam, and many mo, no doubt,
For worſhipping of carved imagery,
Were from their realms rudely rooted out.
Why thole ye under your dominion,
A craſty prieſt, or fained falſe hermite,
Abuſing the people of this region,
Only *for their particular* profit?

And 'ſpecially that hermite Lawriet,
He put the common people in believe,
That blind got ſight, and crooked got their feet,
The which the paillard by no means can prieve.
Ye married men that have trim wanton wives
And luſty daughters of young and tender age,
Whoſe honeſty ye ſhould love as your lives,
Permit them not to paſs in pilgrimage,
To ſeek ſupport of any ſtock image;
For I have known good women paſs from home,
Which have been trapped with ſuch luſts rage,
Have returned both with great ſin and ſhame.
Awake, for thine own glory ſake, O Lord,
And make an haſty reformation
On them that do tramp down thy gracious word.
And have a deadly indignation
At them which make a true narration
Of thy goſpel, ſhowing the verity:
O Lord, I make thee ſupplication,
Support our faith, or hope, and charity.

How king Ninus built the great city of Nineve how he vanquiſhed Zoraſtes king of Bactria.

THIS Ninus of Aſſyria king,
When he had made his conqueſting,
To build a city he him dreſt,
Chooſing a place where he thought beſt,
Where he had firſt dominion,
In Aſſyria his own region;
Though Aſhur, as the ſcripture ſays,
Who came before king Ninus' days,
He founded that famous city,
The which was called Nineve,
But as rehearſeth Diodore,
Ninus that city did decore,
So marvellous triumphantly,
As ye ſhall hear immediately.
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
Which to behold great wonder was,
An hundred and fifty ſtages,
That city was of length I wis:

ıe walls an hundred foot of height,
› wonder was though it was wight.
ch breadth about the walls there was,
ıree carts might ſidelongs on them paſs:
ur hundred ſtages, four ſcore and four,
circuit, but nine or more:
f tow'rs about the walls I ween,
thouſand and five hundred been.
f height two hundred foot and more,
ı writteth famous Diodore.
he ſcripture maketh mention,
'hen God ſent Jonas to that town,
o ſhow them of his puniſhment,
hroughout the city when he went,
'hree days journey to him it was,
he bible ſays it was no leſs.
ly ſon, now have I ſhown to thee,
)f the building of Nineve,
'or the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus called after his name.
When he that great city had ended,
To conqueſs more yet he intended,
And did depart from Ninive,
And raiſed up a great army
Of the ſtalwart men and ſtout,
Of all the regions round about,
In great order took their journey
Towards the realm of Bactria,
Of wight foot-men I underſtand,
He hath ſeventeen hundred thouſand,
Without horſe-men and warlike carts,
Whom he ordered in ſundry parts,
Which to deſcrive I am not able,
Whoſe number is incredible.
Zoraſtes that noble king,
Then Bactria had in governing:
That prudent prince as I heard tell,
Did in aſtronomy precel;
And found the art magia,
With natural ſcience many ma,
Seeing king Ninus on the field,
Forward he came with ſpear and ſhield,

hundred thousand men he was,
is army there was no less,
met king Ninus on the border,
ht valiently and in good order:
the vanguard of his army,
them he rushed right rudely,
d of them slew, as I heard say,
n hundred thousand men that day:
he rest that 'scaped were unslain,
o Ninus great host fled again.
Of that king Ninus was so noy'd,
He rested ne'er till he destroy'd,
All whole that region up and down,
And from the king did reave the crown,
And made the realm of Bactria
Subject unto Assyria:
And in the self same land I wis,
He got his wife Semiramis,
Which as mine author doth descrive,
Was then the lustiest on live:
That being done without sojourn,
To Nineve he did return
With great triumph of victory,
As mine author doth specify:
Both occident and orient
Were all to him obedient.
It would abhor thee to hear read,
The guiltless blood that he did shed.
When he had reign'd, as you may hear,
The space of three and forty year:
Being in his excellent glore,
The dolent death did him devour,
In what sort I am not certain.
Some author says that he was slain,
And left into his heritage,
A little child of tender age.
Young Ninus was the child's name,
Which after flourish'd in great fame:
Some says, that by his wife's treason,
King Ninus died in prison,
As I shall show ere I hence fare,
As Diodore hath done declare.

Of the wonderful deeds of Queen Semiramis.

NINUS loved so ardently
Semiramis his fair lady:
There was nothing she would have done,
But all obeyed was full soon.
She seeing him so amorous,
She grew proud and presumptuous,
And at the king she did desire,
Five days to govern his empire:
And he of his benevolence
Did grant her that pre-eminence,
With sceptre, crown and robe royal,
And whole power imperial.
Till five days were come and gone,
That she as king might reign alone.
Then all the princes of the land,
During that time made her a band,
With banquet royal merily,
She treated them triumphantly,
So the first day the people all
Came to her service, bound and thral:
But ere the second day was gone,
She took such glore to reign alone,
By a diet made them among,
The king she put in prison strong,
I read well of his prisoning.
But not of his delivering:
However it was, into his flow'rs,
He did of death suffer the show'rs,
And might not length his life one hour,
Though he was the first conqueror:
Whose conquessing, for to conclude,
Was not without shedding of blood.

Now have you heard of Ninus king,
How he began, and his ending,
Although mine author Diodore,
Of him hath written meikle more.
Princes for wrongous conquessing,
Do make oft-times an evil ending,
Though he had long prosperity,
He *ended with great* misery.

Of King Ninus's ſepulchre.

THE queen a ſepulchre had made,
Where ſhe king Ninus's body laid,
Of curious crafty work and wight,
The which had ſtades nine of hight,
And ten ſtades of breadth it was,
Diodore ſays, it was no leſs:
For eight ſtades a mile thou take;
And thereafter thy meaſure make:
So by this count it was full right,
A mile and eke a ſtade of height:
Except the tow'r of Babylon,
So high a work, I read of none.
Semiramis his luſty queen,
Conſidering what danger been,
To have a king of tender age,
Which might not uſe his vaſſalage,
She took a curious conceit,
Thinking that ſhe ſhould make debate,
If any made rebellion
Conſtrare her ſon and region,
Whom ſhe did foſter tenderly,
And keeped him full quietly.
She laid apart her own cloathing,
And took the raiment of a king,
When ſhe was into armour dight,
Might no man know her by a knight?
She valliantly went to the war,
And to give battle took no fear,
Daunting all realms round about,
That all the world of her had doubt;
More fortunate in her conqueſſing
Than was her huſband Ninus king,
Babylon ſhe did fortify,
Temples and tow'rs triumphantly,
So pleaſantly did them prepare,
Which in the earth had no compare;
How beit Nimrod of whom I ſpake,
The hideous dungeon he caus'd make,
And of the city the fundament.
To whom God made impediment,

There Nimrod left, there ſhe began,
nd put to work many a man;
f all realms round about,
If moſt engine ſhe ſought them out,
ie had working with tree and ſtones,
welve hundred thouſand men at once.
o read the book of Diodore,
nd thou ſhalt find the number more,
In every ſide of Euphrates,
hat noble city builded was,
nd ſo that river of renown,
lan thro' the mid part of that town,
)'er-thwart the flood the bridges made,
)f marvellous ſtrength both long and brade.
They were five ſtages large of length,
)n every bridge ſhe made a ſtrength,
The circuit, as I ſaid before,
Four hundred ſtages and four-ſcore.
The walls height who would deſcrive,
Three hundred foot, threeſcore and five:
Six carts might paſs right eaſily,
Above the walls of that city.
Sidelongs without impediment
Conſider then by your judgement,
If theſe walls were high or nought,
And alſo curiouſly were wrought,
As Diodore hath done define,
Which doth tranſcend my rude engine.
Of Babylon the magnificence,
To whom ye would give no credence,
If I at length would put in write,
Which Diodore hath done indite.
Compare with cities I find none,
To Nineve and Babylon,
From Nineve of Aſſyria,
To Babylon in Chaldea;
By bridges pleaſant ye may paſs,
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
Among the floods of paradiſe,
This Euphrates may bear the prize:
All works which the queen began;
Tranſcended the engine of man.

e proud queen Penthſilia,
e princeſs of Amazona,
ith her ladies triumphantly,
Troy which fought valiently:
or yet the fair maiden of France,
aughter of Engliſh ordinance:
o Semiramis in her days
Vere no compare as books ſays:
Except triumphant Julius,
Strong Hannibal and Pompeius;
Or Alexander the conqueror,
I find no greater warrior,
Would I rehearſe, as write clerks,
Her wonderful and valiently warks
It were to me a great labour,
And tedious to the auditor,
What ſhe did in Ethiopia,
And in the land of Media,
Building cities, caſtles and tow'rs,
Parks and gardens of pleaſures:
For the exalting of her name,
And immortal to make her fame,
Of Jarcius the high mountain,
She caus'd run down, and made them plain.
Great Orantes, the mountain wight,
Twenty and five ſtages of height,
To her palace to draw a loch
By force of men ſhe cut it through.
Had ſhe keeped her chaſtity,
She might have been an *A per ſe.*
When ſhe had ordered her empire,
Of Venus work ſhe took deſire:
A ſecret manſion ſhe caus'd make,
Wherein ſhe pleaſantly might take,
Young gentlemen for her pleaſure,
The which ſhe uſed above meaſure,
One man alone might not be able
To ſtanch her luſt inſatiable.
When ſhe was ſatisfied of one.
She caus'd another come anon,
The luſtieſt in all that land,
Came quietly at her command,

n they at length had lien her by,
lew them all right cruelly.
n her ſon came to age perfite,
m ſhe took great delight,
aus'd him with her for to ly,
ng the reſt right quietly.
ſay, with ſenſual luſts rage,
ound him into marriage,
held him under tutory,
phold her authority.

Queen Semiramis with a great army paſt to Indus, d fought with the King Staurobates. And of her ſerable end.

THEN ſhe had long time liv'd in reſt
To conqueſs more ſhe her addreſt
aſe of divers ſhe heard tell,
that the Indus oriental
ll'd in great commodities,
ſtial, corns, and fruitful trees:
ind of ſpices delicious,
, ſilver, and ſtones precious:
how that plentious land did bear
, fruit, and wine twice in the year,
elephants innumerable,
ttle wond'rous terrible:
earing this, and mikle more,
ving to augment her glore,
d make ſtrait proclamations,
and ſundry nations,
ing how it was her deſire,
rinces under her empire,
gypt, and Arabia,
rſe, and Mede, and Chaldea,
ecce, in Caſpia, and Hircane,
ppadoce, Lyde, and Mauritane,
menie, and Phrygia,
nphilia, and Aſſyria,
each land after their degree,
d bring to her a great army,

In all the goodly haſte they may,
And meet her into Baćtria.
Declaring them that her intent
Was to paſs to the orient,
And make war with the king of Ind,
From time they knew what was her mind,
Then by themſelves each region
Came forward with their garriſon,
Triumphantly in good array:
To Baćtria took the ready way,
And made their muſters to the queen:
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
In battle-ray ſo many a man
At once, ſince God the world began;
But Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
Were not inhabit in thoſe days,
Nor long after, my author ſays.
Cteſias he doth ſpecify
The number of this great army:
Saying, their came at her command,
Foot-men thirty hundred thouſand:
Of horſe-men mounted galliardly,
Five hundred thouſand verily.
An hundred thouſand camels wight,
On every camel rod a knight.
Prepar'd to paſs into all parts.
There was an hundred thouſand carts,
Two thouſand boats with her ſhe carries
On horſe, camel or dromedaries,
Bridges to make ſhe did conclude,
O'er thwart Indus that furious flood,
Which been of Ind the utmoſt border,
On the which flood with right good order.
Of her barges ſhe bridges made,
Whereon her great hoſt ſafely rade.
O Father, I would men underſtood,
How ſuch a mighty numerous croud
Might be at once brought to the field,
Ready to fight with ſpear and ſhield.
Some men will judge this been a fable,
The mater been ſo untruable.

E. It may well be, my ſon, ſaid he,
As by example we may ſee,
How David king of Iſrael,
His people cauſed number all,
By Joab his chief captain,
As holy ſcripture ſheweth plain:
Of fighting men into that land,
He found thirteen hundred thouſand,
Sith David in that ſmall country,
Might have raiſed ſuch an army,
To this lady it was no wonder,
The which had greater realms her under
Than David's little region
Tho' ſhe had many a legion
Of men, more than I told before,
Therefore my ſon, marvel no more.
When Staurobates king of Inde,
Greatly perturbed in his mind:
Hearing of ſuch a multitude.
To make defence he did conclude,
And ſent a meſſage to the queen,
Praying her majeſty ſerene,
That ſhe would of her ſpecial grace,
Give him licence to live in peace:
Failing of that, though he ſhould die,
That he ſhould make her fight or flee:
And to his God a vow he made,
If no peace might of her be had,
And if he wan the victory,
That he the queen would crucify.
At his boaſting the queen made bourds,
Saying, it ſhall be no words
Shall make me paſs from my purpoſe,
Without great ſtrokes. As I ſuppoſe,
The meſſenger ſhew'd to the king,
Of her preſumptuous anſwering.
Then Staurobates wiſe and wight,
Came forward like a noble knight,
With many a thouſand ſpear and ſhield,
Arrayed royal on the field,
Thinking he would his life defend,
Or *in the battle make* an end.

The queen upon the other side,
Full of presumption and pride;
Her banners pleasantly display'd,
With hardy heart and unafraid,
Upon Indus that famous flood
They met, where shed was meikle blood.
In boats, balingers and barges,
The two armies on other charges:
Semiramis the battle wan,
Where drown'd and slain were many a man,
So that the water of the flood
Ran red mixed with mens blood,
The king of Ind with all his might,
From Indus flood he took the flight,
To his chief city he retir'd,
Where in his presence there appear'd,
In battle-ray a new army
Of right invincible chevalry,
With elephants an hideous number,
Which afterward made meikle cumber.
Semiramis and her company,
In the mean time right cruelly,
Destroy'd the borders of that land,
Took prisoners more than ten thousand.
She took a couragious conceit,
Great elephants to counterfeit:
She had ten thousand oxen hides,
Well sew'd together, back and sides,
With mouth, and nose, teeth, ears and een,
Quick elephants as they had been,
Right well stuffed with straw and hay,
Whereof the Indians took a fray:
Upon camels and dromedaries,
These false figures with her she carries.
The Indians when they saw that sight,
Afraidly they took the flight.
For such a sight was never seen,
If natural beasts they had been.
The king himself was right afeared,
Till he the verity had speared,
And knew by his explorators,
They were but feigned false figures.

hen manfully like men of wear,
rward they came withoutten fear,
ght ſo Semiramis the queen,
hich for one man was ay fifteen.
heſe two armies full cruelly,
hey ruſh'd together ſo rudely,
ith hideous cry, and trumpets ſound,
ill thouſands lay dead on the ground,
miramis had ſuch a number,
o order them it was great cumber.
hen the great elephants of Inde,
ght ſtrong and hardy of their kind,
rward they came and would not ceaſe,
ill through the midſt of the preſs
f that great hoſt they rudely ruſh'd.
heir men and horſe to earth they duſh'd,
heſe feigned beaſts withoutten ſp'rit,
ere fruſht and foiled under feet.
hus king of Inde with courage keen,
et with Semiramis the queen
e riding on an elephant:
it ſhe with him fought hand for hand,
nd gave the king ſo great eſſay,
hat he was ne'er in ſuch a fray.
o ſtrike at him ſhe took no fear,
well ſhe uſed was in wear.
is ſtrokes ſhe had but little counted,
ere't not the king was ſo well mounted,
ther at other ſtrake ſo faſt
ill they were tired at the laſt.
he king he thought himſelf aſhamed,
ith a woman to be defamed,
id was determined not to flie,
hough in that battle he ſhould die.
one which had deſpaired been,
rudely ran upon the queen,
id through the arm gave her a wound,
hich to her heart gave ſuch a ſtound,
iat ſhe conſtrained was to fly:
ien all the reſt of her army,
hen they perceiv'd that ſhe was gone,
Indus flood they fled each one.

The queen o'erthwart the flood she rade,
On bridges which were of boats made,
With her a sober company,
Which with her fled afraidly,
The Indians followed on the chase,
Then to the bridges came such press
Of fleeing folks, which was great wonder,
So that the bridges brake in sunder.
Some sunk, some down the river ran,
Then drown'd was many a noble man,
Which was great pity to deplore,
As writteth famous Diodore.
And finally, for to conclude,
Was never shed so meikle blood,
At one time since the world began,
Nor slain so many guiltless man,
And all through the occasion,
And the prideful persuasion
Of this ambitious wicked queen,
Such one was never heard nor seen.
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Greatly rejoiced in his mind,
Of this triumph and victory:
Semiramis with heart full sorry,
Seeing so many ta'en and slain,
Lamenting fortunes variance,
Which brought her to so great mischance,
Before which was so fortunate,
And then of comfort desolate.
Her son a man of perfection,
Considering his subjection,
His liberty he did desire,
That he might govern his empire;
Seeing his mother vicious,
And with that so ambitious:
As mine author doth specify,
He slew his mother cruelly:
What other cause or intention
I find no special mention.
Some says, to be at liberty;
Some says, for her adultery:

None other cauſe I can define,
Except punition divine.
Of this fair lady couragious,
Behold the ending dolourous;
Who was but twenty years of age,
When ſhe began her vaſſalage:
And reign'd triumphantly but wear,
The ſpace of forty and two year.
When ſhe was ſlain, ſhe was threeſcore,
With years two, ſhe was no more,
As Diodore writes in his book,
His chronicles who liſts to look.
Of this lady I make an end:
Thinking no way I can commend
Women to be man-like,
Nor men for to be woman like.
For why? 'tis been the Lord's mind,
All creatures to uſe in their kind.
Men for to have pre-eminence,
And women under obedience:
Though all women inclined be
To have the ſovereignity,
As this lady, who would not reſt
Till ſhe her huſband had ſuppreſt:
To that intent that ſhe might reign
Alone to have the governing,
Ladies no ways I can commend,
Preſumptuouſly which do pretend
To uſe the office of a king,
Or realms take in governing,
Howbeit they valient be and wight,
Going in battle like a knight,
As did proud Pentheſilia,
The princeſs of Amazona,
In mens habit againſt reaſon,
Likewiſe I think deriſion,
A prince to be effeminate,
Of knightly courage deſolate,
Neglecting his authority,
Through beaſtly ſenſuality,
Accompanied both days and nights,
With *women more* than valiant knights,

Such kings I diſcommend at all,
Example of Sardanapal.
C. Father, ſaid I, ſhow me how lang
The ſucceſſion of Ninus rang?
E. That ſhall I do with diligence,
My ſon, ſaid he ere we go hence:
Since I have ſhown at thy deſire,
What man began the firſt empire.
Now would I it were to thee kend,
Of that empire the fatal end.

How King Sardanapalus for his vicious life, ma
miſerable end.

BEtween the conqueror Ninus
And ſenſual Sardanapalus,
I can find no ſpecial ſtory,
Worthy to put in memory.
Except which I have done deſcrive,
Of Semiramis, king Ninus' wife,
But I can find no good at all
To write of king Sardanapal.
Which was the ſix and thirty king
By line from Ninus deſcending;
At length his life for to declare,
I think it is not neceſſar,
Becauſe that many cunning clerks,
Have done deſcribe it in their works,
How he was laſt of Aſſyrians,
Which had the whole pre-eminence,
The time of the firſt monarchy,
In chronicles as thou may'ſt ſee:
The laſt and the moſt vicious king
Which in that monarchy did reign,
That prince was ſo effeminate
With ſenſual luſt intoxicate;
He did abhor the company
Of his moſt noble chivalry,
That he might have the more delight
To uſe his beaſtly apetite:
Convers'd with women night and day,
And clothed him in their aray:

So that no man that had him seen,
Could judge a man that he had been:
So he in whoredom and harlotry
Did keep himself so quietly,
The princes of Assyrians
Of him they could get no presence;
Thus lived he continually,
Against nature so inordinately.
When to the Perse and to the Medes,
Reported was such vicious deeds,
With the rulers of Babylon,
They did conclude all into one,
They would not suffer for to reign
Above them such a vicious king.
But Arbaces a duke of Mede,
He derfly took in hand that deed,
And first he came to Nineve
To see the king his majesty:
And to one of the king's guard,
He gave a secret rich reward,
To put him in a quiet place,
Where he might see the king his grace,
And be unseen of any wight,
But he saw neither king nor knight
Into his majesty's company,
Except women allanerly,
And as a woman he was clad;
With women counselled and led:
And shamefully he was sitting
With spindle and with rock spinning.
When Arbaces that sight had seen,
His courage rose up from the spleen,
And thought it small difficulty,
For to deprive his majesty,
Then raised he the Persians,
With Medes and Babyloniars,
Harmed well with spear and shield,
Triumphantly they took the field.
The king raised the Assyrians,
Together with the Chaldeans;
And they resisted as they might;
But *finally he took the flight*,

To

To ſave himſelf in Nineve:
Then ſieged they that great city,
Continually twelve years and more,
As writteth famous Diodore,
Till that the flood of Euphrates
Aroſe with ſuch a furiouſneſs,
Where through the moſt part of that town,
By violence was beaten down.
Then when the king found no remead,
But to be taken, or to be dead,
As men deſpaired full of ire,
Caus'd make a furious flaming fire,
And took his gold and jewels all,
With ſcepter, crown, and robe royal,
With all his tender ſervitours,
That of his corps had greateſt cures,
Together with his luſty queens,
And all his wanton concubines,
And in that fire he did them caſt,
Then lap himſelf in at the laſt,
Where all were burnt in powder ſmall,
Thus ended king Sardanapal,
Without any repentance,
As may be ſeen by this ſentence
Here following, which he did endite
Before his death in great deſpite,
Which is a right ungodly thing,
As ye may ſee by his diting.

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

'Cum te mortalem noris, preſentibus exple
'Deliciis animum, poſt mortem nulla voluptas,
'Et venere, et cœnis, et plumis Sardanapali.

Now have I ſhown with diligence,
The monarchy of the Aſſyrians,
The which at king Ninus began,
And ended at this wicked man;
And did endure withoutten wear,
A thouſand two hundred and forty year,
As doth endite Euſebius:
Read him, and thou ſhalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the miſerable deſtruction of the five cities called Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, Segor, and Adama, with their whole regions.

FATHER, I pray you to me tell.
What noble thing that befel,
During the reign of Aſſyrians,
Which had ſo long pre-eminence,
I mean of other nations,
Under their dominations?
F. That muſt be done in terms ſhort,
Said he, as ſtories do report,
Enduring the firſt monarchy,
Became that woful miſery
Of Sodom, Gomorrah, and their region,
As ſcripture doth make mention.
Whoſe people were ſo ſenſual
In filthy ſin unnatural,
The which into this vulgar verſe,
My pen abhoreth to rehearſe:
Like brutal beaſts out of their minds,
Unnaturally abus'd their kinds,
By filthy ſtinking lechery,
And moſt abominable ſodomy,
As holy ſcriptures do deſcrive.
In that country were cities five,
Which were Sodoma and Gomorrah,
Seboim, Segor and Adama:
Among them all found there was none
Undefiled, but Lot alone.
Now Abram dwelt near-hand by,
Which prayed for Lot effectually;
For God made him advertiſement,
That he would make ſuch puniſhment;

To Lot two angels God did ſend,
Him from that fury to defend.
When the people of that region
Saw the angels come to the town,
Transformed into fair young men,
They purpoſed them for to ken,
And abuſe them unnaturally,
With their foul ſtinking ſodomy.
Of that thing Lot was wonder wo,
And offered them his daughters two,
Them at their pleaſure for to uſe;
But they his daughters did refuſe.
And then the angels with their might,
Theſe men deprived of their ſight,
And ſo perforce left them alone.
From Lot's lodging when they were gone,
They him commanded haſtily,
For to depart from that city:
That foul unnatural lechery,
A vengeance from the heaven did cry,
The which did move God to ſuch ire.
That from the heaven brimſtone and fire,
With awful thundring rained down,
And did conſume that whole region.
Of all that land eſcap'd no more,
Except Lot and his daughters two.
His wife was turned into a ſtone,
So wifeleſs was he left alone,
For ſhe was innobedient,
And kept not the commandement,
When the angels gave them command,
Soon to depart out of that land,
They charged them under great pain,
Never to look backward again.
When Lot's wife heard the thundering
Of flaming fire and lightening,
The woful cries lamentable
Of people moſt epouvantable:
For none of them had force to flee
She yearn'd that ſorrowful ſight to ſee;
And as ſhe turned her anon,
She was transformed in a ſtone,

Where ſhe remaineth to this day:
Of her I have no more to ſay.
To ſhow at length I am not able,
That piteous proceſs lamentable,
How cities, caſtles, towns and tow'rs,
Villages, baſtallyes and bow'rs,
They were all into powder driven:
Forreſts by the roots up riven:
Their king, their queen, their people all:
Young and old brunt into powder ſmall.
No creature was left alive.
Fowls, beaſts, man nor wife.
The earth, the corn, herbs, fruits and trees,
The children on the nurſes knees.
Right ſuddenly in an inſtant
Unwarily came that judgement,
As it was in the time of Noah
When God did all the world deſtroy,
And for the ſelf ſin of ſodomy,
And moſt abominable bougery,
That vice at length for to declare,
I think it now not neceſſar.
When all was burnt, fleſh, blood and bones,
The hills, valleys, ſtocks and ſtones,
The country ſank, for to conclude,
Where now there ſtands an ugly flood,
The which is called the dead ſea,
Next to the country of Indie,
Whoſe ſtinking ſtrands black as tar,
The flewr of it men feels on far.
Into Orantius thou mayeſt read
Of that country the length and breed,
Of length fifty miles and two,
And fourteen miles of breadth alſo.
Lot of his wife was ſo agaſt,
That to a mountain wild he paſt,
Of company he had no mo,
Except his luſty daughters two:
And by their provocation,
As Moſes makes narration,
Alone into that mountain wild,
His *daughters two he* got with child,

For they believed in their thought,
That all the world was gone to nought,
As it became that nation;
Thinking that generation
Would fail, except they craftily
Caus'd their father with them to ly;
And ſo they found a crafty wile,
How they their father might beguile,
And cauſed him to drink wight wine,
Which men to lechery doth incline;
When he was full and fallen on ſleep,
His daughters quietly did creep,
Into his bed full ſecretly,
Provoking him with them to ly:
He knew not how he was beguil'd,
Till both his daughters were with child,
And bare two ſons in certain,
They being in that wild mountain,
Of whom two nations did proceed,
As in the ſcripture thou may'ſt read:
In the ſcripture thou may'ſt ſee
At length this woefull miſery.
This miſery became but wear,
From Noah's flood three hundred year,
Together with fourſcore and eleven,
As counteth Carion full even.
And after Noah's death I gueſs,
One and forty years there was:
When Abraham was of age I ween
Fourſcore of years and nineteen,
Then this foul ſin of ſodomy
Was puniſhed ſo rigorouſly,
Great God preſerve us in our time,
That we commit not ſuch a crime,
Tedious it were for me to tell
This monarchy during what befel.
And wonders that on earth were wrought,
Which to my purpoſe longeth nought:
As how the people of Iſrael,
Did long time into Egypt dwell,
And of their great punition,
Through Pharaoh's perſecution:

And how Moſes did them convoy
Through the Red ſea with meikle joy:
Where king Pharaoh moſt miſerably
Was drown'd with his huge army:
And how that people wand'ring was,
Forty years in the wilderneſs.
Moſes that time, as I heard ſay,
Received the law on mount Sinai.
That time Joſhua through Jordan
Led the people to Canaan,
Where Saul, David and Solomon,
With Hebrew kings many a one,
Did richly reign in that country,
Enduring this firſt monarchy.
The ſiege of Thebes miſerable,
Where blood was ſhed incomparable,
Of noble-men into thoſe days,
With other terrible affrays.
As how the Greeks wrought vengeance
Upon the noble Trojans,
Becauſe that Paris did convoy,
Perforce fair Helena to Troy.
Which was king Menelaus' wife,
Where many a thouſand loſt their life.
That time the valiant Hercules,
Throughout the world did him addreſs,
Where he did many a doughty deed,
As in his ſtory thou may'ſt read:
And how through Deiamira his wife,
This champion did loſe his life,
In flaming fire full furiouſly,
The death he ſuffered cruelly,
That time Romus and Romulus
Did found that city moſt famous
Of Rome ſtanding in Italy,
As in the ſtory thou mayſt ſee,
Would thou read Titus Livius,
Thou wouldſt find works wonderous,
Whoſe worthy deeds are well kend,
And ſhall be to the world's end:
Though they began with cruelty,
And ended with great miſery,

Vulcan and Alexander compare
To thunder or fire-flaught in the air:
A cruel planet, a mortal wierd,
Down thringing people with his sword,
Ganges that most famous flood,
He mixed with the Indians blood,
And Euphrates with the blood of Perse:
Whose cruelty for to rehearse,
And guiltless blood which he did shed,
Were right abominable to be read,
After his short prosperity,
He died with great misery.
It were too long for to be decided,
How all their realms were divided,
All while that Cesar Julius.
When he had vanquish'd Pompeius,
Was chosen emperor and king,
Above the Romans for to reign.
That potent prince was the first man,
Which the fourth monarchy began,
And had the whole dominion
Of every land and region:
Whose successors did reign but weer,
Over the world many hundred year;
But gentle Julius, alace!
Reign'd emperor but little space,
Which I think pity to deplore,
In five months, and little more:
By false exorbitant treason,
That prudent prince was troden down,
And murdered in the counsel-house,
By cruel Brutus and Cassius.
After that Julius was slain,
Did reign the great Octavian,
Of emperors one of the best;
During his time was peace and rest,
Over all the world in each region,
As stories do make mention:
And eke I make it to thee plain,
During the time of Octavian,
The Son of God our Lord Jesu,
Took mankind of the virgin true,

And was that time in Bethlem born,
To ſave mankind that was forlorn,
As ſcripture makes narration,
Of his bleſt incarnation.
Now have I told thee, as I can,
How the fourth monarchy began:
But in thy mind thou may'ſt conſider,
How worldly powers have been but ſlidder:
For all their great empires are gone:
Thou ſeeſt there is no prince alone,
Which hath the whole dominion,
This time of every region.
C. Father what reaſon had theſe kings,
Robbers to be of others reigns,
But any right and juſt quarrel,
Where through that they might make battel,
And common people to down thring?
To this ſaid I, make anſwering.
F. My ſon, ſaid he, that ſhall be done.
As I beſt can, and that right ſoon;
Theſe monarchies, I underſtand,
Preordinate were by command
Of God the Salvator of all,
For to downthring, and to make thral
Undaunted people vicious,
And eke for to be gracious,
To them which virtuous were and good,
As Daniel hath done conclude
At length into his prophecies,
How there ſhall be four monarchies:
His ſecond chapter thou may'ſt ſee,
How after the firſt monarchy,
When Nebuchadonozor king,
An image ſaw in his ſleeping,
With auſtere look both high and bread,
And of pure fine gold was his head,
His breaſt and arms of ſilver bright,
His womb of copper hard and wight,
His loins and limbs of iron right ſtrong,
His feet of clay, iron mixt among.
From the mountain there came alone,
Without *mens hands*, a full great ſtone,

Which on that figure's feet did fall,
And dang all down in powder small,
Of these interpretation,
Doctors do make narration:
The head of gold doth signify,
First, the Assyrian monarchy.
The silver breast they do apply,
To Persians which rang secondly:
The womb of copper, or of brass,
Thirdly, to Greeks prepared was.
His loins and limbs of iron and steel,
Clerks have them compared well,
The Romans through their diligence,
To have the fourth pre-eminence
Above each other nation,
By this interpretation,
The mixed feet with iron and clay,
Did signify the latter day,
When that the world shall be divided,
As afterwards shall be decided.
So Christ is signify'd the stone,
Whose monarchy shall ne'er be gone:
For under his dominion,
All princes shall be trodden down.
When that great God omnipotent,
Comes to his general judgment,
His monarchy shall then be known,
And after shall be to thee shown.
And as the scriptures shall thee tell,
How in the eight of Daniel,
He saw into his vision,
By a plain exposition,
How that the Greeks should work vengeance
Upon the Medes and Persians,
Comparing the Greeks unto a goat;
With an horn fierce, furious and hot,
Which killed the rams with horns two,
Compar'd the Perse and Mede also,
And so by Daniel's prophecies,
All their great mighty monarchies,
The which all other realms surprized,
By the great God they were devised:

To

As he of Titus the Roman,
Son and heir to Veſpaſian,
Made him a furious inſtrument
To put the Jews to great torment:
Which I ſuppoſe, ere I hence fare,
Shortly that proceſs to declare.

Of the moſt miſerable and terrible deſtruction of Jeruſalem.

FATHER ſaid I, declare to me,
Enduring the fourth monarchy,
The moſt infortune that befel?
E. My ſon, ſaid he, that ſhall I tell,
The moſt and manifeſt miſery
Became upon that great city,
Jeruſalem, when it was ſuppreſt,
As ſtories do make manifeſt:
But as the ſcripture doth deviſe,
Jeruſalem was deſtroyed twice:
Firſt, for their great idolatry,
Which they committed in Jewry;
The honour ought to God alone,
They gave to figures of ſtock or ſtone:
Before Chriſt's incarnation
Came this firſt deſolation,
Five hundred years fourſcore and ten,
In chronicles as thou may'ſt ken,
How Nebuchadonozor king,
That famous city did down thring:
Their king with people many one
Brought them all bound to Babylon,
Where they remained priſoners,
The ſpace of threeſcore and ten years,
And that firſt deſolation
Was called, the tranſmigration.
Was no man left into their land,
But poor folk labouring with their hands,
Till mighty Cyrus king of Perſe,
As Daniel hath done rehearſe,
Was moved by God for to reſtore
The Jews where they dwelled before.

If I neglect I were to blame,
The laſt ſiege of Jeruſalem,
Whoſe ruin was moſt miſerable,
And for to tell right terrible;
Was never in earth, city, nor town,
Got ſuch extreme deſtruction.
The towns of Tyre, Thebs nor Troy
They never ſuffer'd half ſuch noy.
The emperor Veſpaſian,
He did deviſe that ſiege certain,
There was the propheſy compleat,
Which Chriſt ſpake on mount olivet,
When he Jeruſalem beheld,
The tears from his eyes diſtill'd,
Seeing by divine preſcience,
The great deſtruction and vengeance
Which was to come on that city,
His heart was pierced with pity,
Saying Jeruſalem, if thou knew
The great ruin, ſore thou would'ſt rue;
For ought that I can to thee ſhow:
The verity thou wilt not know;
Nor haſt in conſideration
Thine holy viſitation:
Thy people will no way conſider,
Whom gathered I would have together
As wandring ſheep are without herds,
Or as the hen gathereth her birds
Under her wings right tenderly,
Which they refuſed deſpitefully:
Wherefore ſhall come that dreadful day,
That no remedy make you may,
Thy dungeons ſhall be dung aſunder.
So all the world ſhall at thee wonder,
Thy temple now moſt triumpant,
Shall be trode down under the land,
And as he ſaid, ſo it befel,
As hereafter I ſhall thee tell.

C. Shew me, ſaid I, with circumſtance,
The ſpecial cauſe of that miſchance?

E. Said he, As ſcripture doth conclude,
Shedding of the guiltleſs blood

Of prophets, which God to them ſent;
And eke becauſe that they miſkent
Jeſus the ſon of God ſovereign,
When he among them did remain:
For all the miracles that he ſhew,
Malicioufly they him miſknew:
Though by his great power divine,
The water clear he turn'd to wine;
And by the ſelf-ſame power and might,
To the blind born he gave the ſight;
And gave the crooked men their feet,
And made the lepers whole compleat,
He healed all, and rais'd the dead,
Yet held they him at mortal feed,
Becauſe he ſhow'd the verity,
They did conclude that he ſhould die,
The biſhops princes of the prieſts,
They grew ſo bolden in their breaſts,
The ſcribes and doctors of the law,
Of God nor man they ſtood no awe
On Chriſt Jeſus to work vengeance,
Right ſo the falſe Phariſians,
A ſect of feigned religion,
Deviſed his confuſion,
And ſent their ſervants at the laſt,
And with ſtrong cords they bound him faſt:
Then ſcourged him both back and ſide,
That none for blood might ſee his hide:
There was not left a penny broad,
Unwounded from his feet to head,
In manner of deriſion,
They plate to him a cruel crown
Of pricking thorns ſharp and long,
Which on his heav'nly head they throng
Then caus'd him, for the greater lack,
Bear his own gallows on his back.
To the vile place of Calvary,
Where many a thouſand men might ſee;
That innocent they took perforce,
And plate him backward to the croſs;
Through feet and hands great nails they thurſt,
Till blood *abundantly* out burſt;

While

Without grudging clamor or cry.
That pain he ſuffered patiently:
And for augmenting of his grieves,
They hanged him between two thieves;
Where men might ſee the bloody ſtrands,
Which ſprang forth from his feet and hands;
From thorns thruſted on his head,
Ran down bullering ſtreams red:
In the preſence of many a man,
That blood royal on rocks ran.
Shortly to ſay, that heavenly king
In extreme dolor there did hing,
Till he ſaid *conſummatum eſt*,
With a loud cry he gave the ghaiſt.
When he was dead, they took a dart,
And pierced that king through the heart,
From whom there came water and blood:
The earth then trembled, to conclude,
Phœbus did hide his beams bright,
That through the world there was no light,
The great vale of the temple rave,
The dead men roſe out of their grave,
And in the city did appear.
As in the ſcripture thou may'ſt hear:
Then Joſeph of Arimathie.
Did bury him right honeſtly,
But yet he roſe full gloriouſly,
On the third day triumphantly:
With his diſciples in certain,
Forty days he did remain,
After to heaven he aſcended.
The Jews nothing their life amended,
Nor gave no credit to his ſaws,
As at more length the ſtory ſhaws:
But cruelly they did oppreſs
All men that Chriſt's name did profeſs,
And perſecuted many one:
They priſoned both Peter and John,
And Stephen they ſtoned to the dead,
From James the leſs they ſtruck the head:
This was the cauſe, in concluſion,
Of their cruel confuſion.

The prudent Jew Joſephus ſays,
That he was preſent in thoſe days:
And in his book makes mention,
How after Chriſt's aſcenſion,
The ſpace of two and forty years,
Began theſe cruel mortal wears,
The ſecond year of Veſpaſian,
When many taken were and ſlain.
Joſephus plainly doth conclude,
Was never ſeen ſuch a multitude
Before that time in to the town,
Which came for their confuſion,
Where great infortune ſo befel,
To all the princes of Iſrael.
Conveen'd againſt the time of Paſch,
But to return they had no grace.
The bold Romans with their chieftan,
Titus the ſon of Yeſpaſian,
Their army over Judea ſpread:
Then all men to the city fled,
Believing there to get relief;
But all that turn'd to their miſchief:
The Romans leaped them about
That by no way they might win out,
Six months did that ſiege endure,
Where loſt were many creature,
Which there in miſery did remain,
Till they were all taken and ſlain.
During the time of this aſſail,
Their meat and drink, and all did fail;
For there was ſuch a multitude,
That thouſands died for want of food.
Neceſſity caus'd them eat perforce,
Dog, cat, and ratton, aſs, and horſe;
Rich men behov'd to eat their gold,
Then died for hunger manifold.
Such hunger was without remead,
The quick behov'd to eat the dead,
The filth of privies many eat,
To length their lives, they thought it ſweet,
The famous ladies of the town,
For *fault of food they* fell in ſwoon,

When they might get no other meat,
They kill'd their proper bairns to eat:
But all for nought, despitefully
Their own soldiers full greedily,
Reft them that flesh most miserable,
And they with mourning lamentable
For extreme hunger yield the sp'rit.
There was the prophesy compleat,
As Christ before made narration,
The day of his grim passion,
When that the ladies for him mourned,
Full pitiously to them he turn'd,
And said, Daughters, mourn not for me,
Mourn for your own posterity;
Within short time shall come that day,
That men of this city shall say,
When they are trapped in a snare:
Blest be the womb that never bare.
The barren pap: then shall they bless,
That doleful day thou shalt not miss.
This prophecy it came to pass,
That they cry many loud, alace!
Such sorrowful lamentation
Was never heard in that nation:
Seeing the lusty ladies sweet,
Dying for hunger in the street:
Their husbands, nor their children,
Might give to them no comforting,
Nor yet relieve them of their harms;
But either dying in others arms,
After this woful indigenee,
Among them rose such pestilence,
Wherein there died many a hunder,
Which to declare it were great wonder.
And for final conclusion,
These warlike walls they did ding down.
Prince Titus with his chivalry,
With trumpets sounding triumphantly,
He entered in that great city,
But to deplore I think pity,
The painful clamour horrible,
Of wounded folk most miserable.

There was nought elſe but take and ſlay
For there might no man win away:
The ſtrands of blood ran through the ſtreet,
Of dead folk trodden under feet,
Old widows in the preſs were ſmoor'd;
Young virgins ſhamfully defloor'd,
The great temple of Solomon,
With many a curious carved ſtone,
With perfect pinacles on hight,
Which were both beautiful and wight,
Wherein rich jewels did abound,
They ruſhed rudely to the ground:
And ſet into their furious ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into fire:
And with extreme confuſion,
All their great dungeons they dang down.
There bruiſed were the golden breaſts
Of biſhops princes of the prieſts.
There taken was the great vengeance
Of the falſe ſcribes and phariſiance:
All their painted hypocriſy,
That time might make them no ſupply.
That day they dolfully repented
That to the death of Chriſt conſented:
Though it was our ſalvation,
It was to their damnation.
The vengeance for the blood guiltleſs,
From Abel to Zacharias,
That day upon Jeruſalem fell.
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extreme confuſion,
And of blood ſuch effuſion,
Was never ſlain ſo many a man,
At one time ſince the world began:
The Jews that day got their deſire,
Which they did aſk into their ire,
And in the ſcripture is ſpecified,
That day when Chriſt was crucified:
When Ponce Pilate the preſident,
Said to them, I am innocent
Of the juſt blood of Chriſt Jeſus,
They *cry'd*: *His* blood light upon us.

And on our generation;
They got their ſupplication:
That day with many a careful cry,
Their blood was ſhed abundantly.
Joſephus writteth in his book,
His chronicles who liſt to look,
During that cruel ſiege certain,
Were eleven hundred thouſand ſlain;
Of priſoners were told and ſeen,
Four ſcore thouſand and ſeventeen:
Out of the land they did expell
All the people of Iſrael:
And for their great ingratitude,
They live yet under ſervitude,
There is no Jew in no country,
Which hath one foot of property,
Nor never had without ten wear,
Since this day ſixteen hundred year:
Nor never ſhall, I to thee ſhaw,
Till that they turn to Chriſt's law,
Some ſay, that Jews manifold,
Were thirty for a penny ſold,
As Judas ſold the king of Glore,
For thirty pennies and no more.
After that many were miſchiev'd,
When novels paſt how long they liv'd
Upon their gold, withoutten doubt,
They ſlit their bellies to ſearch it out:
The reſt to Egypt they did ſend,
Priſoners to their lives end.
Titus took into his company,
Great number of the moſt worthy;
With him to Rome they led them bound,
Then cruelly did them confound,
His victory for to decore.
And for augmenting of his glore,
Caus'd put them into public places,
Where each man might behold their faces,
Then with wild lions cruelly,
He caus'd devour them dolefully.
This high triumpant mighty town,
At Paſch was put to confuſion.

Becauſe that in the time of Paſch,
They crucified the king of Grace.
Some have this matter done indite,
More ornately than I can write,
Wherefore of it I ſpeak no more,
Only to God be loud and glore.

Of the miſerable end of certain tyrannous Princes, and eſpecially the beginners of the four monarchies.

NOW have I done declare at thy deſires,
As thou demandeſt into terms ſhort,
And who began the principal empires,
As chronicles and ſtories do report:
Wherefore, my ſon, I heartily thee exhort,
Perfectly print in thy remembrance,
Of this inconſtant world the variance.
The princes of theſe four monarchies,
In their moſt higheſt pomp imperial,
Truſting moſt ſure to be ſet on their ſeas,
The fruitful world gave to them mortal falls,
For their reward and dark memorials,
Through o'er the world they had pre-eminence:
Of it they got no other recompence.
For ſuch like as the ſnow doth melt in May,
Through the reflex of Phœbus beams bright,
Theſe great empires right ſo are went away:
Gone is their glore, their power, and their might:
Becauſe they were robbers withoutten right,
And blood ſhedders full cruel: for to conclude,
Right cruelly therefore was ſhed their blood
By hold how God ay ſince the world began
Hath chronicines made kings inſtruments
To ſcourge people, and to kill many a man,
Which to his law were innobedients:
When they had done, perfurniſht his intents,
In daunting wrongous people ſhamefully,
He takers them to be ſcourged cruelly.
Even as the ſchool maſter doth make a wand
To daunt and ding the ſcholars of rude engine,
The which will not ſtudy at his command;
He ſcourges them, and only to that fine,

That they ſhould to his good counſel incline:
Then they obey, appeaſed is his ire,
He takes the wand, and caſts it in the fire.
God of king Pharoah made an inſtrument,
Which was the great king of Egyptians,
His own peculiar people to torment:
That being done he wrought on him vengeance,
And let him fall through innobedience;
And finally he with his great army,
In the Red-ſea was drowned dolefully.
Right ſo of Nebuchadonzor king,
God made of him a furious inſtrument,
Jeruſalem and the Jews to down thring.
When they to God were diſobedient:
Then reft from him his riches and his rent,
And him transformed in a beaſt brutal,
Seven years and more, as writteth Daniel.
Alexander through pridefull tyranny,
In years twelve did make his great conqueſt,
Ay ſhedding fakeleſs blood full cruelly,
Till he was king of kings he took no reſt;
In all the world when he was full poſſeſt,
In Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through poiſon ſtrong deceaſed dolefully.
Duke Hannibal, the ſtrong Carthagenian,
The dauntet of the Roman pomp and glory:
By his power were many thouſands ſlain,
As may be read at length into his ſtory,
At Cannos where he wan the victory,
Of Romans hands that dead lay on the ground,
Three heaped buſhels were of rings found.
Into that mortal battle, I heard ſane,
Of the Romans moſt worthy warriors,
Attour captains, were forty thouſand ſlain:
Of whom there was thirty wiſe ſenators,
And twenty lords which had been pretors,
That died each in defence of their country,
And for to hold their land at liberty.
What reward got the cruel champion,
When he had ſlain ſo great a multitude?
And when the glaſs of his vain glore was run,
A ſhamefull death: and ſhortly to conclude,

his is reward of all ſhedders of blood:
or he got ſuch extreme confuſion,
e kill'd himſelf in drinking ſtrong poiſon.
Behold the two moſt famous champions,
hat is to ſay, Julius and Pompey.
Vhich did conqueſs all earthly regions,
s well many lands, as iſles into the ſea,
nd the town of Rome caus'd them obey;
or Pompeius ſubdued the orient,
nd Julius Cæſar all the occident.
But finally theſe two did ſtrive for ſtate,
Vhereby three hundred thouſand men were ſlain:
ut Pompeius after this great debate,
e murthered was, the ſtory telleth plain:
hen Julius was prince and ſovereign,
bove the whole world emperor and king;
ut into reſt ſhort time endur'd his reign.
For within five months, and little more,
midſt the lords into the council houſe,
e murthered was, what needs proceſs more,
s I have ſaid, by Brute and Caſſius.
thou would'ſt know their deeds dolorous,
hou may'ſt at length go read the Roman ſtory,
Vhich hath this matter put in memory.
Gone is the golden world of Aſſyrians,
f whom king Ninus was firſt and principal,
one is the ſilver world of perſians,
he copper world of Greeks now thrall,
he world of iron, which was the laſt of all,
ompared to the Romans in their glore,
re gone right ſo, I hear of them no more.
Now in the world of iron mixt with clay,
s Daniel at length hath done indite,
he great empires are molten clean away:
ow is the world of dolor and deſpite,
ſee nought elſe but trouble infinite:
Vherefore, my ſon, I make it to thee kend,
his world, I wot, is drawing to an end.
Tokens of death, hunger and peſtilence,
Vith cruel wars both by ſea and land;
ealm againſt realm with mortal violence,
Vhich ſignifies *the laſt* day even at hand:

Wherefor

Wherefore, my ſon, be in thy faith conſtant,
Raiſing thy heart to God to cry for grace,
And mend thy life whilſt thou haſt time and ſpace

Of the firſt Spiritual and Papal Monarchy.

C. FATHER, is there no prince reignand,
Which hath the world now at command,
As had the king of Aſſyrians,
Perſe, Greeks, or the Romans,
Who hath now dominion
Of every land and region?

A. There is no prince, my ſon, ſaid he,
That hath the principal monarchy
Above the world univerſal,
With whole power imperial,
As Alexander or Darius,
Or as had Cæſar Julius,
For orient and occident,
Were all to them obedient.
Notwithſtareing I find one king,
Which into Europe now doth reign,
That is the potent prince of Rome,
Empiring o'er all chriſtendom,
To whom no prince may be compare,
As canon law can declare.
All princes of the occident,
Are to his grace obedient.
For he hath whole power compleat,
Both of the body and the ſpirit,
Which never had no prince before,
Except the mighty king of glore,
To Chriſt he is the great lieutenand,
In holy Peter's ſeat ſittand:
So he is of all kings king,
Which into Europe now doth reign.
And as the Roman emperors,
Having the world under their cures,
Had princes, knights, and champions,
Rulers into all regions,
Upholding their authority,
Uſing juſtice and policy:

Right ſo this potent pope of Rome,
The ſovereign king of chriſtendom,
Hath into every country,
His princes of great gravity;
In ſome country his cardinals,
In their moſt precious apparels,
Arch-biſhops, biſhops thou may'ſt ſee,
Defending his authority:
With other potent patriarchs.
Colleges full of cunning clerks:
Abbots and priors, as ye ken,
Miſrulers of his religious men.
Officials with their procurators,
Whoſe longſome laws ſpoils the poors,
Arch-deans, and deans of dignity,
Great doctors of divinity
Their chanters and their ſacriſians,
Their theſaurers and their ſubdeans,
Legions of prieſts ſeculars;
Parſons, vicars, monks and friers,
Of divers orders many one,
Which longſome were to expone:
In ſundry habits as ye ken,
Differing from other chriſtian men,
Fair ladies of religion,
Profeſſed in every region.
Falſe hermits faſhon'd like the friers:
Proud pariſh-clerks and pardoners,
Their grynters and their chamberlains,
With their temporal courtiſans:
Thus all the world by land and ſea,
His ſanctitude they do obey:
Not only his ſpiritual kingdom,
But the great emperor of Rome,
And kings of every region,
That day when they receive the crown,
They make oath of fidelity,
To defend his authority.
Moreover, with humble reverence,
They make to him obedience,
By themſelves, or ambaſſadors,
Or other ornate orators:

Who did gainſtand his majeſty,
His laws or yet his liberty,
Or holds any opinion
Contrair his great dominion,
Either by way of deeds or words,
Are put to death by fire and ſwords,
Saint Peter ſtiled was Sanctus,
But he is called Sanctiſſimus,
His ſtyle at length if thou would'ſt knaw,
Thou muſt go look the canon law,
Both in the ſixth of Clementine,
His ſtately ſtyle there may be ſeen,
There thou ſhalt find, read if thou can,
How he is neither God nor man.
C. What is he then, by your judgment?
E. Said he: Methinks him different,
Far from our ſoveraign Lord Jeſus,
And to his kind contrarious;
For Chriſt was natural God and man.
C. If he be neither, what is he than?
E. The canon law, my ſon, ſaid he,
That queſtion will declare to thee,
It doth tranſcend my rude engine,
His ſanctitude for to define;
Or to ſhow the authority,
Pertaining to his majeſty,
So great a prince where ſhalt thou find,
That ſpiritually may looſe or bind;
Nor by whom ſins are forgiven,
Be they with his diſciples ſhriven?
Whomever he binds with his might,
They bounden are in God's ſight:
Whomever he looſes on earth here down
Are looſed by God in his region.
As he is prince of purgatory,
Delivering ſouls from pain to glory:
Of that dark dungeon, withoutten doubt,
Whome'er he pleaſeth he takes out.
Our ſecret ſins every year,
We muſt ſhow to ſome prieſt or frier,
And take their abſolution,
Or elſe get no remiſſion:

So by this did they clearly ken,
The secrets of all secular men.
Their secrets we know not at all,
Thus we are to them bound and thral:
Whate'er their ministers commands
Must be obey'd without demands.
Wherefore, my son, I say to thee,
This is a marvellous monarchy,
Which hath power imperial,
Both of the body and the soul.
C. Father, said I, declare to me
Who did begin this monarchie?
E. Said he, Christ Jesus, God and man,
That empire graciously began,
Not by fire, nor by the sword,
But by the virtue of his word,
And left into his testament
Many a devote document,
With his successors to be used,
Though many of them be now abused;
For Peter and Paul, with all the rest
Of their brethren, made manifest
The law of God with true intent,
Preaching the Old and New Testament.
They led their lives in poverty,
Devotion and true humility.
As did their Master Christ Jesus,
And were not half so glorious
As their successors now in Rome,
Empyring o'er all christendom.
After the death of Peter and Paul,
And of Christ's true disciples all,
Their successors within few years,
As at more length the story bears,
Right cruelly came to the height,
From spiritual life to temporal right.
C. Father, ere we pass further more,
Then did begin their temporal glore?
E. My son, said he, thou'lt understand,
Ere e'er a Pope got any land,
Two and thirty great Popes of Rome,
Receiv'd the crown of martyrdom;

But

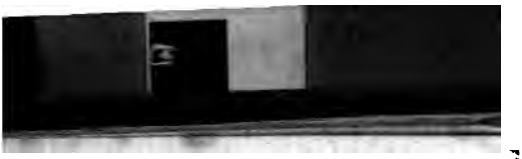
But not the threefold diadem.
To wear three crowns they thought great
Till Sylveſter the confeſſor,
From Conſtantine the emperor,
Receiv'd the realm of Italy,
Right ſo of Rome the great city,
That was the root of their riches,
Then ſprang the well of wealthineſs,
When that the Pope was made a king,
All princes bow'd at his bidding.
This act was done withoutten wear,
From Chriſt's death three hundred year.
Then lady Senſ[illegible]lity,
Took lodging in that great city,
Where ſhe ſinſyne hath done remain,
As their own lady ſoveraign.
There kings into all nations,
Made prieſts great foundations:
They thought great merit and honour,
To counterfeit the emperor;
As did David of Scotland king,
The which did found during his reign,
Fifteen abbeys with temporal lands,
Withoutten tithes and offerands:
By whoſe holy ſimplicity,
He left the crown in poverty.
Now have I ſhown thee, as I can,
How this temporal empire began,
Aſcending up ay 'gree by 'gree
Above the emperor's majeſty:
So when they got among their hands,
Of Italy all the emperor's lands,
After that into each country
Sprang up their temporality,
With ſuch great riches and rich rent,
That they 'gan to be negligent
In making miniſtration
To Chriſt's true congregation,
And took no more part of their preaching,
And far leſs travel in their teaching:
Changing their ſpirituality
In temporal lenitality.

C. Father, think ye that they are ſure,
That their empire ſhall long endure?
E. Appearantly it may be kend,
Said he, their glore ſhall heaven end:
I mean their temporal monarchy,
Shall turn into humility:
Through God's word, without debate,
They ſhall turn to their firſt eſtate,
As in Daniel's prophecy appears,
Thereto ſhall not be many years,
Albeit Chriſt's faith ſhall never fail,
But more and more it ſhall prevail,
Though Chriſt's true congregation
Suffers great tribulation.
C. Father, ſaid I, by what reaſon,
Think ye their empire ſhould come down,
Conſidering their pre-eminence?
E. Said he, for diſobedience,
Abuſing the commandement
Which Chriſt left in his teſtament,
Uſing their own tradition,
Contrair Chriſt's inſtitution:
For Chriſt in his laſt convention,
The day of his aſcenſion,
To his diſciples gave command,
That they ſhould paſs to every land,
To teach and preach with true intent,
His law and his commandement,
No other office he to them gave;
He did not bid them ſeek or crave,
Corps, preſents, nor offerands,
Nor yet lordſhips, nor temporal lands:
But now it may be heard and ſeen,
Both with thine ears, and eke thine een,
How prelates now in every land
Take little cure of Chriſt's command;
Neither into their deeds nor ſaws;
Neglecting their own canon laws;
Uſing themſelves contrarious,
For the moſt part to Chriſt Jeſus.
Chriſt thought no ſhame to be a preacher,
And to *all people of* truth a teacher:

A pope, a biſhop, a cardinal,
To teach and preach will not be thrall.
They ſend forth friers to teach for them,
Which makes the people mock them for ſhame,
Chriſt would not be a temporal king,
Richly into no realm to reign,
But fled temporal authority,
As in the ſcripture thou may'ſt ſee,
All men may know how popes reigns
In dignity above all kings,
As well of temporality,
As into ſpirituality.
Thou may'ſt ſee by experience,
The pope's princely pre-eminence,
In chronicles if thou liſt to look,
How Carion writes in his book,
A notable narration,
The year of our ſalvation,
Eleven hundred and ſix and fifty,
Pope Alexander preſumptuouſly,
Which was the third pope of that name,
Frederick the emperor he did defame,
In Venice that triumphant town,
That noble emperor he caus'd lay down
Upon his womb with ſhame and lack,
Then trod his feet upon his neck,
In token of obedience:
There he ſhews his pre-eminence,
And caus'd his clergy for to ſing
Theſe words hereafter following;
Super aſpidem et baſiliſcum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem et draconem. Th
Thou ſhalt walk upon the adder and cocatrice,
And thou ſhalt tread down the lion and dragon.
Then ſaid the humble emperor,
I do to Peter this honour.
The pope anſwerd with words wroth,
Thou ſhalt me honour and Peter both.
Chriſt for to ſhew his humble ſp'rit,
Did waſh his poor diſciples feet:
The pope's holineſs, I wis,
Will ſuffer kings their feet to kiſs.

had their nests, and tods their dens,
hrist Jesus Saver of men,
th had not a penny-bread,
eon he might repose his head:
t the pope's excellence
castles of magnificence:
s, bishops, cardinals,
pleasant palaces royals,
paradise all these pleasant places,
ing no pleasure of their faces,
Andrew, James, Peter nor Paul,
few houses among them all:
time they knew the verity,
had contemn all prosperity:
were right heartily content
eat and drink, and abulment.
ive mankind that was forlorn,
t bare a cruel crown of thorn.
pope three crowns for the nons,
old, powder'd with precious stones;
old and silver, I am sure,
t Jesus took but little cure,
left not when he yeild the sp'rit.
uy himself a winding sheet:
is successor good pope John,
n he deceased in Avignon,
ft behind him a treasure,
old and silver great measure,
just computation,
five and twenty million,
th endite Palmerus:
him, and thou shalt find it thus.
t's disciples were well known,
ugh virtue which was to them shewn;
specially fervent charity,
t patience and humility.
pope's flocks in all regions,
best known by their clipped crowns.
ft he did honour matrimony
Cana of Galilee.
re he by his power divine,
turn the water into wine:

And eke he chus'd some married men
To be his servants, as ye ken.
And Peter during all his life,
He thought no sin to have a wife.
Ye shall not find in no passage,
Where Christ forbiddeth marriage,
But lawful for each man to marry
Which lacks the gift of chastity.
The Pope hath made the contrair laws
In his kingdom, as all men knaws:
None of his priests dar marry wives,
Under the pain even of their lives:
Though they had concubins fifteen,
Into that case they are o'erseen,
What chastity they keep in Rome,
Is well known o'er all Christendom.
Christ did shew his obedience,
Unto the emperor's excellence,
And caused Peter for to pay
Tribute to Cæsar for them tway.
Paul bids us be obedient
To kings as the most excellent:
The contrair did pope Celestin,
When that his sanctitude sereen
Did crown Hendry the emperor,
I think he did him small honour,
For with his hand he did him crown,
Then with his feet the crown cast down,
Saying, I have authority
Men to exalt to dignity,
And to make emperors and kings,
And then deprive them of their reigns.
Peter by mine opinion,
Did never use such dominion:
Appearantly by my judgment,
This pope read ne'er the New Testament:
If he had learned at that lore,
He had refused such vain-glore;
As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
And right so Christ's disciples all.
The good captain Cornelius,
When saint Peter came to his house,



ip him fell at his feet ;
Peter with humble ſp'r.t,
im up with diligence,
efuſe ſuch reverence.
aint John the evangeliſt,
l's feet he would have kiſt,
fuſed ſuch honour,
am but ſervitor,
hy fellow and thy brother :
y to God, and to none other.
viſe Barnabas and Paul,
ur did refuſe at all,
where they wrought great works :
ts of Jupiter and his clerks,
ie people with their advice,
.ve made to them ſacrifice ;
they were ſo diſcontent,
y their cloathing rave and rent,
l among them rudely ran,
am a mortal man :
e to God of kings King,
le heaven, earth, and every thing.
er and John vain-glore refus'd ?
es why ſhould vain glore be us'd ?
drew, John, James, and Paul,
iſt's true diſciples all,
s word their faith defended ;
and ſcald they ne'er pretended.
e defends his traditions,
ng fire without remiſſions :
en break the law divine,
e not put to ſo great pine,
redom, nor idolatry,
ſt, nor adultery ;
young virgins are defloor'd,
things men are not abhor'd :
that eats fleſh into Lent,
ibly put to torment ;
prieſt happen to marry,
him baniſh, curſe and wary,
it be not againſt the law
as men may clearly knaw.

Between these two what difference been,
By faithful folk it may be seen.
Such antitheses many mo,
I might declare, which I let go:
But give me leave for to compile,
Of each order the stately stile;
The silly nuns will think great shame,
Except they called be, madam;
The poor priest thinks he gets no right,
Be he not stiled like a knight,
And called, Sir, before his name,
As Sir Thomas, and Sir William.
All monks, as ye may hear and see,
Are called deans for dignity;
Albeit his mother milk the cow,
He must be called dean Andrew,
Dean Peter, dean Paul, dean Robert:
With Christ they take a painful part,
With double clothing from the cold,
Eating and drinking when they would:
With curious countring in the queer;
God knows if they buy heav'n full dear,
My lord abbet right reverent,
Ay marshall'd upmost at the table:
My lord bishop right reverent,
Sits above earls in parliament.
And cardinals during their reigns,
Fellows to princes and to kings;
The pope exalted in honour,
Above the potent emperor.
The proud parson I think truly,
He leads his life right lustily;
For why he hath no other pine,
But take the tythes and spend them syne;
But he as oblig'd by reason
To preach unto his parishon;
Though they lack preaching seventeen times year,
He will not lack a peck of bear:
Some person hath at his command
The wanton wenches of the land:
Als they have great prerogatives,
That they may part ay with their wives,

hout divorce or ſummoning,
n take another without wedding.
ıe would think it a luſty life.
when he liſts to charge a wife,
l take another of more beauty ;
ſeculars lack that liberty,
which are bound in marriage.
they like rams into their rage,
›illed, run among the ews ;
ong as nature in them grews ;
eke the vicar, as I trow,
will not fail to take a cow,
upmoſt cloth, though babes them ban,
m a poor ſilly huſband-man,
en that he lieth for to die,
ing ſmall children two or three ;
t hath three kine withoutten ma,
vicar muſt have one of tha,
h the grey cloke that haps the bed,
:it that he be poorly cled :
if his wife die on the morn,
ugh all the babes ſhould be forlorn,
other cow he cleeks away,
h the poor coat of raploch gray ;
l if within two years or three,
eldeſt child happen to die,
he third cow he will be ſure.
en he them hath all under cure,
l father and mother both are dead,
muſt the babes without remead :
y hold the corps at the kirk-ſtile,
l there it muſt remain a while,
they get ſufficient ſoverty,
their church right and duty.
n comes to the land lord perforce,
l cleeks to him an hired horſe.
r labourers would theſe laws were down,
ich never founded was by reaſon.
ard them ſay under confeſſion,
t law was brother to oppreſſion.
ſon, I have ſhewn as I can,
w *the fifth monarchy* began,

Whoſe

Whoſe great empire for to report
At length the time been all too ſhort.

A ſhort deſcription of the court of Rome.

FATHER, ſaid I, what rule keep they in Rome,
Which hath ſpiritual dominion,
And monarchy above all Chriſtendom?
Shew me, I make you ſupplication.
E. My ſon, would I make true narration,
Said he, to Peter and Paul tho' they ſucceed,
I think they prove not that into their deed.
For Peter, Andrew and John, were fiſhers fine:
Of men and women to the Chriſtian faith:
But they have ſpread their net with hook and line,
On rents, riches, gold and other graith:
Such fiſhing to neglect they will be laith.
For why they have fiſhed overthart ſtrands,
A great part truly of all temporal lands,
With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
For the upholding of their dignities:
So been their fiſhing very profitable,
On the dry land as well as on the ſeas:
Their berry water they ſpread o'er all countries,
And with their hoſe-net daily drawn to Rome,
The moſt fine gold that is in Chriſtendom.
I dare well ſay, within this fifty years,
Rome hath received forth of this region,
For bulls and benefices which they buy full dear,
That might full well have payed a king's ranſom.
But were I worthy for to wear a crown,
Prieſts ſhould no more our ſubſtance to conſume.
Sending yearly ſo great riches to Rome.
Into their tramel-net they fang'd a fiſh
More than a whale, worthy of memory,
Of whom they had many a dainty diſh,
By which they are exalted to great glory,
That marvellous monſter called Purgatory:
Albeit to us it be not amiable,
It hath to them been very profitable.

Let they that fruitful fiſh eſcape their net,
For which they have ſo great commodities:
A more fat fiſh I truſt they ſhall not get,
Tho' they ſhould ſearch out thro' the ocean ſeas:
Adieu, the daily dolorous dirigies.
Silly poor prieſts may ſing with hearts full ſorry,
Lack they that painful palace Purgatory.
Farewell monkry, with chanon, nun and frier,
Alas, they will be lightlied in all lands.
Cowls will no more be known in church or queer,
Let they that fruitful fiſh eſcape their hands.
I counſel you to bind him faſt in bands,
For Peter, Andrew, nor John, could ne'er get
So profitable fiſh into their net,
Their merchandiſe into all nations,
As printed lead, their wax, and their parchment,
Their pardons and their diſpenſations,
They do exceed ſome temporal prince's rent,
In ſuch traffic they are not negligent:
Of benefice they make great merchandiſe,
Through Simony, which they hold little vice.
Chriſt did command Peter to feed his ſheep,
And ſo he did feed them full tenderly;
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Chriſt's ſheep they ſpoil piteouſly,
And with the wool they clothe them curiouſly
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food,
They eat the fleſh and drink both milk and blood.
For their office, they ſerve but little hire;
I think ſuch paſtors are not worth to priſe,
Which cannot guide their ſheep about the mire,
They are ſo buſy in their merchandiſe:
Though Peter was porter of paradiſe,
That pleaſant paſſage craftily they cloſe,
Through them right few gets entreſs, I ſuppoſe.
Chriſt Jeſus ſaid, as Matthew doth report,
Wo be to ſcribes and to Phariſiance,
The which did cloſe of paradiſe the port:
Of them we have the ſame experience,
To enter there they make ſmall diligence,
They take ſuch care of temporal buſineſs,
Right *ſo from us* they ſtop the plain entreſs.

The

The ſpiritual keys that Chriſt to Peter gave,
Their colour with ſmoke and ruſt are faded:
Unexercis'd they hold them in their neeve:
Of that office they ſerve to be derided,
With God's word, except that they amend it,
Opening the port which long time had been cloſed,
That we may enter them, and be rejoiced,
Contrair to Chriſt's inſtitution,
To them that die in habit of a frier,
Rome hath them granted full remiſſion,
To paſs to heaven ſtraightway withoutten wear,
Which been in Scotland uſed many a year.
Is there ſuch virtue in a frier's hood,
I think in vain Chriſt Jeſus ſhed his blood.
Would God, the pope who hath pre-eminence.
With advice of his councils general,
That they would make their debtful diligence,
That Chriſt's laws might be keeped over all,
And truly preached both to great and ſmall:
And give to them ſpiritual authority,
Which can perfectly ſhew forth the verity.
Who cannot preach a prieſt ſhould not be named,
As may be proved by the law divine:
And by the canon law they are defamed.
That takes prieſt-hood but only to that fine;
To all virtue they ſhould their hearts incline,
In ſpecial to preach with true intents,
And miniſter the needful ſacraments.
As for their monks, their canons and their friers,
And luſty ladies of religion,
I know not whereunto their office effeirs:
But men may ſee their great abuſion;
They are not like, into concluſion,
Neither into their words, nor by their warks,
To the apoſtles, prophets, nor patriarchs.
If preſently theſe prelates cannot preach.
Then let each biſhop have a ſuffragan.
Of ſucceſſor who can the people teach,
On their expences yearly to remain,
To cauſe the people from their vice refrain:
And when a prelate happens to deceaſe,
Then put a perfect preacher in his place.

Do they not ſo, on them ſhall ly the charge,
Giving unable men authority,
As who would make a ſteers-man to a barge,
Of one blind born, which can no danger ſee;
If that ſhip drown, forſooth I ſay for me,
Who gave the ſteers-man ſuch commiſſions,
Should of the ſhip make reſtitution.
The human law that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the law divine,
They ſhould expell, and hold them odious,
When they percive them come to no good fine,
Invented but for ſenſual mens engine;
As that law which forbiddeth marriage,
Cauſing young clerks burn into luſt's rage.
Full hard it is chaſtity to obſerve,
Without great grace and abſtinence.
Into our fleſh ay reigneth till we ſtarve,
That firſt original ſin, concupiſcence,
Which we through Adam's diſobedience
Have done incur, and ſhall endure for ever.
Till that our ſoul and body death diſſever.
Wherefore made God of marriage the band
In paradiſe, as ſcripture doth record.
In Galilee right ſo I underſtand,
Was marriage honoured by Chriſt our Lord:
Old law and new thereto they do concord.
I think, for me, better that they had ſleeped,
Than to have made a law, and never keeped.
Took not Chriſt Jeſus his humanity
Of a virgin in marriage contracted,
And of her fleſh clad his divinity?
Why have they done this bleſſed bond dejected
In their kingdom? would God it were corrected,
That young prelates might marry luſty wives,
And not in ſenſual luſt to lead their lives.
Did not Chriſt chuſe of honeſt married men
As well as they had keeped chaſtity,
For to be his diſciples, as ye ken,
As in the ſcripture clearly thou may'ſt ſee?
They keeped ſtill their wives with honeſty:
As Peter and his ſpouſed brethren all,
Obſerved *chaſtity* matrimonial.

How

How ſome ſhould riſe in the latter age,
That far from the true faith ſhould depart and fall,
And ſome forbid the bond of marriage.
Als thou ſhalt find into that ſame paſſage,
They ſhall command from meats to abſtain,
Which God create his people to ſuſtain.
But ſince the pope, our ſpiritual prince and king,
He doth o'erſee ſuch vices manifeſt,
And in his kingdom ſuffers for to reign,
The men by whom the verity is ſuppreſt:
I excuſe not himſelf more than the reſt.
Alas, how ſhould we members be well uſed,
When thus our ſpiritual heads are abuſed!
That famous ancient doctor Avicen,
Says, When ill rheum deſcendeth from the head,
Into the members genders meekle pain,
Except there be made haſtily remead,
When the cold humour doth therefrom proceed,
In ſinews it cauſeth arthritica,
Right ſo into the hands Chiragra.
Of maladies it genders many mo,
Except men get ſome ſovereign preſerve.
As in his thing *Seratica paſſio*,
And in the breaſt ſometimes the ſtrong caterve,
Which cauſeth men right haſtily to ſtarve:
And Podagra right dificile for to cure
In mens feet, which long time doth endure.
So to this moſt triumphant court of Rome,
This ſimilitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been heir-ſhip o'er all Chriſtendom,
And to the world an evil examplar,
That ſometimes was lead-ſtar and luminar,
And the moſt ſapient ſeat of ſanctitude,
And now, alas! bare of beautitude.
Their kingdom may be called Babylon,
Which ſometimes was a bright Jeruſalem,
As plainly meaneth the apoſtle John.
Their moſt famous city hath loſt the fame:
Inhabiters thereof their noble name.
For why they have of ſaints the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made a tabernacle.
A horrible rail of every kind of vice,

A loathy loch of ſtinking lechery,
A curſed cave, corrupted with covetice,
Border'd about with pride and Simony;
Some ſay, a ciſtern full of Sodomy:
Whoſe vice in ſpecial, if I would declare,
It were enough for to perturb the air.
In truth the whole Chriſtian religion,
Through them is ſcandalized and offended:
It cannot fail, but their abuſion,
Before the throne of God it is aſcended.
I dread, but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of John his Revelation,
Shall fall upon their generation.
O Lord, who haſt the heart of every king
Into thine hand, I make thee ſupplication,
Convert that court, that of thy grace benign,
They would make general reformation
Among themſelves in every nation,
That they may be an holy examplar
To us thy poor laick common popular.
Hungred, alas! for want of ſp'ritual food,
Becauſe from us is hid the verity:
O prince, that ſhed for us thy precious blood,
Kindle in us the fire of charity,
And ſave us from eternal miſery,
Now labouring in thy church militant,
That we may come to thy church triumphant.

The Fourth BOOK.

Making mention of the Death of Antichriſt, of the General Judgment, &c. With an Exhortation by EXPERIENCE to the COURTEOUR.

C. PRUDENT father Experience,
Since you of your benevolence.
Hath cauſed me for to conſider,
How *worldly pomp and* glore been ſlidder,

By divers ſtories miſerable,
Which to rehearſe been lamentable,
Yet ere ſhe paſs out of this vale,
I pray you give me your counſel,
What ſhall I do in time coming,
To have the glore everlaſting?
E. My ſon, ſaid he, ſet thine intent
To keep the Lord's commandement:
And preſs thee not to climb o'er high
To no worldly authority.
Who in this world do moſt rejoice,
Are fardeſt ay from their purpoſe.
Wouldſt thou leave worldly vanities.
And think on four extremities,
Which are to come, and that ſhortly,
Thou wouldſt never ſin wilfully:
Print theſe four in thy memory,
Death, the hell, and heav'n's glory,
And extreme judgment general,
Where thou muſt render a count of all:
Thou ſhalt not fail to be content,
Of quiet life and ſober rent,
Conſidering no man can be ſure
In earth one hour for to endure:
So all worldly proſperity
Is mixed with great miſery,
Were thou emperor of Aſia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great dominator of the ſea:
And though the heavens did thee obey,
All fiſhes ſwiming in the ſtrand,
All beaſts and fowls at thy command;
Concluding thou wert king o'er all,
Under the heavens imperial,
In that moſt high authority,
Thou ſhouldſt find leaſt tranquillity.
Example of king Solomon,
More precious life had never none;
Such riches with ſo great pleaſure,
Had never king nor emperor,
With moſt profound intelligence,
And ſuper-excellent ſapience,

His pleaſant habitations,
Precelled other nations.
Gardens and parks for harts and hinds,
Stanks with fiſhes of divers kinds;
Moſt profound matters of muſic,
That in the world was none them like;
Such treaſure of gold and precious ſtones,
In earth had never king at once.
He had ſeven hundred lufty queens,
And three hundred fair concubines;
In earth there was nothing pleaſand
Contrarious to his command:
Yet all his great proſperity,
He thought it vain and vanity,
And never found repoſe compleat,
Without affliction of the ſpirit.

C. Father, ſaid I, it marvels me,
He having ſuch proſperity,
With ſo great riches above meaſure,
He had not infinite pleaſure.

E. My ſon, ſaid he, if thou wouldſt know,
The verity I ſhall thee ſhow:
There is no worldly thing at all,
May ſatisfy a man's ſaul;
For it is ſo inſatiable,
That heaven and earth may not be able
A ſoul alone for to content,
Till it ſee God Omnipotent.
Was never none, nor never ſhall be
Satiate, that ſight till that he ſee.
Wherefore, my ſon, ſet not thy cure,
In earth where nothing can be ſure,
Except the death allanerly,
Which follows men continually:
Therefore, my ſon, remember thee,
Within ſhort time that thou muſt die,
Not knowing when, how, or in what place,
But as it pleaſeth the King of Grace.

Of DEATH.

OF miſeries moſt miſerable,
Is death, and moſt abominable:

The dreadful dragon with his darts,
Ay ready for to pearce the hearts
Of every creature on life:
Contrair whose strength may no man strive,
Of dolent death this sore sentence,
Was given through disobedience
Of our parents; alas! therefore,
As I have done declare before,
How they and their posterity,
Were all condemned for to dy.
Albeit the flesh to death be thral,
God hath the soul made immortal,
And so of his benignity,
Hath mixt his justice with mercy:
Therefore call to remberance,
Of this false world the variance,
How we like pilgrims even and morrow,
Are travelling through this vale of sorrow,
Sometime in vain prosperity,
And sometime in great misery.
Sometime in bliss sometime in bail
Sometime right sick, and sometime hail.
Sometime full rich, and sometime poor;
Wherefore, my son, take little cure,
Neither of great prosperity,
Nor yet of greater misery;
But pleasant life, and hard mischance,
Ponder them both in one balance,
Considering none other authority:
Riches, wisdom, nor dignity,
Empire of realms, beauty, nor strength,
May not one day our lives length:
Since we are sure that we must die,
Farewell all vain felicity.
Greatly it doth perturb my mind,
Of dolent death the divers kind:
Though death to every man resorts,
Yet strikes he into sundry sorts;
Some by hot fevers violence,
Some by contagious pestilence.
Some by justice execution,
Been put to death without remission,

hanged, ſome do loſe their heads,
hurt, ſome ſodden into leads:
ſome for their unlawful acts
rent and riven on the racks;
are diſſolved by poiſon,
in night are murder'd down;
falls into phreneſy,
dies into hydropiſy.
other ſtrange infirmities
rein many a thouſand dies,
ch human nature doth abhor;
the gout, gravel and gore,
in the flux and fever quartan,
ay the hour of death's uncertain.
are diſſolved ſuddenly,
atbarre or apoplexy,
e do deſtroy theirſelf, and alſo
Iannibal and wife Cato.
hunder death doth ſome conſume,
e did the third king of Rome,
d Tullus Hoſtilius,
vriteth great Valerius;
he and his houſhold at once,
e burnt by thunder, fleſh, and bones.
e dieth by extreme exceſs
oy, as Valerio doth expreſs,
e by extreme melancholy,
die but other malady.
hronicles thou may'ſt well ken,
many hundred thouſand men
ſlain ſince firſt the world began
attle, and how many a man
n the ſeas do loſe their lives,
en that ſhips upon the rocks rives;
ugh ſome die naturally through age,
more die raving in a rage.
py is he the which hath ſpace,
iis laſt hour to cry for grace.
eit death be abominable,
ink it ſhould be comfortable
them of the faithful number,
they depart from care and cumber,

From trouble, travel, ſturt, and ſtrife,
To joy and everlaſting life.
Polidorus Virgilius,
To that effect he writeth thus:
In Thrace, When any child was born,
Their kin and friends was them before,
With dolent lamentation,
For the great tribulation,
Calamity, cumber and cure,
That they on earth are to endure;
But at their death and burying,
They make great joy and banquetting,
That they have paſt from miſery,
To reſt the great felicity.
Since death been final concluſion,
What avails worldly proviſion,
When wiſdom may not countermand,
Nor ſtrength the ſtout may not gainſtand,
Ten thouſand millions of treaſure,
May not prolong thy life one hour;
After whoſe dolent departing,
Thy ſpirit ſhall but tarrying,
Straightway to joy ineſtimable,
Or to ſtrong pain intolerable,
Thy vile corrupted carion,
Shall turn to putriſaction,
And ſo remain in powder ſmall,
Unto the judgment general.

A ſhort Deſcription of the Antichriſt.

SAID I, Father, I hear men ſay,
That there ſhall riſe before that day,
Which ye call general judgment,
A wicked man from ſatan ſent,
And contrary the law of Chriſt,
Called the cruel Antichriſt;
And ſome ſays, that miſchievous man
Deſcend ſhall of the tribe of Dan,
That ſhould be born in Babylon,
The which deceive ſhall many one,

Infidels ſhall of every art,
With that falſe prophet take a part:
And how Enoch and Elias,
Shall preach againſt that falſe Meſſias:
But finally his falſe doctrine,
And he, ſhall be put to ruin;
But neither by the fire nor ſword,
But by the virtue of God's word:
And if this be of verity,
The ſooth I pray you ſhew to me?
E. My ſon, ſaid he, as writeth John,
There ſhall not be a man alone,
Having that name in ſpecial;
But Antichriſts in general
Have been, and now are many one;
And right ſo in the time of John,
Were Antichriſts as himſelf ſays,
As preſently now in theſe days,
Are right many withoutten doubt,
Were their falſe laws well ſought out:
Who was a greater Antichriſt,
And more contrarious to Chriſt,
Than the falſe prophet Mahomet,
Which his curſt laws made ſo ſweet?
In Turky yet they are obſerv'd,
Where through the hellish hath deſerv'd,
All Turky, Saracens and Jews,
That in the Son of God not trows,
Are Antichriſts I thee declare,
Becauſe to Chriſt they are contrair,
Daniel ſays in his prophecies,
That after theſe great monarchies
Shall riſe a marvellous potent king
Which with a ſhameful face ſhall reign,
Mighty and wiſe in dark ſpeakings.
And proſperous in all pleaſant things:
Through his falſhood and craftineſs,
He ſhall flow into wealthineſs,
The godly people he ſhall noy
By cruel death, and them deſtroy;
The King of kings ſhall him gainſtand,
Then be deſtroyed withoutten hand.

Paul ſays, before the Lord's coming,
That there ſhall be a departing,
And that man of iniquity,
To all men he ſhall open be;
Which ſhall ſit on the holy ſeat,
Contrary God to make debate;
But that ſon of perdition
Shall be put to confuſion,
By power of the Holy Sp'rit,
When he his time hath done compleat.
Believe not that in time coming,
A greater Antichriſt ſhall reign
Than there hath been, and preſently
Are now, as clerks can eſpy:
Therefore my will is that thou knaw,
Whate'er they be that make the law,
Though they be called Chriſtian men,
By natural reaſon thou may'ſt ken,
Be they never of ſo great valor,
Pope, cardinal, king, or emperor,
Extolling their traditions
Above Chriſt's inſtitutions,
Making laws contrair to Chriſt,
He is a very Antichriſt.
And who doth fortify or defend
Such law, I make it to the kend,
Be he a pope, emperor, king, or queen,
Great ſorrow ſhall on him be ſeen
At Chriſt his extreme judgment,
Except in time they do repent.

A ſhort Remembrance of the moſt terrible da
Judgment.

C. FAther, ſaid I with your licence,
Since you have ſuch experience,
Yet one thing at you would I ſpear,
When ſhall this dreadful day appear,
Which you call judgment general,
What things before that day ſhall fall?
Where ſhall appear that dreadful judge?
Or how may faulters get refuge?

E. Said he, As to thy firſt queſtion,
I can make no ſolution,
Wherefore perturb not thine intent,
To know the day, hour, or moment;
To God alone the day is known,
Which never was to angels ſhewn:
Albeit by divers conjectures,
And principal expoſitures,
Of Daniel and his prophecy,
And by the ſentence of Elie,
Which have declared as they can,
How long is't ſince the world began;
And for to ſhew have done their cure,
How long they truſt it ſhall endure;
And eke how many ages been,
As in their works it may be ſeen.
But to declare theſe queſtions,
There are divers opinions,
Some writers have the world divided
In ſix ages, as been decided,
Into *Faſciculis temporum,*
And *Chronica chronicorum;*
And by the ſentence Elie
The world divided is in three,
As cunning maſter Carion,
Hath made plain expoſition,
How Elie ſays withouten wears,
The world ſhall laſt ſix thouſand years:
Of whom I follow the ſentence,
And let the other books go hence,
From the creation of Adam,
Two thouſand years to Abraham,
From Abraham, by this narration,
To Chriſt his incarnation,
ight ſo hath been two thouſand years,
s by their prophecies appears:
om Chriſt, as they make to us kend,
wo thouſand years to the world's end,
he which are by-gone, as I ween,
thouſand, ſix hundred ten, and thirteen,
nd ſo remains to come but wear,
hree hundred threeſcore and eighteen year,

An

And then the God Omnipotent,
Shall come to his great judgment.
Chriſt ſays, the time ſhall be made ſhort,
As Matthew plainly doth report,
That for the worlds iniquity,
The latter time ſhall ſhort'ned be:
For pleaſure of the choſen number,
That they may paſs from care and cumber.
So by this count it may be kend,
The world is drawing near an end:
For legions are come, no doubt,
Of Antichriſts were they fought on
And many tokens do appear,
As after ſhortly thou ſhalt hear
How that Saint Jerome doth indite,
That he hath read in Hebrew write,
Of fifteen things in ſpecial,
Before that judgment general:
Of ſome of them I take no cure,
Which I find not in the ſcripture.
A part of them though I declare,
Firſt, I will to the ſcripture fare:
Chriſt ſays, before that day of doom,
There ſhall be ſigns in ſun and moon;
The ſun ſhall hide his beams bright,
So that the moon ſhall give no light:
The glitt'ring ſtars by mens judgment,
Shall fall forth of the firmament.
Of theſe ſigns are we further gone,
Some moral ſenſe we will expone,
As canning clerks have oft declar'd,
And have the ſun and moon compar'd,
The ſun to the ſtate ſpiritual,
The moon to princes temporal.
Right ſo the ſtars they do compare,
To laick common popular.
The moon and ſtars have no light,
But the reflex of Phœbus bright;
So when the ſun of light is dark,
The moon and ſtars muſt needs be mirk.
Right ſo when paſtors ſpirituals,
Popes, biſhops, and cardinals,

n their beginning ſhews great light,
he temporal ſtate was ruled right:
ut now alas! it is not ſo;
heir ſhining lamps been long ago,
heir radious beams are turn'd to reek,
or now in earth nothing they ſeek,
xcept riches and dignity,
ollowing their ſenſuality.
Many prelates are now reigned;
The which no more do underſtand
What doth pertain to their office,
Than they can kindle fire with ice.
No be to popes, I ſay for me,
That ſuffers ſuch enormity,
That ignorant worldly creatures
Should in the church have any cures.
No marvel thought the people ſlide,
When they have blind men to their guide:
or a prelate that cannot preach,
or God's law to people teach,
ſay compares them in his wark,
o a dumb dog that cannot bark:
nd Chriſt him calleth in his grief,
loſt like a murtherer or thief.
he cunning Doctor Auguſtine,
o wolves and devils doth them define.
he canon law doth them defame,
hat of a prelate bears the name,
nd will not preach the divine laws,
s the decrees plainly ſhaws.
ut thoſe that have authority,
o provide ſpiritual dignity,
ight, if they pleaſed to take pain,
uſe them light all their lamps again;
t ne'er, alas! that is not done,
dark'ned been both ſun and moon.
ere kings lives well declared,
e which are to the moon compared,
en might conſider their eſtate,
om charity degenerate,
hink they ſhould think meikle ſhame
Chriſt *for to* take their ſurname:

They

They live not like to Chriſtians,
But more like Turks or Pagans.
Turks contrair Turks make little wear,
But Chriſtian princes take no fear,
Which ſhould agree as brother with brother;
But now each one dings down another:
I know no reaſonable cauſe wherefore,
Except pride, covetice, and vain-glore:
The emperor moves his ordinance
Contrair the potent king of France,
And France right ſo with great rigour,
Contrair his friend the emperor;
And right ſo France againſt England,
And England againſt Scotland,
And eke the Scots with all their might,
Do fight for to defend their right.
Between the realms of Albion,
Where battles have been many one,
Can be made no affinity,
Nor yet no conſanguinity:
Nor by no way they can conſider,
That they may have no peace together:
I dread theſe wars make no ending,
Till they be both under one king.
Though Chriſt the ſovereign king of grace,
Left in his teſtament love and peace,
Our kings from war will not refrain,
Till there be many a thouſand ſlain:
Great damage made by ſea and land,
As all the world may underſtand.

C. Father, I think that temporal kings
May fight for to defend their reigns;
For I have ſeen the ſpiritual ſtate
Make war, their rights for to debate.
I ſaw Pope Julius manfully,
Paſs to the field triumphantly,
With a right awful ordinance,
Contrair Lewis the king of France;
And for to do him more deſpite,
He did his region interdite.

F. My ſon, ſaid he, as I ſuppoſe,
That belongs well to our purpoſe.

How ſun and moon are both denude,
Of light, as clerks do conclude;
Comparing them, as you heard tell,
To ſpiritual ſtate and temporal.
And common people have deſpaired,
Which to the ſtars have been compared.
Laick people follow ay their heads,
And ſpecially into their deeds,
The moſt part of religion
Been turned to abuſion.
What doth avail religious weeds,
When they are contrair to their deeds.
What holineſs is there within
A wolf clad in a wedder's ſkin?
So by theſe tokens doth appear,
The day of judgment draweth near.
Now let us leave this mortal ſenſe,
Proceeding to our purpoſe hence,
And of this matter ſpeak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The ſcripture ſays, after theſe ſigns,
Shall be ſeen many marvellous things,
Then ſhall riſe tribulations
In earth, and great mutations,
As well here under, as above,
When power of the heavens ſhall move,
Such cruel wars ſhall be ere than,
Was never ſince the world began:
The which ſhall cauſe great indigence,
As dearth hunger and peſtilence:
The horrible ſound of the ſea,
The people ſhall perturb and flee;
Jerome ſays, it ſhall riſe on height
Above the mountain by mens ſight:
But it ſhall not ſpread o'er the land,
But like a wall ſhall ſtraight upſtand,
Then ſettle down again ſo low,
That no man ſhall the waters know:
Great whales ſhall rumiſh, rout and rair,
Whoſe ſound redound ſhall in the air,
All fiſh monſters marvellous,
Shall cry with ſtound odious,

That men ſhall wither on the eird,
And weeping wary ſhall their wierd,
With loud alas, and wail-away,
That e'er they liv'd to ſee that day,
And ſpecially thoſe that dwelling be,
Upon the coaſts of the ſea.
Right ſo, as Jeromie concludes,
Shall be ſeen ferlies on the floods:
The ſea with moving marvelous,
Shall burn with flames furious:
Right ſo ſhall burn fountains and flood,
And herbs and trees ſhall ſweet like blood
Fowls ſhall fall out of the air,
Wild beaſts to the plain repair,
And in their manner make their moan,
Howling with many a griefly groan.
The bodies of the dead creatures,
Appear ſhall on their ſepulchres:
Then ſhall both men, women and bairns,
Come crying forth of dark caverns,
Where they for dead were hid before,
With ſighs and ſobs, and heart full ſore,
Wandring about as thy were wood,
Affamiſhed for fault of food;
None may make other comforting,
But double grief and lamenting.
What may they do but weep and wonder,
When they ſee rocks ſhake all aſunder,
Through trembling of earth and quaking,
Of ſorrow then ſhall be no ſlaking.
They that are living in thoſe days,
May tell of terrible affrays.
Then riches, rents, and great treaſure,
That time may do them ſmall pleaſure;
But when ſuch wonders do appear,
Men may be ſure that day draws near.
The juſt men ſhall paſs to the glore,
Unjuſt to pain for evermore.

C. Father, ſaid I, we daily read
An article into our Creed,
Saying, that Chriſt Omnipotent,
Into that general judgment,

Shall judge both quick and dead alſo;
Wherefore declare me ere I go,
If there ſhall any man or wife,
That day be founded upon life?
E. Said he, as to that queſtion,
I ſhall make ſure ſolution:
The ſcripture plainly doth expone.
When all tokens are come and gone,
Yet many an hundred thouſand men,
That ſelf-ſame day ſhall be livand,
Albeit there ſhall no creature,
Neither of day nor hour be ſure:
For Chriſt ſhall come ſo ſuddenly,
That no man ſhall the time eſpy,
As it was in the time of Noah,
When God did all the world deſtroy;
Some in the field ſhall be laboring,
Some in the temple marrying,
Some before judges making plea,
And ſome men ſailing on the ſea:
Thoſe that be on the field going,
Shall not return to their lodging:
Who been upon the houſe above,
Shall not have leiſure to remove.
Two ſhall be in the mill grinding,
Which ſhall be taken without warning,
The one to everlaſting glore,
The other loſt for evermore.
Two ſhall be lying in one bed,
The one to pleaſure ſhall be led,
The other ſhall be left alone,
Weeping with many a grievous grone.
And ſo, my ſon, thou may'ſt well trow,
The world ſhall be as it is now,
The people uſing buſineſs,
As holy ſcripture doth expreſs.
Since no man knows the hour or day,
The ſcripture bids us watch and pray,
And for our ſins be penitent
As Chriſt would come incontinent.

The Manner how Chriſt ſhall come to his Judgt

WHEN all thoſe tokens are brought to an end,
Then ſhall the Son of God deſcend!
As fire-flaughts haſtily glancing,
Deſcend ſhall the great heavenly King,
As Phœbus in the orient
Lightneth in haſte the occident,
So pleaſantly he ſhall appear,
Among the heavenly clouds clear,
With great power and majeſtie,
Above the country of Indie;
As clerks have concluded haill,
Direct above the luſty vale
Of Joſophat, and mount Olivet,
All prophecy there ſhall be compleat,
The angels of the orders nine,
Environ ſhall the throne divine,
With humble adoration,
Making him miniſtration:
In his preſence there ſhall be born
The ſign of croſs, and crown of thorn,
Pilate and nails, ſcourges and ſpears,
With every thing that did him dear,
The time of his grim paſſion,
And for our conſolation,
Appear ſhall in his hands and feet,
And in his ſide the print compleat
Of his five wounds precious,
Shinning like rubies radious,
To reprobats confuſion:
And for final concluſion,
He ſitting in his tribunal,
With great power imperial,
Then ſhall an angel blow a blaſt,
Which ſhall make all the world agaſt,
With hideous voice and vehement,
'Riſe up dead folk, come to judgment.'
With that all reaſonable creature,
That ever was formed by nature,

Shall ſuddenly riſe up at once.
Conjoin'd with ſoul, fleſh blood and bones.
That terrible trumpet, I hear tell,
Shall be heard in heaven, earth and hell:
Thoſe that were drowned in the ſea,
That boiſterous blaſt they ſhall obey.
Wherever the body buried was,
All ſhall be found into that place,
Angels ſhall paſs in the four airts
Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
And with an inſtant diligence,
Preſent them to his excellence.
Saint Jerome thought continually
On this judgment ſo ardently;
He ſaid, whether I eat or drink,
Or wake, or ſleep, forſooth I think,
That terrible trumpet like a bell,
So quickly in mine ears doth knell,
As inſtantly as it were preſent:
'Riſe up, dead folk, come to judgment.'
If ſaint Jerome took ſuch affray,
Alas! what ſhall we ſinners ſay.
All thoſe that ſhall be found alive,
Then ſhall immortal be belive:
And in the twinkling of an eye,
With fire they ſhall tranſlated be,
And never for to die again,
As divine ſcripture ſhoweth plain:
As ready both for pain and glore,
As they which died long time before.
Some authors ſay, they ſhall appear
In age of three and thirty year,
Whether they die young or old,
Whoſe great number may not be told.
That day ſhall not be miſt one man,
Which was born ſince the world bega...
The angels ſhall them ſeparate
As doth an herd, ſheep from the goat,
And thoſe that be of Belial's band,
Trembling upon the earth ſhall ſtand,
On the left hand of that great Judge,
But eſperance to get refuge;

But theſe that are predeſtinate,
Shall from the earth be elevate:
And that moſt happy company,
Shall ordered be triumphantly,
At the right hand of Chriſt our King,
High in the air with loud loving.
Full glorioufly there ſhall compear,
More bright than Phœbus in his ſphere.
The virgin Mary queen of queens,
With many a thouſand of virgins.
The fathers of the Old Teſtament,
Which were to God obedient,
Father Adam ſhall them convoy,
With Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noah;
Abraham with all his faithful warks,
With all the prudent patriarchs:
John the Baptiſt ſhall there compear,
The principal and laſt meſſenger,
Which came but half a year before
The coming of the king of glore,
Moſes and Eſais honorable,
With all true prophets venerable.
David with all the faithful kings,
Which virtuoufly did rule their reigns,
The noble chiftain Joſue.
With gentle Judas Maccabe,
With many a noble champion.
Which in their time with great renown
Manfully to their lives end,
The law of God they did defend.
With Eve that day ſhall be preſent,
The ladies of the Old Teſtament;
Deborah, Adam's daughter dear,
With four moſt luſty ladies clear,
Which kept were in the ark with Noah.
Sara and Keturah with joy,
The which to Abraham wives been,
With good Rebecca there ſhall be ſeen.
The prudent wives of Iſrael,
Good Leah, and the fair Rachel,
With Judith, Heſter and Suſanna,
And the right ſapient queen Seba.

There ſhall compear Peter and Paul,
With Chriſt his good diſciples all.
Laurence and Steven with their bleſt hand,
Of martyrs mo than ten thouſand,
Gregory, Ambroſe and Auguſtin,
With confeſſors, a triumphant train;
With ſaint Francis and Benedick,
Saint Bernard, and ſaint Dominick,
With ſmall number of monks and friers,
Of Carmelites and Cordeliers,
That for the love of Chriſt only,
Renounc'd the world unfeignedly:
With Elizabeth and Anna,
All good wives ſhall compear that day.
The bleſt and holy Magdalen,
That day before her ſovereign,
Right pleaſantly he ſhall preſent,
All ſinners that were penitent,
Which of their guilt here aſked grace,
In heaven with her ſhall have a place.
But wo be to that bailful band,
Which ſhall ſtand low at his left hand;
Wo then to kings and emperors,
That were unrighteous conquerors,
For their glore and particular good,
Caus'd ſhed ſo meikle ſakeleſs blood,
Both ſcepter, crown, and robe royal,
That day they ſhall make count of all,
And for their cruel tyranny,
Shall puniſht be perpetually.
Ye lords and barons more and leſs,
That your poor tenants did oppreſs,
By great girſum and double mail,
More than your lands were avail,
With ſore exorbitant carriage,
With merchets of their marriage,
Tormented both in peace and wear,
With burdens more they can bear,
Be they have payed to you their mail,
And to the prieſt the tiends bail,
And when the land again is ſown,
What reſts behind I would were known.

I truſt, they and their poor houſehold,
May tell of much hunger and cold,
Except ye have of them no pity,
I dread you ſhall get no mercy,
That day when Chriſt Omnipotent,
Comes to his general judgment.
Wo be to public oppreſſors,
To tyrants and to tranſgreſſors,
To murtherers and common thieves;
That did not mend their great miſchieves,
Fornicators and uſurers,
Common public adulterers,
All perverſe wicked heretics,
All falſe deceitful ſchiſmatics,
All ſhall be preſent in that place,
With many lamentable alas;
The curſt Cain that ne'er was good,
With all ſhedders of ſakeleſs blood;
Nimrod the founder of Babylon,
With falſe idolaters many one,
Ninus the king of Aſſyria,
With great dole ſhall compear that day,
Which firſt invented imagery,
Where through came great idolatry,
For making of that image Bell,
That day his hire ſhalll be in hell.
The great oppreſſor Pharoah,
That tyrant emperor Nero,
Shall with them curſt king Herod bring,
With many other careful king;
The cruel king Antiochus,
With the moſt furious Oliſermus,
Great oppreſſors of Iſrael,
That day their hire ſhall be in hell.
With Judas ſhall compear a clan
Of falſe traitors to God and man.
There ſhall compear of every land,
With Ponce Pilate a baillful band
Of temporal and ſpiritual ſtates,
Falſe judges with their advocates.
There ſhall our ſenators of the ſeſſion,
Of all their faults make clear confeſſion,

There ſhall be ſeen the fraudful failries,
With ſherriffs, provoſt, and of bailies:
Officials with their conſiſtory clerks,
Shall make count of their wrongous warks,
They and their perverſe procutors,
Oppreſſors both of rich and poors,
Through dilatours full of falſe deceit,
Which many one caus'd beg their meat.
Great dole that day to judges been,
That comes not with their conſcience clean,
That day ſhall paſs by peremptors
Without cautel, or dilators;
No *duplicandum* nor *triplicandum*,
But ſhortly paſs to *ſententiandum*,
Without continuations,
Or any applications
That ſentence ſhall not be retreated,
Nor with no man of law debated.
Ye labourers of ſea and lands,
Perfect craftſmen and rich merchands,
Leave your deceits and crafty wiles,
Which ſilly ſimple folk beguiles;
Make recompence here as ye may,
Remembring on that dreadful day.
With Mahomet ſhall compear no doubt,
Of Antichriſts and hideous rout.
Biſhop Annas and Cajaphas,
With them in company ſhall paſs.
The ſcribes and falſe phariſiens,
Which wrought on Chriſt great violence,
With many a Turk and Saracen,
With great ſorrow their ſhall be ſeen,
Popes with their traditions,
Contrair Chriſts inſtitutions,
With many a cowl and clipped crown,
Which Chriſts laws hath beaten down:
And would not ſuffer for to preach
The verity, nor the people teach,
But laick men put to great torment,
Which uſed Chriſt his teſtament.
All kings and queens there ſhall be kend,
The which ſuch laws do defend.

To that court ſhall come many one
Of that black byke of Babylon,
The innocent blood that day ſhall cry
A loud vengeance full piteouſly,
On theſe cruel bloody butchers
Of martyrs, prophe s and preachers:
Some with the fire, ſome with the ſword,
Wh'ch plainly preached God his word,
That day they ſhall rewarded be,
Conform to their iniquity.
The Sodomites and Gomorrhance,
On whom God wrought ſo great vengeance,
With Corah, Dathan and Abiron,
With their aſſiſtants many one:
The holy ſcriptures will thee tell,
How they ſank down all to the hell.
With Simon Magus ſhall reſort,
Of proud prieſts a ſhameful ſort,
The ſelf-ſame day there ſhall be ſeen,
Many a cruel careful queen;
Queen Semiramis king Ninus' wife,
A tyger full of ſtrut and ſtrife,
Together with queen Jezebal,
Which was covetous and cruel.
The faſe deceitful Delila,
With cruel queen Clytemneſtra,
The which did murder in the night,
Agamemnon both wiſe and wight,
The which was her ſovereign lord,
As Greek ſtories do record:
With cruel queens many one;
Which longſome were for to expone.
Ye wanton ladies and burgeſs wives,
That now for ſideſt tails ſtrives.
Flapping the filth among your feet,
Raiſing the duſt in the ſtreet,
That day for all your pomp and pride,
Your tails ſhall not your hips hide,
Theſe vanities ye ſhall repent,
Unleſs that ye be penitent.
Which Pythoniſſa, I hear tell,
Which raiſed the ſpirit of Samuel,

'hat day with her there ſhall reſort.
f rank witches a ſorrowful ſort,
rought from all part many a mile,
rom Savoy, Athol and Argyle,
nd from the rynds of Galloway.
/ith a woful wail-away.
Ye brethren of religion,
time leave your abuſion,
/ith which ye have the world abuſed,
r ye that day ſhall be refuſed.
ſpeak to you all in general,
or to one order ſpecial:
hat day all creatures ſhall ken,
' ye were ſaints or worldly men,
r if ye took the chapelry,
hat ye might live moſt pleaſantly,
nd get good large portion,
r for a godly devotion.
hat day your feigned ſanctitudes,
all not be known by your hoods:
our ſuperſtitious ceremonies,
articipate with idolatries.
rds, cutted ſhoes, nor clipped head,
'hat day ſhall ſtand you in no ſtead:
or cowls black, gray, nor begard,
e ſhall that day get your reward.
our polite painted flattery,
our diſſimulate hypocriſy,
hat day they ſhall be clearly known,
/hen they ſhall reap as they have ſown.
'herefore in time be penitent,
r elſe that day ye ſhall be ſhent;
pray you heartily, as I may,
emember on that dreadful day.
e abbots, priors, or prioreſs,
onſider what ye do profeſs;
nd how that your promotion
/as nothing for devotion,
ut to obtain the abbacy,
e made your vow of chaſtity,
)f poverty and obedience:
'herefore remord your conſcience.

How

How theſe three vows been obſerved,
And what reward hath been deſerved.
Wherefore repent while ye have ſpace,
Since God is liberal of his grace.
C. Father, ſaid I, declare to me,
Where ſhall our prelates ordered be,
Which now are in the world livand?
With whom ſhall come that ſpiritual band?
E. Said he, as ſaint Bernard deſcrives,
Except that they amend their lives,
And leave their wanton vicious warks,
Not with the prophets, nor patriarchs,
Nor with the martyrs and confeſſors,
The which of Chriſt were true preachers.
Their predeceſſors Peter and Paul,
That day will them miſknow at all:
So ſhall they not, I ſay for me,
With the Apoſtles ordered be:
I truſt they will dwell on the border
Of hell, where there ſhall be no order,
Enlong the flood of Phlegeton,
Or on the brays of Acheron,
Crying on Charon I conclude,
To ferry them o'er that furious flood,
To eternal confuſion,
Except they leave their abuſion.
I truſt, theſe prelates more and leſs,
Shall make clear count of their riches,
That dreadful day with hearts full ſore,
And what ſervice they did therefore.
The princely pomp, or apparel
Of pope, biſhop, or cardinal,
Their royal rents and dignitie,
That day ſhall not regarded be.
There ſhall no tails, as I hear ſay,
Of biſhops be born up that day;
Come they not with their conſcience clean,
On them great ſorrow ſhall be ſeen,
Except that they their lives amend
In time, and ſo I make an end.

The manner how Chriſt ſhall give his ſentence.

WHEN all theſe congregations
Are brought out of all nations,
Which ſhall be without proceſs
Though I have made ſo long digreſs:
For in the twinkling of an eye,
All mankind ſhall preſented be,
Before that king's excellence:
Then ſhortly ſhall be given ſentence:
Firſt, ſaying to that bleſſed band,
Which ordered be at his right hand,
"Come with my father's benediction,
And receive your poſſeſſion,
Which was for you preordinate
Before the world was firſt create;
When I was hungry, ye me fed,
When I was naked ye me cled:
Oft times ye gave me harbery,
And gave me drink when I was dry;
And viſit me with minds meek,
When I was priſoner and ſick;
In all ſuch tribulation,
Ye gave me conſolation."
Then ſhall they ſay O potent King,
When ſaw we thee deſire ſuch thing?
We never ſaw thine excellence
Subdued to ſuch indigence.
Yet ſhall he ſay, I you aſſure,
Whene'er ye did receive the poor
And for my ſake made them ſupplie,
That gift doubtleſs ye gave to me;
Therefore ſhall now begin your glore,
Which ſhall endure for evermore.
Then ſhall he look on his left hand
And ſay unto that hateful band,
Paſs with my malediction,
To eternal affliction,
In company with fiends fell,
In *everlaſting fire of* hell.

When I ſtood naked at your gate,
Hungry and thirſty, cold and wet,
Right feeble, ſick, and like to die,
I never got of you ſupply:
And when I lay in priſon ſtrong,
Of you I might have lien full long,
Without your conſolation,
Or any ſupportation."
Trembling for dread, then ſhall they ſay,
With many a hideous harmeſy:
Alas! good Lord, when ſaw we thee
Subject to ſuch neceſſity?
When ſaw we thee come to our door,
Hungry and thirſty, naked and poor?
When ſaw we thee in priſon ly,
Or thee refuſed harbery?
Then ſhall that moſt precellent King,
To theſe wretches make anſwering:
That time when ye refus'd the poor,
Which needful cryed at your door,
And of your ſuperfluity,
For my ſake, made them no ſupply;
Refuſing them, yet me refuſed,
With wretchedneſs, ſo ye were abuſed:
Therefore ye ſhall have to your hire,
The everlaſting burning fire,
Without grace, peace or comforting.
Then ſhall they cry full ſore weeping,
That we were made, alas! good Lord;
Alas! is there no miſericord?
But thus withoutten hope of grace,
Tyne preſence of that pleaſant face,
Alas! for us it had been good,
We had been ſmored in our cood.
Then with a rear the earth ſhall rive,
And ſwallow them both man and wife.
Then ſhall theſe creatures forlorn,
Wary the hour that they were born,
With many a hideous cry and yell,
From time they feel the flames fell,
Upon their tender bodies bite,
Whoſe torment ſhall be infinite

earth ſhall cloſe, and from their ſight
token be all kind of light.
e ſhall be howling and weeping,
out hope of comforting.
it intolerable pain,
ually they ſhall remain,
ing in furious flames red,
dying but never dead;
the ſmall minute of an hour,
nem ſhall be ſo great dolour,
ſhall think they have done remain,
uſand years into that pain.
I tremble to hear tell,
terrible tormenting of hellt
painful pity for to deplore,
h moſt endure for evermore.
ſhall theſe glorified creatures,
mirth and infinite pleaſures,
oyed with joy angelical,
to the heavens imperial,
Chriſt Jeſus our Sovereign King,
ore everlaſtingly to reign;
an which paſſeth the engine,
thouſand part for to define,
nerly to the leaſt pleaſure
dinate for one creature.
ſhall a fire, as clerks fain,
all the hills and valleys plain,
earth up to the heavens empire,
all renew'd be by that fire,
ing all things material,
r the heav'ns imperial:
earth and water, fire and air,
be more perfect made and fair,
which before had mixed been,
then be purified and made clean.
earth like cryſtal ſhall be clear,
every planet in his ſphere,
reſt withoutten more moving,
ſtarry heaven and cryſtalin.
firſt and higheſt heavens moveable.
ſtand but turnings, firm and ſtable,

The ſun into the orient,
Will ſtand and in the occident
Reſt ſhall the moon, and be more clear
Than now is Phœbus in his ſphere:
And eke the lantern of the heaven,
Shall give more light by degrees ſeven,
Than it gave ſince the world began:
The heavens renewed ſhall be then,
Right ſo the earth with ſuch device,
Compared to the heavenly paradiſe:
So heaven and earth ſhall be all one,
As meaneth the apoſtle John.
The great ſea ſhall no more appear,
But like a cryſtal pure and clear,
Paſſing imagination
Of man, to make narration
Of glore, which God hath done prepare
To every one which cometh there:
The which with ears, nor yet with een
Of men may not be heard nor ſeen;
With heart it is unthinkable.
And with tongue unpronounceable:
Whoſe pleaſures ſhall be to perfite,
Having in God ſo great delight,
The ſpace now of a thouſand year,
That time ſhall not an hour appear;
Which cannot comprehended be,
Till we that pleaſant ſight ſhall ſee.
When Paul was raviſh'd in the ſp'rit
To the third heaven of glore repeat:
He ſays, the ſecrets which he ſaw
They were not lawful for to ſhaw
To no man on earth livand:
Wherefore preſs not to underſtand,
Albeit thereto thou haſt deſire,
The ſecrets of the heavens empire.
The more men look on Phœbus bright
The more feeble ſhall be their ſight
Right ſo let no man ſet his cure
To ſeek the high divine nature;
The more men ſtudy, I ſuppoſe,
Shall be the more from their purpoſe.

To know whereto ſhould men intend,
Which angels cannot comprehend?
But after this great judgement,
All things to us ſhall be patent.
Let us with Paul our minds addreſs,
He being full of heavineſs,
Full humbly he teacheth us
Not for to be too curious:
Albeit men be of great ingine,
To ſeek the high ſecrets divine,
Whoſe judgments are unſearchable,
His ways ſtrange and inveſtigable,
That is to ſay, paſt our finding,
Of whom no man can find ending.
It ſufficeth us for to implore,
Great God to bring us to his glore.

Of certain pleaſure of the glorified Bodies.

SINCE their is none in earth may comprehend
The heavenly glore and wiſdom infinite:
Wherefore, my ſon, I pray thee not pretend
Too far to ſeek that matter of delight,
Which paſſeth natural reaſon to endite.
That God before that he the world create,
Prepared to them which are predeſtinate.
All mortal men ſhall be made immortal,
That is to ſay, never to die again;
Impoſſible, and ſo celeſtial,
That fire nor ſword may do to them no pain,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor froſt, nor wind, nor rain,
Though ſuch things were may do to them no dear,
Theſe creatures right ſo ſhall they be as clear,
As flaming Phœbus in his manſion,
Conſidering then if there ſhall be great light
When every one into his region
Shall ſhine like to the ſun and be as bright
Let us with Paul deſire to ſee that ſight,
To be diſſolv'd Paul had a great deſire,
With Chriſt to be into the heaven's empire.
And *moreover*, as clerks can deſcrive,

These marvellous lights they been incomparable
Among the rest, in all their senses five,
They shall have sensual pleasure delectable,
The heavenly sound which shall be inenarrable,
Into their ears continually shall ring,
And eke the sight of Christ Jesus our King.
Into this triumphant throne imperial,
With his mother the Virgin Queen of queens,
There shall be seen the court celestial,
Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins,
Brighter than Phœbus, in his sphere that shines,
The patriarchs and prophets venerable,
There shall be seen in glore inestimable.
And with their spiritual eyes shall be seen,
That sight which is most superexcellent,
God as he is, and evermore hath been,
Continually that sight contempland.
Augustin saith, He'd rather take in hand
To be in hell, he seeing the Essence
Of God, than be in heaven without his presence,
Who seeing God in his Divinity,
He seeth in him all other pleasant things,
The which with tongue cannot pronounced be:
What pleasure been to see the King of kings!
The greatest pain the damned folk down thrings,
And to the devil's punition,
It is of God to lack fruition.
And moreover they shall feel such a smell,
Surmounting far the flowr of earthly flowers,
And in their mouth a-taste, as I hear tell,
Of sweet and supernatural sapour;
Alas they shall see the heavenly bright colours,
Shining among these creatures divine,
Which to describe transcendeth man's ingine.
And eke they shall have such agility,
In one instant to pass for their pleasure,
Ten thousand miles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their joys shall be without measure;
They shall rejoice to see the great dolour
Of damned folk in hell, and their torment,
Because it is of God the just judgment.
Subtility they shall have marvellous

Suppos

Suppoſing that there was a wall of braſs,
A glorious body may right haſtily,
Out through the wall without impediment paſs,
Such like as doth the ſun beams out through glaſs
As Chriſt to his diſciples did appear,
All entreſs cloſs, and none of them did ſteer.
Albeit in heaven though every creature
Have not alike felicity and glore,
Yet every one ſhall have ſo great pleaſure,
And ſo content, that they deſire no more:
To have more joy they ſhall no more implore,
But they ſhall all be ſatisfy'd and content,
Like to this rude example ſubſequent.
Take a crowat, a pint-ſtoup, and a quart,
A gallon pitcher, a punſion, and a tun,
Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
And fill them full till they be over-run.
The little crowat, in compariſon,
Shall be ſo full, that it can hold no more.
Of ſuch meaſures, though they were twenty ſcore,
Into the tun or in the punſion,
So that theſe veſſels in one quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantity:
So by this rude example thou may'ſt ſee,
Though every man be not alike in glore,
Are ſatisfy'd that they deſire no more.
Though preſently by God his purveyance,
Both beaſts, and fowls, and fiſhes in the ſea,
Are neceſſary for man's ſuſtenance,
With corns, herbs, flowers, and fruitful trees,
Then ſhall there be no commodities;
The earth ſhall bear no plant, nor beaſt brutal;
But as heavens ſhall be clear like chryſtal,
Suppoſe ſome be on earth walking here down,
Or high above whene'er they pleaſe to go,
Of God they have ay clear fruition,
Both eaſt and weſt, up, down, or to and fro:
Clerks have declared pleaſures many mo,
Which doth tranſcend all mortal man's engine,
The thouſand part of thoſe pleaſures divine.
Into the heaven they ſhall perfectly know

To

Their tender friends, their father, and their mother,
Their predeceſſors whom they never ſaw:
Their ſpouſes, children, their ſiſter and their brothers;
And every one ſhall have ſuch love to other,
Of others glore, and joy they ſhall rejoice,
As of their own, as clerks do ſuppoſe.
Then ſhall be ſeen the bright Jeruſalem,
Which John ſaw in his revelation
We mortal men, alas! are ſore to blame,
That will not have conſideration,
And a continual contemplation,
With hot deſire to come unto that glore,
Which pleaſure ſhall endure for evermore.
O Lord our God, and King Omnipotent,
Which knew ere thou the heavens and earth create,
Who would to thee be diſobedient,
And do deſerve for to be reprobate:
Thou knowſt the number of predeſtinate,
Whom thou didſt call, and haſt them juſtified,
And ſhall in heaven with thee be glorified.
Grant us to be, Lord, of that choſen ſort,
Which of thy mercy ſuperexcellent.
Didſt purify, as ſcripture doth report,
With the blood of that holy innocent,
Jeſus, which made himſelf obedient
Unto the death, and ſtarved on the rood:
Let us, O Lord, be purged with that blood.
All creatures that ever God created,
As writteth Paul, they wiſh to ſee that day,
When the children of God predeſtinated,
Shall do appear in their new freſh array,
When corruption ſhall be cleans'd quite away,
And chang'd ſhall be their mortal quality,
In the great glore of immortality.
And moreover all things corporal.
Under the concave of the heavens empire,
That now to labour ſubject are and thrall;
Sun, moon and ſtars, earth, water, air and fire,
In a manner they have a hot deſire,
Wiſhing that dry, that they may be at reſt,
As Eraſmus expoundeth manifeſt.
We ſee the great globe of the firmament

Continual

Continually in moving marvellous:
The ſeven planets contrary their intent,
Are reſt about with courſe contrarious.
The wind and ſea with ſtorms furious,
The troubled air, with froſt and ſnow, and rain,
Until that day, they travel ay in pain.
And all the angels of the order nine,
Have compaſſion on our miſeries,
They wiſh after that day, and to that fine
To ſee us freed from our infirmities,
And cleanſed from theſe great calamities,
And troublous life which never ſhall have end
Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

An exhortation given by Father EXPERIENCE, unto his Son the COURTEOUR.

MY ſon, now mark well in thy memory,
Of this falſe world the troubles tranſitory,
Whoſe dreadful days do now draw near an end:
Then call on God to be thine adjutory,
And every day my ſon, *memento mori*:
Thou wot'ſt not when or where that thou ſhalt wend,
Here to remain, I pray thee not to pretend.
And ſince thou knowſt the time is very ſhort,
In Chriſt his blood ſet all thy whole comfort.
Be not ſo much lift up in temporal things,
Since thou perceiveſt pope, emperor nor kings
Into the earth have no place permanent:
Thou ſeeſt that death them dolefully down thrings,
And reaves them from their rents, riches and reigns;
Therefore on Chriſt confirm they whole inrent;
And of thy calling be right well content:
Then God that feedeth the fowls of the air,
All needful things for thee he ſhall prepare.
Conſider in thy contemplation,
Ay ſince the world's firſt creation,
Mankind hath ſuffered this miſery mortal:
Ay tormented with tribulation,
With dolour, dread and deſolation;
Gentiles, and choſen people of Iſrael,
To this unhap are all ſubject and thrall:

Which

Which miſery no doubt ſhall ever endûre
Till the laſt day, therefore, my ſon, be ſure.
That day, as I have made narration,
Shall be the day of conſolation,
To all the children of the choſen number:
There ended ſhall be their deſolation,
And eke I make thee ſupplication,
In earthly matters take thee no more cumber.
Dread not to die, for death is but a ſlumber;
Live a juſt life, and with a joyous heart,
And of thy goods take pleaſantly thy part.
Of our talking now let us make an end:
Behold how Phœbus downward doth deſcend,
Toward his place in the occident:
Dame Cynthia, I ſee, ſhe doth pretend,
Into her wat'ry region to aſcend,
With viſage pale into the orient.
The dew now donks, the roſes redolent
The mary-golds that all day were rejoiced
Of Phœbus' heat, now craftily are cloſed.
The bliſsful birds are bowing to their trees,
And teaſeth from their heavenly harmonies.
The corn-craiks in the craft I hear her cry;
The bat, the howlet, feeble of their eyes,
For their paſtime now in the evening flies
The nightingale with mirthful melody,
Her natural notes do pierce up thro' the ſky,
To Cynthia making her obſervance,
Which on the night doth take her daliance.
I ſee Pole Arctick in the north appear,
And Venus riſing with her beams clear,
Wherefore, my ſon, I hold it time to go.
Would God, ſaid I, you did remain all year,
That I might of your heavenly leſſon lear;
Of your departing I am very wo.
Take patience, ſaid he, it muſt be ſo;
Perchance I ſhall return with diligence.
Thus I departed from Experience.
And ſped me home with heart ſighing full ſo
And entered in my quiet oratore:
And took paper, and there began to write.

misery, as you have heard before.
gentle readers heartily I implore,
to excuse my rural rude indite:
ugh Pharisees would have me at despite,
ch would not that their craftiness were kend,
God be Judge, and so I make an end.

FINIS quoad LINDSAY.

THE

ADDITIONAL POEMS

OF

Sir DAVID LINDSAY

OF THE

MOUNT,

ALIAS

LION KING OF ARMS.

'aken from his own original Manuſcripts, found in the Cabinets of the curious, conſiſting of many different entertaining ſubjects.

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MDCCLXXVII.

The TESTAMENT and COMPLAINT

Of our Sovereign Lord King JAMES the Fifth his PAPINGO, lying ſore wounded, and may not die, till every man have heard what ſhe ſays. Wherefore gentle Readers haſte you, that ſhe may be put out of pain. Compiled by Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, Knight, *alias*, Lion King of Arms.

Liver poſt fata quieſcit.

The PROLOGUE.

ALTHOUGH I had engine angelical,
With ſapience more than Solomonical,
I wot not what matter put in memory:
The poets old in ſtile heroical,
In brief and ſubtile terms rhetorical.
Of every matter, tragedy and ſtory,
So ornately to their high laud and glory,
Have done infinite, whoſe ſupream ſapience
Tranſcendeth far my dull intelligence.
Of poets now into our vulgar tongue,
For why, the bell of rhetorick been rung
By Chaucher, Gower, Ligat laureat,
Who dare preſume theſe poets to impugn,
Whoſe ſweet ſentence thro' Albion been ſung?
Or who can now the works counterfeit,
Of Kennedy, with terms aureat,
Of wiſe Dunbar who language had at large,
As may be ſeen into his golden targe?
Quintin, Mercer, Roul, Henderſon, Hay and Holland,
Though they be dead, their lives are livand;

Which

Which to rehearſe makes readers to rejoice,
Alas! for once that lamp was in this land,
Of eloquence the flowing balmy ſtrand;
And in our Engliſh rhetorick the roſe,
As of rubies the carbuncle is choſe.
And as Phœbus doth Cynthia precel,
So Gawn Douglaſs biſhop of Dunkel,
Had, when he was into this land alive,
Above vulgar poets prerogative,
Both in practick ſpeculation,
I ſay no more, good readers may deſcrive
His worthy works, in numbers mo than five:
And ſpecially the true tranſlation,
Of Virgil, which been conſolation
To cunning men, to know his great engine
As well in natural ſcience, as divine.
And in the court been preſent in theſe days,
That ballads, brieves, luſtily and lays,
Which to our prince daily they do preſent;
Who can ſay more than Sir James Engliſh ſays,
In ballads, fairies, and in pleaſant plays?
But Culroſs hath his pen made impotent;
Rid in cunning and practick right prudent:
And Stewart who deſires a ſtately ſtile,
Full ornate works daily doth compile.
Stewart of Lorn will carp moſt curiouſly,
Galbraith, Kinloch, when they liſt them apply,
Into that art are crafty of ingine;
But now of late is ſtart up haſtily
A cunning clerk which writteth craftily,
A plant of poets called Ballentine,
Whoſe ornat writs my wits cannot deſine:
Get he into the court authority,
He will precel Quintine and Kennedy.
So though I had ingine, as I have none,
I know not what to write, by ſweet St John:
For why in all the earth of eloquence
Is nothing left, but barren ſtock and ſtone,
The polite terms are pulled every one,
By theſe ſurnamed poets of prudence:
And ſince I find none other true ſentence,

I ſhall declare ere I depart you fro.
The complaint of a wounded Papingo.
Wherefore becauſe my matter is but rude,
Of ſentence and of rhetorick denude,
To rural folk my writing is directed,
Far fleemed from the ſight of men of good:
For cunning men I know will ſoon conclude,
It nothing dowes, but for to be dejected:
And when I hear my matter is detracted,
Then ſhall I ſwear, I made it but in mowes,
To landwart laſſes that milk the kine and ewes.

The complaint of the PAPINGO.

WHO climbs too high, perforce his foot muſt ſl
Expream I ſhall thee by experience,
If that thou pleaſe to hear a piteous tale,
How a fair bird by fatal violence,
Devoured was and might not make defence
Contrair the death, ſo failed natural ſtrength,
As after I ſhall ſhow you at more length.
A Papingo, right pleaſant and perfite,
Preſented was to our moſt noble king,
Of whom his grace a long time had delight,
More fair in form, I wot, flew ne'er on wing,
This proper bird he gave in governing
To me, which was his ſimple ſerviture,
To which I did my diligence and cure.
To learn her language artificial,
To play platfoot, and whiſtel, foot before:
But of her inclination natural,
She counterfeit all fowls leſs and more:
Of her courage ſhe would without my lore,
Sing like the merl, and crow like the cock,
Pew like the gled, chant like the laverock.
Bark like a dog, and keckle like a kae,
Bleat like an hog, and buller like a bull,
Gail like a gouk, and weep when ſhe was wae:
Climb on a cord, and laugh and play the fool,
She might have been a menſtrel againſt yool.
This bleſſed bird was to me ſo pleaſant,

Wh

Where'er I ſure, I bare her on mine hand.
And ſo befel upon a mirthful morrow,
Into my garth I paſt me to repoſe.
This bird and I, as we were wont beforrow,
Among the flowers freſh, fragrant and formoſe;
My vital ſpirits duly did rejoice,
When Phœbus roſe, and rave the clouds ſable,
Through brightneſs of his beams amiable.
Without vapour as well purificate,
The temperate air, ſoft, ſober and ſerene;
The earth by nature ſo edificate,
With wholeſome herbs, blue, white, red and green,
Which elevate my ſpirit from the ſpleen,
That day Saturn and Mars durſt not appear,
Nor Eole from his cave he durſt not ſtear.
That day perforce behoved to be fair,
By influence and courſe celeſtial,
No planet preſs'd for to perturb the air;
For Mecury, by moving natural,
Exalted was into the throne triumphal
Of his manſion into the fifteen gree
In his own ſovereign ſign of Virginie.
That day did Phœbus pleaſantly depart
From Gemini and entered into Cancer;
That day Cupido did extend his dart;
Venus that day conjoin'd with Jupiter.
That day Neptune hid him like a ſkar;
That day dame nature with great buſineſs,
Furthered Flora to ſhow her craftineſs.
And retrograde was Mars in Capricorn,
And Cynthia in Sagittar aſſeaſed:
That day came Ceres, goddeſs of the corn,
Full joyfully John-upon-land ſhe pleaſed;
The bad aſpect of Saturn was appeaſed
That day by Juno, of Jupiter the joy,
Perturbing ſpirits cauſing to hold coy:
The ſound of birds ſurmounting all the ſkies,
With melody of notes muſical,
The balmy drop of dew, Titan updries,
Hanging upon the tender twiſts ſmall,
The heavenly hue and ſound angelical,

Such perfect pleaſures printed in mine heart,
That with great pain from them I might depart.
So ſtill among theſe herbs amiable,
I did remain a ſpace for my paſtance,
But worldly pleaſure is ſo variable,
Mixed with ſorrow, dread, and inconſtance,
That there is no compariſance;
So might I ſay, my ſhort ſolace, alas!
Was driven to dolour in a little ſpace.
For in that airth among the fragrant flowers,
Walking alone, none but my bird and I:
Unto the time that I had ſaid mine hours,
This bird I ſet upon a branch me by,
But ſhe began to ſpeak right ſpeedily,
And in that tree did ſo highly aſcend,
That by no way I might her apprehend.
Sweet bird, ſaid I, beware, mount not too high,
Return in time, perchance thy feet may failie,
Thou art right fat, and not well us'd to flie:
The greedy gled, I dread ſhe thee aſſailie.
I will, ſaid ſhe, vailyie quod vailyie,
It is my kind to climb ay to the hight,
Of feather and bone, I wot well I am wight.
Soon on the higheſt little tender twiſt,
With wings diſplay'd, ſhe ſat full wantonly:
But Boreas blew a blaſt ere e'er ſhe wiſt,
Which brake the branch, and blew her ſuddenly
Down to the ground with many a careful cry,
Upon a ſtob, ſhe lighted on her breaſt,
The blood ruſht out, and ſhe cried for a prieſt.
God wot, if then my heart was wo begone,
To ſee that fowl flighter among the flowrs,
Which with great mourning 'gan to make her moan
Now coming are, ſaid ſhe, the fatal hours
Of bitter death now muſt I thole the ſhow'rs
O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me leiſure to ſpeak a little ſpace.
For to complain my fate unfortunate,
And to diſpone my goods ere I depart,
Since of all comfort I am deſolate,
Alone, except the death here with his dart,
With awful chear, ready to pierce mine heart:

vith that word ſhe took a paſſion,
ſtately fell, and ſwapped into ſwoon.
ich ſorry heart pierc'd with compaſſion,
alt tears diſtilling from mine een,
ear that birds lamentation,
approach under an haw-thorn green,
e I might hear and ſee, and not be ſeen:
vhen this bird had ſwooned twice or thrice,
egan to ſpeak, ſaying on this wiſe:
falſe fortune, why haſt thou me beguil'd:
lay at morn, who knew this careful caſe,
hope, through thee my reaſon was exil'd,
g ſuch truſt into thy feigned face:
e'er I was brought to the court, alas!
in foreſt flown among my feers,
it full well have lived many years.
dent counſel, alas! I did refuſe,
ſt reaſon uſing mine appetite:
ion did ſo mine heart abuſe,
Eolus at me had great deſpite,
of me have matter to indite;
n clamb ſo high, and wo is me therefore,
oubting that the death ſhould me devore.
is day at morn my form and feathers fair,
: the proud peacock was precelling;
iow a cative cation full of care,
ig in blood down from heart diſtilling,
n mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
rld ſo falſe, and changeable felicity,
: thy pride, avarice, and immundicity.
the I ſee nothing is permanent,
y ſhort ſolace, ſorrow is the end:
falſe infortunate gifts been to us lent,
day full proud, the morn nothing to ſpend.
ye that do pretend ay to aſcend,
ital end have in remembrance,
you defend from this unhappy chance.
nerefore that I was ſtricken in exaſite,
rough a ſtrong imagination;
: appeared in my fantaſie,
rd this dolent lamentation;
dulled into deſolation.

Mar-

Methought this bird did brive in her manner
Her counſel to the king, as you ſhall hear.

The firſt Epiſtle of the Papingo, directed to Ki James the fifth.

PREPOTENT prince, peerleſs in pulchritude
Glore, honor, laud, triumph, and victory
Be unto thine high excellent celſitude,
With martial deeds condign of memory.
Since Atropos conſumed have my glory,
And dolent death, alas! muſt us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfeigned heart.
Together with this ſchedul ſubſequent,
With moſt reverent recommendation:
I grant thy grace gets many document,
By famous fathers predication:
With many notable narration,
By pleaſant poets in ſtile heroical,
How thou ſhouldſt guide thy ſeat imperial.
Some do deplore the great calamities,
Of divers realms the tranſmutation,
Some piteouſly do treat of tragedies,
All for the Grace's information:
So I intend but adulation,
Into my barren ruſtical indite,
Among the reſt, Sir, ſomething for to write.
Sovereign convince this ſimple ſimilitude,
Of officers ſerving the ſeneyorie:
Who guides them well, get at thy grace great good:
Who are unjuſt, degraded are of glory,
And cancellate out of thy memory:
Providing them more pleaſant in their place:
Believe right ſo God ſhall do with thy grace.
Conſider well, thou be officiar,
And a vaſſal of that King incomparable:
Preſs thou to pleaſe that puiſſant Prince perclare
Thy rich reward ſhall be ineſtimable.
Exalted high in glore interminable.
Above archangels, vertious poteſtars,
Pleaſantly placed among the principates.

O fthy virtue poets perpetually
Shall make mention until the world be ended;
If thou exerce thine office prudently,
In heav'n and earth thy grace ſhall be commended:
Wherefore effear that he be not offended,
Who hath exalted thee to ſuch honor,
Of his people to be the governor.

And in the earth hath made ſuch ordinance,
Under thy feet all things terreſtrial,
Are ſubject to thy pleaſure and paſtance;
Both fowls and fiſhes, and beaſts paſtoral:
Men to thy ſervice, and women they are thral;
Hawking, hunting, arms, and lawful amour,
Preordinate by God for thy pleaſure compleat.

Maſters of muſic to recreat thy ſpirit,
With daunted voice, and pleaſant inſtrument:
Thus mayſt thou be of all pleaſures,
If in thine office thou be diligent:
But be thou found ſlothful and negligent,
Or unjuſt in thine execution
Thou ſhall not fail divine punition.

Wherefore ſince thou haſt ſuch capacity
To learn to play ſo pleaſantly and ſing,
Ride horſe, run ſpear, with great audacity,
Shoot with hand-bow, croſs-bow, and culvering,
Among the reſt, Sir, learn to be a king;
Kyth on that craft thy pregnant freſh ingine,
Granted to thee by influence divine.

And ſince the definition of a king,
Is for to have of people goverance,
Addreſs the firſt above all other thing,
To put thy body to ſuch ordinance,
That thy vertue thine honor may advance:
For how ſhall princes govern their regions
That cannot duly guide their own perſons?

And if thy grace would live right pleaſantly,
Call thy council, and caſt on them thy cure:
Their juſt decrees defend and fortify;
Without good counſel may no prince long endure:
Work with counſel then ſhall thy work be ſure.
Chuſe thy council of the moſt ſapient.
Without regard to blood riches or rent,

Amor

mong all other paſtime and pleaſure,
Now in thine adoleſcent years young,
Would thou each day ſtudy but half an hour
The regiment of princely governing,
To thy people it were a pleaſant thing,
There mightſt thou find thine own vocation.
How thou ſhou'dſt uſe the ſcepter, ſword and crown.
The chronicles to konw, I thee exort,
Which may be mirror to thy majeſty:
There thou ſhalt find both good and ill report,
Of every prince after his quality:
Tho' they be dead, yet their works ſhall not die,
Truſt well thou wilt be ſtiled in that ſtory,
As thou deſerves to be put in memory.
Requeſt that Roy which was rent on the rood
Thee to defend from deeds of defame,
That no poet report of thee but good,
For princes days, endure but as a dream:
Since firſt king Fergus bare a diadem,
Thou art the laſt king of fiveſcore and five,
And all are dead, and none but thee alive.
Of whoſe number fifty and five were ſlain,
And moſt part of their own miſgovernance:
Wherefore I thee beſeech, my ſovereign,
Conſider of their lives the circumſtance;
And when thou knowſt the cauſe of their miſchance
On virtue then exalt thyſelf on high,
Truſting on God t'eſcape that deſtiny.
Treat each true baron as he were thy brother,
Which muſt at need thee and thy realm defend;
When ſuddenly one doth oppreſs another,
Let juſtice mixt with mercy them amend,
Have thou their hearts, thou haſt enough to ſpend:
And by the contrair, thou art but king of bone,
From time their hearts are from thee gone.
I have no leaſure for to write at length,
My whole intent unto thine excellence:
Decreaſed ſo I am in wit and ſtrength,
My mortal wound doth me ſuch violence:
People at me may have experience,
Becauſe, alas! I was incounſellable:
Now muſt I die a captive miſerable.

The ſecond Epiſtle of the PAPINGO, directed to her brethren of Court.

BRETHREN of court, with mind precordial,
To the great God heartily I commend you:
nprint my fall into your memorial,
ogether with this ſchedul that I ſend you:
o preſs o'er high, I pray, not pretend you:
his vain aſcenſe of court who will conſider,
'ho ſits moſt high, will find his ſeat moſt ſlidder.
So ye that now go lanching up the ladder,
Take heed in time faſtning your fingers faſt,
'ho climbs moſt high, moſt dint hath of the weather,
nd leſt defence againſt the bitter blaſt
f falſe fortune, which never taketh reſt:
at now redoubted daily ſhe down thrings,
ot ſparing popes, emperors nor kings.
Though ye be mounted up above the ſkies,
nd have both kings and court in governance:
me were as high, which now right lowly lies,
mplaining ſore the court its variance:
he preterit time my be experienc
'hich thro' vain hope of court did climb ſo high,
'hen lacked wings, when they thought beſt to flie,
Since each court is untruſt and tranſitory,
hanging as oft as weather-cock in wind,
laking ſome glad, and other ſome right ſorry;
oremoſt this day, the morn may go behind.
et not vain hope of court your reaſon blind.
'ruſt well ſome men will give you lands as lords,
'hat would be glad to ſee you hang on cords.
I durſt declare the miſerability
f divers courts, were't not my time is ſhort,
'he dreadful change, vain-glore, and vility,
'he painful pleaſures, as poets do report:
metime in hope, ſometime in diſcomfort:
nd how ſome men do ſpend their youthhood hail
i court, and ends into the hoſpital.
How ſome in court are quiet counſellors,
Vithout regard to common-weal of kings,
uſing their cure for to be conquerors:

And

And when they were high raiſed in their reigns,
How change of court them dolefully down thrings
And when they were from their eſtate depoſed,
How many of their fall been right rejoiced.
And how fond feigned fools and flatterers,
For ſmall ſervice obtain oft great rewards:
Panders, pike-thanks, cultrons, and clatterers,
Lowps up from lands, then lights among the lairds,
Blaſphemators, beggars, and common bards,
Sometime in court have more authority,
Than devote doctors of divinity.
Who in ſome courts been bairns of Belial,
Full of diſimulate painted flattery,
Provoking by intoxicate counſel,
Princes to whoredom and to harlotry:
Who do in princes put ſuch haſatry,
I ſay for me, ſuch pert provocators,
Should puniſht be above all ſtrong traitors.
What travel, trouble, and calamity
Have been in court within theſe hundred years?
What mortal changes, and what miſeries?
What noble men been brought upon their bears?
Truſt well, my friends, follow you muſt your fears:
So ſince in court been no tranquility.
Set not on it your whole felicity.
The court changes oft-times with ſuch outrage,
That few nor none may make it reſiſtance:
And ſpareth not the prince more than the page,
As well appeareth by experince.
The duke of Rothſay might make no defence,
Which was pertaining roy of this region,
But dolefully devoured was in priſon.
What dread, what dolour had the noble king
Robert the third, when once he knew the caſe
Of his two ſons the dolent departing,
Prince David dead, and James captive? Alas!
To true Scots-men, which was a careful caſe.
This may ye know the court is variand,
When blood royal the change may not gainſtand,
Who reign'd in court more hie and triumphant,
Than Duke Murdock while that his day endure!
Was he not then protector of Scotland?

ıe court he was not well assured.
:d so, his long service was smored:
ıis fair son Walter but remead,
:d were, and put to doleful dead.
nes the first, the patron of prudence,
ingine, and pearl of policy,
ustice, and flood of eloquence,
irtue doth transcend my fantasy
iscrive; yet when he stood most high,
exorbitant conspiration,
ıdent prince was pitously put down.
ames the second, roy of great renown,
his super-excellent glore,
rackless shooting of a great cannon,
:nt death, alas! hath him devore.
ıg hath been of which I marvel more,
tune had at him such mortal feed,
sty thousand to wail him by the head.
:art is pierc'd with pain for to panse,
› write that court's variance
s the third, when he had governance;
›r, dread, and desolation,
ıge of court and conspiration:
/ that Cochran with his company.
ıe in court clamb so presumptuously.
been good these bairns had not been born,
n that noble prince was so abused:
ew as did the weeds among the corn.
ıdent lord's counsel was refused,
l him quite, as he had been inclused.
at prince by their abusion,
.lly brought to confusion.
clamb so high, and got such audience,
ı their prince grew so familiar;
man brethren might get no presence;
ke of Albany, and the Earl of Mar,
iisht men are holden at the bar;
he king there grew such mortal feed,
ı'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.
Cochran with his cative company,
ıem to flee, but yet they wanted feathers

Above the high cedars of Lebania:
They clamb so high till they clamb o'er their ladders
On Lawder bridge then keeped were in tedders
Strangled to death, they got no other grace:
Their king captive, which was a careful case,
To put in write the fate unfortunate,
And mortal change, perturbeth mine engine;
My wits been weak, my fingers fatigate,
To dite or write the rancour and ruin,
The civil war, the battle inteſtines
How that the ſon with banner broad diſplay'd,
Againſt the father in battle came array'd.
Wou'd God that day the prince had been comfort
With ſapience of the proud Solomon,
And with the ſtrength of Samſon been ſupported,
With the bold hoſt of the great Agamemnon.
What ſhould I wiſh? remedy there is none:
At morn a king, with ſcepter, ſword and crown,
At night with death a deformed carion.
Alas! where is that right redoubted roy,
That potent prince, gentle James the feird?
I pray to Chriſt his ſoul for to convoy,
A greater noble ne'er reign'd on the eird.
O Atropus! wary may be thy weird:
For he was mirror of humility,
Lead-ſtar and lamp of liberality.
During his time of juſtice did prevail,
The ſavage iſles trembled for terrour:
Eſkdale, Ewiſdale, Liddiſdale and Annandale,
Durſt not rebel, doubting his dints dour,
And of his lords had ſuch perfect favour,
So for to ſhow that he affear'd not one,
Out through the realm he would ride him alone.
And of his court thro' Europe ſprang the fame
Of luſty lords and tender ladies ying;
Triumphant turneys, juſting and knightly game,
With all paſtime, according for a king.
He was the glory of princely governing;
Who through the ardent love he had to France,
Againſt England did move his ordinance.
Of Flowden field the ruin to revolve,
Of that moſt dolent day for to deplore,

I will for dread, left dolour you deſolve;
Show you that prince in his trumphant glore
Deſtroyed was, what needeth proceſs more?
Not by the virtue of the Engliſh ordinance,
But by his own wilful miſgovernance.
Alas! that day had he been conſellable,
He had obtained laud, glore, and victory;
Whoſe piteous proceſs been ſo lamentable,
I ſory am to put in memory.
I never read in tragedy nor ſtory,
At one journey ſo many nobles ſlain,
For the defence and love of their ſovereign.
Now brethren mark into your remembrance,
A mirror of theſe mutabilities.
So may ye know of the court inconſtance;
When princes are thus pulled from their fees,
After whoſe death, what ſtrange adverſities!
What great miſrule into this region rang,
When our prince young could neither ſpeak nor gang
During his tender youth and innocence,
What ſlouth, what reef, what murder and miſchance,
There was nought elſe but wreaking and miſchance,
Into that court there reign'd ſuch variance;
Divers rulers made divers ordinance.
Sometime our queen reign'd authority,
Sometime the proud duke of Albany.
Sometime the realm was ruled by regents,
Sometime by lieutenants leaders of the law;
Then reign'd ſo many diſobedients,
That few or none ſtood of another aw;
Oppreſſion did ſo loud his bugle blaw,
That none durſt ride but into fear of wear,
John upon land that time did loſe his meir.
Who was no more high in honour elevate
Than was Margaret our high and mighty princeſs?
Such power was to her appropriate,
Of king and realm that ſhe was governeſs,
Yet came a change within a ſhort proceſs:
That pearl prelare, that luſty pleaſant queen.
Long time into that court durſt not be ſeen.
The arch-biſhop of St Andrews, James Benton,
Chancellor and primate in power paſtoral,

Clamb next the king moſt in this region:
The ladder ſhook, he lap and got a fall:
Authority, nor power ſpiritual,
Riches, friendſhip might not that time prevail,
When dame Curia began to ſtir her tail.
His high prudence avail'd him not a mite,
That time the court bare him ſuch mortal feud:
As priſoner they kept him in deſpite,
And ſometime will not where to hide his head:
But diſguiſed like John the Reaff, he yeed,
Had not been hope bare him ſuch company,
He had been ſtrangled by melancholy.
What cumber and care was in the court of France
When king Francis was taken priſoner,
The duke of Bourbon amidſt his ordinance,
Died at one ſtroke, right bailful brought to bier:
The court of Rome that time ran all arior,
When Pope Clement was put in priſon ſtrong,
The noble city put to confuſion.
In England who had greater governance,
Than their triumphant courtly cardinal?
The common-weal, ſome ſays, he did advance,
By equal juſtice both to great and ſmall:
There was no prelate to him peregal:
Engliſh men ſay, had he reign'd longer ſpace,
He had depoſed St Peter of his place,
His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
His palace royal, rich and radious;
Nor yet the flood of ſuperfluity
Of his riches, nor travel tedious,
When once dame Curia held him odious,
Avail'd him not his prudence moſt profound;
The ladder brake, and he fell on the ground.
Where been the doughty Earl of Douglaſs,
Which royally into this region rang,
Forfault and ſlain: What needeth more proceſs?
The Earl of March was marſhall'd them among.
Dame Curia them dolefully down throng.
And now of late who clamb more high among us,
Than did Archibald ſometime the Earl of Angus?
Who with the prince was more familiar,
Nor of his grace had more authority?

Was he not great warden and chancellor,
Yet when he ſtood upon his higheſt gree,
Truſting nothing but perpetuity,
Was ſuddenly depoſed from his place,
Forfault and fleemed, he got no other grace,
Wherefore truſt not unto authority,
My dear brethren, I pray you heartfully:
Preſume not in your vain proſperity;
Confirm your truſt in God all utterly,
Then ſerve your prince with heart entire truly;
And when you ſee, the court is at the beſt,
I counſel you then draw you to your reſt.
Where is the high triumphant court of Troy?
Or Alexander, with his twelve prudent peers?
Or Julius, that right redoubted roy?
Agamemnon, moſt worthy in his weares?
To ſhew their fine my frayed heart affears:
Some murthered were, ſome poiſoned piteouſly,
Their careful courts diſperſed dolefully.
Truſt well there is no conſtant court but one,
Where Chriſt is king, whoſe time interminable
And high triumphant glore ſhall ne'er be gone:
That quiet court mirthful and immutable,
Without variance ſtands ay firm and ſtable:
Diſſimulance, flattery, and falſe report,
Into that court ſhall never get reſort.
Truſt well my friends, this is no feigned fare,
For who that is in the extreme of dead,
The verity doubtleſs they ſhould declare,
Without regard to favour or to fead.
While ye have time, dear brethren, make remead:
Adieu for ever, of me ye get no more,
Beſeeching God to bring you to his glore.
Adieu, Edinburgh, thou high triumphant town,
In whoſe bounds right merrily I have been:
Of true tradeſmen the rout of this region,
Moſt ready to receive court, king and queen:
Thy policy and juſtice may be ſeen,
Were devotion, wiſdom and honeſty,
And credence loſt, it may be found in thee.
Adieu fair Snawdown, with thy towers hie,
The *chapel-royal*, park, and table round,

May, June, and July would I dwell in thee.
Were I a man might hear the birds ſound,
Which doth againſt the royal rock reſound.
Adieu, Lithgow, whoſe palace of pleaſance,
Might be a pattern in Portugal or France.
Farewell, Falkland, the fortreſs ſure of Fife,
Thy polite park under the Lowmond law;
Sometime in thee I led a luſty life:
Thy fallow-deer to ſee them take and raw,
Court-men to come to thee they ſtand great aw.
Saying, thy burgh been of great burrows bail,
Becauſe in thee they never got good ale.

The communing between the Papingo, and the Executors.

THE Py perceiv'd the Papingo in pain,
He lighted down, and feigned him to greet:
Siſter, ſaid he, alas! who hath you ſlain?
I pray you make proviſion for your ſp'rit;
Diſpone your goods, and you confeſs compleat:
I have power by your contrition,
Of all your miſs to give you full remiſſion.
I am, ſaid ſhe, a chanon regular,
And of my brethren prior principal:
My white rocket, my clean life doth declare,
The black is of the death memorial:
Wherefore I think all your goods natural,
Should be ſubmitted whole into my cure,
Ye know I am an holy creature:
The raven came rouping when he heard the rair,
So did the gled with many a piteous pew,
And feignedly they counterfeit great care.
Siſter, ſaid they, your reckleſneſs we rew,
Now beſt it is our counſel you enſue,
Since ye pretend to this promotion,
Religious men of great devotion.
I am black monk, ſaid the ratling raven;
So ſaid the gled I am an holy frier,
And have power to bring you quick to heaven;
It is well known my conſcience been clear,
The black bible pronounce I ſhall perquéer,

› to our brethren-you will give ſome good;
od wot, if he had need of lives food
The Papingo ſaid, Father, by the rood,
lbeit your raiment be religious like,
our conſcience, I ſuſpect, it be not good;
did perceive when privily ye did pike
chicken from an hen under a dike.
grant ſaid he, that hen ſhe was my friend,
nd I that chicken took but for my tiend.
You know, the faith by us muſt be ſuſtain'd,
o by the pope it is preordinate,
'hat ſpiritual men ſhould live upon their tiend;
ſut well I wot you been predeſtinate,
1 your extremes to be ſo fortunate,
'o have ſuch holy conſolation;
Wherefore we make you exhortation,
Since dame nature hath granted you ſuch grace,
.eiſure to make confeſſion general,
how forth your ſin in time while you have ſpace,
Then of your goods make a memorial.
We three ſhall make your feaſt funeral.
And with great bliſs bury we ſhall your bones,
Then trantals twenty trattle all at once.
The rooks ſhall tear, that men ſhall on them rew,
And cry, *commemoratio animorum*:
We ſhall make chickens peep, and gaſlings pew,
Altho' the geeſe and hens ſhould make alarum;
And we ſhall ſerve *ſecundum uſum ſarum*,
And make you ſafe, we find ſaint Blaiſe to burgh,
Crying to you the careful corinoch.
And we ſhall ſing about your ſepulture
Saint Mungo's matins and the meekle creed,
And then devoutly ſay, I you aſſure,
The old Placebo backward on the beed;
And we ſhall wear for you the mourning weed:
And though your ſp'rit with Pluto were poſſeſt,
Devoutly ſhall your dirigie be dreſt.
Father, ſaid ſhe, your facund words fair,
Full ſore I dread the contrair to your deeds;
The wives of the villages cries with care,
When they perceive ye mow o'erthwart their meeds
Your falſe conceit both duck and drake ſore dreads;

I marvel ſoothly that ye be not ſhamed,
For your default, being ſo ſore defamed.
I do abhor my poor perturbed ſp'rit,
To make to you any confeſſion;
I hear men ſay, you are an hypocrite,
Exempted from the ſenyie of the ſeſſion,
To put my goods in your poſſeſſion,
That will I not, ſo help me dame nature,
Nor of my corps I will give you no cure.
But I had the noble nightingale,
The gentle Jay, the Merl, and Turtle true,
Mine obſequies and feaſts funeral.
Order they would with notes all of the new,
The pleaſant pown moſt angel-like of how;
Would God I were with him this day confeſt,
And my device duely by him addreſt.
The mirthful mavice with the gay goldſpink,
And luſty lark, would God they were preſent,
Mine infortune forſooth they would fore-think,
And comfort me that been ſo impotent.
The ſwift ſwallow in practick moſt prudent,
I know ſhe would my bleeding ſtanch believe,
With her moſt virtuous ſtone reſtringative.
Count me the caſe under confeſſion,
The gled ſaid proudly to the Papingo,
And we ſhall ſwear by our profeſſion,
Counſel to keep, and ſhow it to no mo,
We thee beſeech, ere thou depart us fro;
Declare to us the cauſes reaſonable,
Why we are holden ſo abominable?
By thy travel thou haſt experience,
Firſt being bred into the orient;
Then by thy good ſervice and diligence,
To princes made here in the occident:
Thou knoweſt the vulgar people's judgment,
Were thou tranſcurred the hot meridional,
Then next the pole, the plage ſeptentrial.
So by thine high engine ſuperlative.
Of all countries, thou knoweſt the qualities;
Wherefore I thee conjure by God alive,
The verity declare withoutten lies,
What thou haſt heard by lands or by ſeas,

Of us church men, both good and ill report,
And how they judge, ſhow us, we thee exhort?
Father, ſaid ſhe, I cative creature,
Dare not preſume with ſuch matter to mell;
Of your caſes, ye know, I have no cure;
Demand them which with prudence do excel;
I may not pew, my pains have been ſo fell;
Alſo perchance ye will not ſtend content,
To know the vulgar people their judgment;
Yet will death a little withdraw his dart,
All that lieth in my memorial,
I ſhall declare with true unfeigned heart.
And firſt, I ſay to you in general,
The common people ſaith, ye be all
Degenerate from your holy primitives,
As teſtifies the proceſs of your lives.
Of your peerleſs prudent predeceſſors,
The beginning, I grant, was very good,
Apoſtles, martyrs, virgins and confeſſors,
The ſound of their excellent ſanctitude,
Was heard o'er all the world, by land and flood
Planting the faith by predication,
As Chriſt had made to them narration.
To fortify the faith they took no fear,
Before princes, preaching right prudently;
Of dolorous death they doubted not the dear,
The verity declaring fervently.
And martyrdom they ſuffered patiently;
They took no cure of lands, riches nor rent,
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.
To ſhow their works at length were great wonder,
Thoſe miracles they were ſo manifeſt,
In name of Chriſt they healed many hunder,
Raiſing the dead, and purging the poſſeſt
With perverſe ſpirits which had been oppreſt;
The crooked ran, the blind men got their een,
The deaf man heard, and lepers were made clean.
The prelates ſpouſed were with poverty,
Unto thoſe days when they flouriſht with fame;
And with her genred lady chaſtity,
And dame devotion notable of name;
Humble they were, ſimple and full of ſhame.

Thus

Thus chaſtity, and dame devotion,
Were principal cauſe of their promotion.
Thus they continued in this life divine,
Ay till there reigned in Rome's great city,
A potent prince was named Conſtantine,
Perceiv'd the church had ſpouſed poverty,
With good intent, and moved with pity,
Cauſe of divorce he put between them two,
And parted them withoutten words mo.
Then ſhortly with a great ſolemnity,
Withoutten any diſpenſation,
The church he ſponſed with dame Property,
Which haſtily by proclamation,
To poverty caus'd to make narration,
Under the pain of piercing of her een,
That with the church ſhe never ſhould be ſeen.
Saint Sylveſter the time reigu'd pope in Rome,
Which firſt conſented to the marriage
Of property, of which began the bloom,
Taking the cure on her with hie courage;
Devotion drew her to an hermitage,
When ſhe conſidered lady property
So high exalted into dignity.
O Sylveſter! where was thy diſcretion,
Which Peter did renounce, thou didſt receive;
Andrew and John they did leave their poſſeſſions,
Their ſhips, and nets, their lines, and all they leave
Of temporal ſubſtance nothing would they heave,
Contrarious to their contemplation,
But ſoberly their ſuſtentation.
John the Baptiſt went to the wilderneſs,
Lazarus, Murtha, and Mary Magdalen,
Left heritage and goods, both more and leſs.
Prudent St. Paul thought property prophane,
From town to town he ran in wind and rain
Upon his feet, teaching the word of grace,
And never was ſubjected to riches,
The Gled then ſaid; I hear nothing but good,
Proceed ſhortly, and thy matter advance,
The Papingo ſaid, father, by the rood,
It were too long to hear the circumſtance.
How property with her new alliance,

eat with child, as true men to me told,
: two daughters goodly to behold,
ldeſt daughter named was Riches,
ınd ſiſter Senſuality
id increaſe within a ſhort proceſs
ſant to the ſpirituality,
ſubſtance and excellent beauty,
dies two grew ſo within few years,
the world were none might be their peers,
royal Riches and lady Senſual,
at time forth they took whole governance
ioſt part of the ſpiritual;
/ again with humble obſervance,
ly their wits they did advance,
lovers their ladies for to pleaſe;
: if then their hearts were right at eaſe.
ey forgot to ſtudy, pray and preach,
ew ſo ſubject to dame ſenſual;
ıght but paln poor people for to teach;
decreed it into their counſel,
ıuld no more to marriage be thral,
ſurely to obſerve chaſtity,
ɔeguiled ſaid ſenſuality.
y might live at large without thirlage
/ to lead their luſty lives,
ş men thral that been in marriage:
faces provoke do new courage,
.ſtity they turned into delight,
of wives been cauſe of appetite.
Chaſtity did ſteal away for ſhame,
ıce ſhe did perceive their purveyance;
nſual a letter did proclaim,
excell'd Italy and France.
nd could ſhe get no ordinance,
the king, and to the court of Scotland
:d her withoutten more demand.
ng into that court to get comfort,
: her humble ſupplication;
they ſaid, ſhe ſhould get no ſupport,
ıtned her with blaſphemation:
.s go make your proteſtation;

It is, ſaid they, many a hundred year,
Since chaſtity had any entrance here.
Tyred for travel, ſhe to the prieſt paſt,
And to the rulers of religion;
Of her preſence ſhortly they were agaſt,
Saying they thought it but abuſion
Her to receive; So with concluſion,
With one advice decreed and gave doom,
They would receive no rebel out of Rome.
Should we receive that Romans have refuſed,
And baniſht England, Italy, and France,
For your flat'ery, then were we well abuſed?
Paſs hence, ſaid, and faſt your ways advance,
Among the nuns go ſeek your ordinance,
For we have made oaths of fidelity,
To dame riches and ſenſuality.
Then pntiently ſhe made progreſſion
Towards the nuns with heart ſighing full ſore;
They gave her preſence with proceſſion,
Receiving her with honour, laud and glore,
Purpoſing to preſerve her evermore,
Of that novels came to dame property,
To riches and to ſenſuality,
Which ſped them at the poſt right ſpeedily,
And ſet a ſiege proudly about the place;
The ſilly nuns did yield them haſtily
And humbly of that guilt they aſked grace,
Then gave their bands of perpetual peace;
Receiving them, they caſt up doors wide,
Then chaſtity there no longer might abide,
So for refuge faſt to the friers ſhe fled,
Who ſaid, they would of ladies take no cure.
Where is ſhe now? then ſaid the greedy gled.
Not among you. ſaid ſhe, I you aſſure,
I truſt ſhe be upon the Borrow moor,
Beſouth Edinburgh, and that right many means,
Profeſt among the ſiſters of the ſeans.
There hath ſhe found her mother poverty,
And Devotion, her own ſiſter carnal:
There hath ſhe fouhd faith hope and charity,
Together with the virtuous cardinal,
There hath ſhe found a convent, yet unthral

To dame Senſual, nor yet with riches abuſed,
So quietly theſe ladies are incloſed.
The Pyat ſaid, I dread that they aſſailed,
They render them, as did the holy nuns.
Doubt not, ſaid ſhe, for they are ſo attailed,
They purpoſe to defend them by their guns:
Ready to ſhoot, they have ſix great cannons,
Perſeverance, conſtance and conſcience,
Auſterity, labour, and abſtinence.
To reſiſt ſubtle Senſuality,
Strongly they are enarmed feet and hand
By abſtinence, and keeped poverty,
Contrair riches, and all her falſe ſervands,
They have a bombard braſed up in bands,
To keep their port, in the midſt of their cloſs,
Which is called, *Domine, cuſtodi nos.*
Within whoſe ſhot there dare no enemies
Approach their place, for dread of dints dour:
Both day and night they work as buſy bees,
For their defence, ready to ſtand in ſtour:
And have ſuch watches on their outer tower,
That dame Senſual with ſiege dare not aſſaily,
Nor come within a ſhot of their artailly.
The Pyat ſaid, Whereto ſhould they preſume,
For to reſiſt ſweet Senſuality.
Or dame riches, which rulers are at Rome?
Are they more conſtant in their quality,
Then the princes of ſpirituality,
Which pleaſantly withoutten obſtinacie,
Have them received in their habitacie.
How long truſt ye, theſe ladies ſhall remain
So ſolitar in ſuch perfection?
The Papingo ſaid, brother, in certain,
So long as they obey correction,
Chooſing their heads by election,
Unthral to riches and to poverty,
But as requireth their neceſſity.
O prudent prelates, where was your preſcience,
That took in hand to obſerve chaſtity,
But auſtere life, labour, and abſtinence?
Perceive ye not the great proſperity,
Apparently to come of property?

Ye know great chear, great eaſe and idleneſs
To lechery was mother and miſtreſs.
Thou rav'ſt unrock'd, the raven ſaid by the rc
So to reprove riches and property;
Abraham and Iſaac were rich, and very good;
Jacob and Joſeph had proſperity.
The Papingo ſaid, That is of verity:
Riches, I grant, is not to be refuſed,
Providing als that they be not abuſed.
Then laid the Raven a replication,
And ſaid: Thy reaſon is not worth a mite,
As I ſhall prove with proteſtation:
That no man take my words into deſpite:
I ſay, the temporal princes have the wite,
That in the church ſuch paſtors do provide,
To govern ſouls, themſelves that cannot guide.
Long time after the church took property,
The prelates liv'd in great perfection,
Unthral to riches or ſenſuality,
Under the holy Spirit's protection,
Orderly choſen by election,
As Gregory, Jerome, Ambroſe and Auguſtine,
Benedick, Bernard, Clement, Clete and Line.
Such patient prelates entered by the port,
Pleaſing the people by predication:
Now dyke-loupers do in the church reſort,
By ſymonie and ſupplication
Of princes, by their preſentation:
So ſilly ſouls, that are the Lord's ſheep,
Are given to hungry ravenous wolves to keep.
No wonder is though we religious men,
Degenred be, and in our life confuſed,
But ſing and drink, none other craft we ken,
Our ſpiritual fathers have us ſo abuſed:
Againſt our will theſe traitors been intruſed.
Laick men have now religious men in cures,
Profeſt virgins in keeping of ſtrong whores.
Princes, princes, where is your high prudence,
In diſpoſition of your benefices?
The guardoning of your courticiens,
Is ſome cauſe of theſe great enormities:
There is a ſort waiting like hungry flies,

Which on the day for ſhame dare not be ſeen,
To her I leave my gay galbert of green.
My bright depured eyes as cryſtal clear,
Unto the Bat ye ſhall them both preſent,
In Phœbus preſence which dare not appear,
Of natural light he is ſo impotent.
My birniſht back I leave with good intent
Unto the gentle piteous Pelican,
To help to pierce her tender heart in twain.
I leave the Gouk which hath no ſong but one,
My muſick with my voice angelical:
And to the Gooſe give ye when I am gone,
Mine eloquence and tongue rhetorical;
And take and dry my bones great and ſmall,
Then cloſe them in a caſe of ebon fine,
And them preſent unto the Phenix ſyne.
To burn with her when ſhe her life renews,
In Arabic ye ſhall her find but weer,
And ſhall her know by her moſt heavenly hews,
Gold, azure, gules, purple and ſyneper:
Her date is for to live five hundred year,
Make to that bird my commendation,
Alſo I make you ſupplication.
Since of my corps I have given you the cure,
Ye ſpeed you to the court but tarrying,
And take my heart of perfect portraiture,
And it preſent unto the ſovereign king:
I know he will it cloſe into a ring.
Commend me to his Grace, I you exhort,
And of my paſſion make him true report.
Ye three my tripes ſhall have for your travel,
With liver and lung to part equal among you,
Praying Pluto the potent prince of hell,
If ye failyie, that in his net he fang you,
Be to me true, though I nothing belang you,
Sore I ſuſpect your conſcience been too large.
Doubt not, ſaid they, we take it with the charge.
Adieu, brethren, ſaid the poor Papingo,
To talk no more, I have no time to tarry:
But ſince my ſpirit muſt from my body go,
I recommend it to thee queen of Farie;
Eternally into her court to tarrie

In wilderneſs among the holts hore,
Then ſhe inclin'd her head, and ſpake no more.
Plunged into her mortal paſſion,
Full grievouſly ſhe gripped to the ground:
It were too long to make narration,
With eyes full ſore, with many a ſting and ſtound
Out of the wound the blood did ſo abound,
A compaſs round was with her blood made red:
Without remead there is nothing but dead.
And by ſhe had in *Manus tuas* ſaid,
Extincted were her natural ſenſes five;
Her head full ſoftly on her ſhoulders laid,
Then yield the ſp'rit with pains pungitive.
The Raven began rudely to rug and rive,
Full ravenous like, his empty throat to feed;
But ſoftly brother (ſaid the greedy Gled.)
While ſhe is hot, let's part her even among us,
Take thou one half, and reach to me the other;
Into our right, I wot no wight dare wrong us.
The Pyat ſaid, The fiend receive the other,
Why make ye me a ſiep-bairn, and I your brother;
You do me wrong (ſir Gled) I ſhrew your heart.
Take her, ſaid he, the puddings for thy part.
Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder ſair,
For to behold that dolent departing:
Her angel feathers flying in the air,
Except the heart was left of her nothing:
The Pyat ſaid, That pertains to the king,
Which to his Grace I purpoſe to preſent,
Thou, ſaid the Gled, ſhalt fail of thine intent.
The Raven ſaid, God nor I rax in a rope,
If thou get this to either king or duke.
The Pyat ſaid, plain I not to the pope,
Then in a ſmiddy I be ſmor'd with ſmook,
With that the Gled the piece caught in her clook,
And fled his way, the reſt with all their might,
To chaſe the Gled, flew all out of my ſight.
Now have ye heard the little tragedie,
The ſore complaint, the teſtament and miſchance
Of this poor bird which did aſcend ſo hie:
Beſeeching you excuſe mine ignorance,
'd *rude* indite, which is not to advance,

And to the queer I give commandement,
Make no repair where poets been present.
Becauſe thou been of rhetorick ſo denude,
Be never ſeen near hand none other book;
With king nor queen, with lord nor men of good.
With coat unclean claim kindred to ſome cook;
Steal in a nook, when they liſt on thee look
For ſmell of ſmook men will abhor to hear thee,
Here I forſwear thee, wherefore to lurk go lear thee.

The Dream of Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, Knight, familiar Servitor to our Sovereign Lord King JAMES the Fifth.

The Epiſtle to the King's Grace.

RIGHT potent prince of high imperial blood,
Unto thy grace I truſt it be well known,
My ſervice done unto thy celſitude,
Which needeth not at length for to be ſhown;
And though my youth hood ne'er be overblown,
Exercis'd in the ſervice of your excellence;
Hope hath me heght a goodly recompence.
When thou wait young I bare thee in mine arm,
Full tenderly till thou began to gang;
And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
With lute in hand, then ſweetly to thee ſang,
Sometime in dancing fiercefully I flang,
And ſometimes playing fairſies on the flure,
And ſometime of mine office taking cure.
And ſometime like a fiend transfigurate,
And ſometimes like a greezly ghoſt of gay,
In divers forms oft-times disfigurate,
And ſometimes diſguiſed full pleaſantly.
So ſince thy birth, I have continually
Been exercis'd, and ay to thy pleaſure:
And ſometimes ſteward, capper, and carvour.
Thy purſe-maſter and ſecret theſaurer,
Thine uſher ay ſince thy nativity;
And in thy chamber chief cubicular,
Which to this hour hath keeped my lawtie,

Lov

Loving be to the bleſſed Trinity,
That ſuch a wretched worm hath made ſo able,
To ſuch a prince to be ſo agreeable.
But now thou art by natural influence,
High of ingine, and right inquiſitive,
Of antique ſtories, and deeds martial;
More pleaſantly the time for to o'er drive,
I have at length the ſtories to deſcrive,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Julius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.
Of Jaſon and Medea all at length,
Of Hercules the acts honourable,
And of Samſon's ſupernatural ſtrength,
And of leel lovers the ſtories amiable.
And oft times have I feigned many a fable
Of Troylus the ſorrow and the joy,
And ſieges all of Tyr, Thebes and Troy.
The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin,
And many other pleaſant hiſtory,
Of the red Erin, and Gyre Carlin;
Comforting thee when that I ſaw thee ſory:
Now with ſupport of the King of Glory,
I ſhall thee ſhow a ſtory of the new,
The which before I never to thee ſhew.
But humbly I beſeech thine Excellence,
With ornate terms though I cannot expreſs
This ſimple matter for lack of eloquence;
Yet notwithſtanding all my buſineſs,
With heart and hand my mind I will addreſs,
As beſt I can and moſt compendious.
Now I begin, the matter happened thus.

The Prologue.

INTO the kalends of January,
When freſh Phœbus by moving circular.
From Capricorn was entred in Aquary,
With blaſts that had the branches made full bare:
The ſnow and ſleet perturbed all the air,
And fleemed Flora from every bank and buſs,
Through the ſupport of auſtere Eolus.

Aft

After that I the longſome winter night
Had lien waking in my bed alone;
Through heavy thought that no way ſleep I might
Remembering of divers things by-gone.
So up I roſe and clothed me anone:
By this fair Titan with his beams light,
Over the world had ſpread his banner bright.

With cloke and hood I dreſſed me belive
With double ſhoes and mittans on my hands,
Albeit the air was right penetrative,
Yet ſure I forth, lanching o'er thro' the lands
Toward the ſea, to ſport me on the ſands;
Becauſe unbloomed was both-bank and bray;
And ſo as I was paſſing by the way,
I met dame Flora in dole-weed diſaguis'd,
Which into May was dulce and delectable,
With ſturdy ſtorms her ſweerneſs was ſurpris'd:
Her heavenly hews were turned into ſable,
Which ſometime were to lovers amiable:
Fled from the froſt the tender flowers I ſaw,
Under dame natures mantle lurking law.

The ſmall-fowls in flocks ſaw I flee,
To nature making lamentation:
They lighted down beſide me on a tree:
Of their complaint I had compaſſion,
And with a piteous lamentation,
They ſaid, bleſſed be ſummer with thy flowers,
And waried be thou winter with thy ſhowers.

Alas, Aurora, the ſilly lark can cry,
Where haſt thou left thy balmy liquor ſweet
That us rejoic'd, we mounting in the ſky?
Thy ſilver drops are turned into ſleet.
O fary Phœbus, where is thy wholeſome heat?
Why ſuffereſt thou thy heavenly pleaſant face,
With miſty vapours be obſcur'd? alas!

Why art thou May with June thy ſiſter ſheen,
Well bordered with deſires of delight?
And gentle July with thy mantle green,
Embalmed with roſes both red and white?
How old and cold January in deſpite,
Reaves from us all paſtime and pleaſure;
Alas! what gentle heart can this endure?

Overſyled

Overſyled with the clouds odious,
Was the golden ſkies of the orient:
Changing in ſorrow ſongs melodious,
Which we had wont to ſing with good intent,
Reſounding to the heavens firmament;
But now our day is changed into night.
With that they roſe, and flew out of my ſight.
Penſive in heart, paſſing full ſoberly,
Unto the ſea forward I paſt anone;
The ſea was out, the ſand was ſmooth and dry,
Then up and down I muſed mine alone,
Till that I ſpy'd a little cave of ſtone,
High in a craig, upward I did approach,
Without ſtaying, and clamb up to the roch.
And purpoſed for paſſing of the time,
Me to defend from otioſity,
With pen and paper to regiſtrate in rhime,
Some merry matter of antiquity:
But idleneſs, ground of iniquity,
She made ſo dull my ſpirits me within,
That I knew not at what end to begin.
But ſate ſtill in that cave, where I might ſee
The waltering of the waves up and down;
And this falſe world's inſtability,
Unto the ſea making compariſon,
And of this wretched world's variation;
To them that fixes all their whole intent,
Conſidering who moſt had, ſhould moſt repent.
So with my hood I happed me full warm;
And in my cloke I folded both my feet;
I thought my corps with cold ſhould take no harm,
My mittens held my hands full well in heat,
The couling rock me covered from the ſleet,
There ſtill did I ſit my bones for to reſt,
Till Morpheus with ſleep my ſpirit oppreſt.
So through the boiſterous blaſt of Æolus,
And through my waking on the night before:
And through the ſeas moving marvellous,
By *Neptunus* with many a rout and roar,
Conſtrained was to ſleep withoutten more,
And what I dreamed in concluſion,
I ſhall you tell a moſt marvellous viſion.

The Dream of Sir DAVID LINDSAY.

Thought a lady of portraiture perfite,
Did ſalute me with benign countenance;
And I which of her preſence had delight,
To her again made humble reverence,
And her demanded, ſaving her pleaſure,
What was her name? She anſwered courteouſly.
Dame Remembrance, ſaid ſhe, called am I.
Which come now am for paſtime and for pleaſure,
Of thee, and for to bear thee company;
Becauſe I ſee thy ſpirit without meaſure,
So ſore perturbed by melancholy:
Cauſing thy corps to wax both cold and dry,
Therefore get up, and go anone with me.
So were we both in twinkling of an eye.
Down through the earth in midſt of the center,
Ere e'er I wiſt, into the loweſt hell:
And in that curſed cave when we did enter,
Youting and youling we heard with many a yell,
In flames of fire right furious and fell,
Was crying many careful creature,
Blaſpheming God, and warying Nature.
There ſaw we divers popes and emperors,
Without recover many careful king.
There ſaw we many wrongous conquerors,
Withoutten right reavers of others reigns:
The men of kirk lay bonden into bings.
There ſaw we many careful cardinal,
And arch-biſhops in their pontifical.
Proud and perverſe prelates out of number,
Priors, abbots, and falſe flattering friers;
To ſpecify them all it were a cumber,
Regular chanons, churl monks and chatterers,
Curious clerks, and prieſts ſeculars,
There was ſome ſort of each religion,
In holy kirk which did abuſion.
Then I demanded dame Remembrance,
The cauſe of theſe prelates punition?
She ſaid, The cauſe of their unhappy chance,

Was covetous luſt and ambition,
The which now makes them lack fruition
Of God, and here eternally muſt dwell,
Into this painful poiſoned pit of hell.
And they did not inſtruct the ignorant,
Provoking them to penitence by preaching:
But ſerved worldly princes inſolent,
And were promoved with their feigned fleeching,
Not for their ſcience, wiſdom, nor their teaching.
By Simonie was their promotion,
More for deniers, than for devotion.
Another cauſe of the punition
Of theſe unhappy prelates imprudent,
They made not equal diſtribution
Of holy kirk patrimony, nor rent;
But temporally they have it all miſpent,
Which ſhould have been triparted into three;
Firſt, to uphold the kirk in honeſty.
The ſecond part to ſuſtain their eſtates.
The third part to be given to the poors;
But they diſpone their goods all other gates,
On carts and dice, on harlotry and whores.
Thoſe catives took no cure of their cures,
Their church ruin, their ladies cleanly cled,
And richly ruled both in boord and bed.
Their baſtard bairns proudly they provided,
The kirk goods largely they did on them ſpend;
In their default their ſubdites were miſguided,
And counted not their God for to offend,
Which caus'd them lack grace at the latter end.
Ruling that rout, I ſaw in cups of braſs,
Simon Magus, and biſhop Cajaphas.
Biſhop Annas, and the traitor Judas,
Mahomet that prophet poiſonable:
Core, Dathan and Abiram there was,
Hereticks we ſaw innumerable,
It was a ſight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into the flames fleeting,
With careful cries, ſore groaning and weeping.
Religious men were puniſht painfully,
For vain glory and diſobedience,
Breaking their conſtitution wilfully:

ving their over-men in reverence,
ow their rule they took no diligence;
ully they uſed property,
the bounds of wilful poverty.
ſore weeping, with voices lamentable,
ried loud, O emperor Conſtantine,
y wite thy poſſeſſion poiſonable,
our great punition and pain;
your purpoſe was to a good fine,
aniſht from us true devotion,
ſuch eye to our promotion.
e we beheld a den full dolorous,
that princes and lords temporal
ruciate with pains rigorous.
expream their pains in ſpecial,
exceed all my memorial;
ible pain they had but comforting;
lood royal made them no ſupporting.
cative king for cruel oppreſſion,
her ſome for their wrongous conqueſs,
ondemned they and their ſucceſſion,
or public adultery and inceſt,
ffered people ne'er to live in reſt,
ed ſo in pleaſure ſenſual,
ſore their pain was there perpetual.
was the curſed emperor Nero,
y vice the horrible veſſel
e was Pharoah, with many princes mo,
ſors of the children of Iſrael,
with many mo than I can tell,
Pilate was there hanged by the heels,
njuſt judges, for their ſentence falſe.
s, marqueſſes, earls, barrons and knights,
eir princes was puniſht painfully,
ant they ware of their uprights,
d we went, and let theſe lords ly,
where ladies lamentably,
ad lions were carefully crying,
e of fire right furiouſly frying.
reſſes, queens, and ladies of honour,
lutcheſs, and counteſs full of care,
ierſt mine heart theſe tender creatures,

So pined in that pit full of deſpair,
Plunged in pain with many ruthful rare,
Some for their pride, ſome for adultery,
And for their tyſing of men to lechery.
Some had been cruel and malicious,
Some for making of wrongous heretors.
For to rehearſe their lives vicious,
It were a great ſtay to the auditors.
Of lechery they were the very lures,
With their prevocative impudicity,
Brought many a man to infelicity.
Some women for their puſilanimity,
O'er-ſet with ſhame they did them never ſhrive,
Of ſecret ſins done into quiety,
And ſome repented never in their life,
Withoutten ruth theſe ruffians did them reive
Rigorouſly without any compaſſion,
Great was their dole and lamentation.
That we were made they cry'd full oft, alas!
Thus tormented with pains intollerable
We minded not when we had time and ſpace,
But took in earth our luſts delectable;
Wherefore with fiends ugly and horrible,
We are condemned for evermore, alas!
Eternally withoutten hope of grace.
Where is the meat and drink delicious,
With which we fed our careful carions:
Gold, ſilver, ſilk, and pearls precious,
Our riches, rents, and our poſſeſſions,
Withoutten hope of our remiſſions.
Alas! our pains they are inſufferable,
And our torments to count innumerable.
Then we beheld where many a thouſand
Common people lay flightering in the fire:
Of every ſtate there was a bailful band.
There might been ſeen many a ſorrowful ſire,
Some for envy ſuffered, and ſome for ire;
And ſome for lack of reſtitution;
Of wrongous goods without remiſſion.
Menſworn merchants for their wrongous wining
Heurders of gold, and common uſerers:
Falſe men of law in cautels right cunning;

Thieves,

Thieves, reavers, and publick oppreſſers;
Some part there were of unkeal labourers,
Craftſmen there ſaw we out of number;
Of each ſort to declare, it were a cumber.
Alſo longſome for me is to indite,
Of this priſon the pains in ſpecial:
The heat, the cold, the dolor and deſpite,
Wherefore I ſpeak of them in general.
That doleful den, that furnace infernal,
Whoſe reward is to rew without remead,
Ever dying, and never to be dead.
Hunger and thirſt inſtead of meat and drink,
And for their clothing, tades and ſcorpions:
The dark manſion is tapiſſed with ſtink,
They ſee nothing but horrible viſions:
They have but ſcorns and deriſions,
Of foul fiends, and blaſphemations.
Their feeling is importable paſſions.
For melody, miſerable mourning;
There was no ſolace, but dolor infinite,
In bailful beds bitterly burning,
With ſobing, ſighing, ſorrow, and with ſpite;
Their conſciences their hearts did ſo bite:
To hear them flyte, it was a cauſe of care,
So in deſpite plunged into deſpair.
A little above that dolorous dungeon,
We entered into a country full of care,
Where that we ſaw many a legion,
Weeping and howling with many a ruthful rair:
What place is that, ſaid I, of bliſs ſo bare?
She anſwered, and ſaid Purgatory,
Which purgeth ſouls ere they can come to glory.
I ſee no pleaſure here, but meikle pain:
Wherefore, ſaid I, leave we this ſort in thrall,
I purpoſe never to come here again.
But yet I do believe, and ever ſhall,
That the true kirk can no ways err at all;
Such things to be, as clerks do conclude,
Albeit my hope ſtands moſt in Chriſt's blood.
Above that, in the third priſon anone,
We entered in a place of perdition,
Where *many babes* were making dreary moan,

Becauſe they lacked the fruition
Of God, which was the great punition
Of baptiſm, they lacked the enſenyie,
Upward we went, and left that mirthleſs menyie.
Into a vault above that place of pain,
Unto the which but ſojourn we aſcended,
That was the limb in the which did remain
Our fore-fathers, becauſe Adam offended,
Eating the fruit the which was ſo offended,
Many a year they dwelt in that dungeon,
With darkneſs and with deſolation.
Then through the earth of nature cold and dry,
Glad to eſcape thoſe places perilous;
We haſted us right wonder ſpeedily,
Yet we beheld the ſecret marvellous,
Of mines of gold and ſtones precious:
Of ſilver, and every fine metal,
Which to declare, it were too long to dwell.
Up through the water ſhortly we intended,
Which environs earth withoutten doubt;
Then thro' the air ſhortly we aſcended,
His regions through beholding in and out,
Which earth and water cloſed round about.
Syne ſhortly upward through the fire we went,
Which was the higheſt and hoteſt element.
When we had all the elements overpaſt,
That is to ſay, earth, water, air and fire,
Upward we went withoutten any reſt,
To ſee the heavens was our moſt deſire:
But ere we might win to the heaven's empire,
It behoved us to paſs the way full even,
Up through the ſpheres of the planets ſeven.
Firſt to the moon, and viſit all her ſphere,
Queen of the ſea, and beauty of the night,
Of nature moiſt and cold, and nothing clear,
For of herſelf ſhe hath none other light,
But the reflex of Peœbus beams ſo bright,
The twelve ſigns ſhe paſſeth round about,
In eight and twenty days withoutten doubt.
Then we aſcended to Mercurius,
Which poets call the god of eloquence:
Right doctor-like with terms delicious,

a art expert, and full of ſapience.
t was pleaſure to pauſe on his prudence;
Painters and poets are ſubject to his cure,
And hot and dry he is of his nature.
Alſo as cunning aſtrologers ſays,
He doth compleat his courſe naturally,
n three hundred and eight and thirty days,
Then upward we aſcended haſtily
To fair Venus, where ſhe right luſtily
Was ſet into a ſeat of ſilver ſheen,
That fair freſh goddeſs, that luſty love's queen.
They pierc'd mine heart her blinks amorous,
Albeit that ſometime ſhe is changeable;
With countenance, and chearful colorous,
Sometime right pleaſant, glad and delectable;
Sometime conſtant, and ſometime variable;
Yet her beauty reſplendent as the fire,
Swages the wrath of Mars that god of ire.
This pleaſant planet, if I can right deſcrive,
She is bo h hot and moiſt of her nature:
This is the cauſe ſhe is prevocative
To all them that are ſubject to her cure
To Venus' works ſo that they may endure,
And ſhe compleat her courſes natural,
n twelve months without any fail.
Then paſt we to the ſphere of Phoebus bright,
That luſty lamp and lanthern of the heaven:
And gladder of the ſtars with his clear light,
And principal of all the planets ſeven,
And ſet in midſt of them all full even,
As roy royal rolling into his ſphere,
Full pleaſantly into his golden chair.
Whoſe influence and virtue excellent,
Giveth the life to every earthly thing:
Which prince of every planet precellent,
Doth foſter flowers, and cauſeth herbs to ſpring
Thro' the cold earth, and cauſeth birds to ſing:
Alſo his regular reigning in the heaven,
Is juſt under the zodiac full even.
For to deſcrive his diadem royal,
Bordered about with ſtones ſhining full bright:
His golden cart or throne imperial,

The four ſteeds that draweth it full right.
I leave to poets, becauſe I have no ſlight:
But of his nature he is hot and dry,
Compleating in one year his courſe truly.
Then up to Mars in by we haſted us,
Wonder hot, and dryer than the thunder,
His face flaming as fire furious,
His boaſt and brag more awful than an hunder,
Made all the heaven moſt like to ſhake aſunder:
Who would behold his countenance and fear,
Might call him well the god of men of wear.
With choler red, and look malicious,
Right choleric of his complexion,
Auſtere, angry, ſoure and ſeditious,
Principal cauſe of the deſtruction
Of many good and noble region,
Were not Venus his ire doth mitigate,
This world of peace would be right deſolate.
The god of grief withoutten ſojourning,
In years two his courſe he doth compleat.
Then paſt we up where Jupiter the king,
Sat in his ſphere right amiable and ſweet,
Complexionate with moiſtneſs and with heat.
That pleaſant prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
Provoked peace, and baniſhed debate.
The old poets by ſuperſtition,
Held Jupiter the father principal
Of all theſe gods, in concluſion,
Of his prerogative in ſpecial,
And by his virtues into general,
To old Saturn he maketh reſiſtance,
When in his malice he would work vengeance.
Thus Jupiter withoutten ſojourning,
Paſſeth through all the twelve ſigns full even
In years twelve: Then without tarrying,
We paſt into the higheſt of the ſeven,
To Saturnus, which troubleth all the heavens;
With heavy chear, and colour pale as lead,
In him we ſaw but dolor to the dead.
And cold and dry is he of his nature,
Foul like an owl, of evil condition,
Right unpleaſant he is of portraiture,

His intoxicate diſpoſition,
It puts all things in perdition:
Ground of ſickneſs and melancholius
Perverſe and poor, both falſe and envious.
His quality I cannot love but lack,
As for this moving natural but weer,
About the ſigns of all the Zodiack,
He doth compleat his courſe in thirty year:
And ſo we left him in his froſty ſphere:
Upward we did aſcend incontinent,
But reſt, till we came to the firmament.
The which was fixed full of ſtars bright,
Of figure round, right pleaſant and perfite:
Whoſe influence and right excellent right,
And whoſe number cannot be put in write,
Yet cunning clerks do naturally indite,
How he doth end his courſe withoutten weer,
In the ſpace of an hundred and thirty year.
Then the ninth ſphere and mover principal,
Of all the reſt, we viſit all the heaven,
Whoſe daily motion is continual,
Both firmament and all the planets ſewen,
From eaſt to weſt making them go full even,
Into the ſpace of four and twenty years;
Yet by the mind of the aſtronomers.
The ſeven planets into their proper ſpheres,
From eaſt to weſt they move naturally:
Some ſwift, ſome ſlow, as to their kind effears,
As I have ſhown before eſpecially:
Whoſe motion cauſeth continually,
Right melodious harmony and ſound,
And all thro' moving of theſe planets round.
Then mounted we with right fervent deſire,
Up through the heavens called the cryſtalline;
And ſo we entered into the heavens empire,
Which to deſcrive it paſſeth mine engine,
Where God into his holy throne divine,
Reigns in his glory ineſtimable,
With angels clear which are innumerable.
In order nine theſe ſpirits glorious
Are divided, the which excellently,
Making loving with ſound melodious;

Seeing Sanctus right wonder fervently.
These orders nine they are full pleasantly.
Divided into hierarchies three,
And three orders in every hierarchie.
The lowest order are the angels bright,
As messengers to this low region:
The second order's arch-angel full of might,
Virtues, potestats, principats of renown.
The sixth is called domination:
The seventh thronus, the eighth high cherubin,
The ninth and highest called Seraphin;
And next unto the blessed Trinity,
In his triumphant throne imperial,
Three into One, and one substance in Three,
Whose indivisible essence eternal,
The rude ingine of mankind is too small
To comprehend; whose power infinite,
And divine nature, no creature can write.
So mine ingine is not sufficient,
For to treat of his high divinity:
All mortal men are insufficient
To consider these three in unity.
Such subtle matter I must needs let be,
To study on my creed it were full fair,
And let doctors of such matters declare.
Then we beheld the blest humanity
Of Christ sitting upon his seat royal,
At the right hand of the Divinity:
With an excellent court celestial,
Whose exercition continual
Was in loving their Prince with reverence,
And on this wise they keeped ordinance.
Next to the throne we saw the Queen of queen
Well-companied with ladies of delight;
Sweet was the song of these blessed virgins,
No mortal man their solace may endite,
The angels bright innumerable infinite,
Every order into their own degree,
Were officers unto the Deity.
Patriarchs and prophets honourable,
Collateral counsellers in his consistory:
Evangelists, Apostles venerable,

Were captains unto the king of glory.
Which chiftain-like had won the victory,
Of that triumphant court celeſtial:
Saint Peter was lieutenant general.
The martyrs were as noble ſtalwart knights
Diſcomfiters of cruel battles three,
The fleſh, the world, the fiend and all their mights,
Confeſſors, doctors in divinity,
As chappel clerks unto his Deity;
And laſt we ſaw infinite multitude,
Making ſervice unto his Celſitude.
Which by the high divine permiſſion.
Felicity they had invariable,
And of his God-head clear cognition,
And compleat peace they had interminable;
Their glore and honor was inſeparable:
That pleaſant place repleat of pulchritude,
Unmeaſurable it was of magnitude.
There is plenty of all pleaſures perfect,
And clear brightneſs without obſcurity,
Withoutten dolor, vulcor and delite;
Withoutten rancour, perfect charity;
Withoutten hunger, ſatiability:
O happy are the ſouls predeſtinate,
When ſoul and body ſhall be glorificate.
Theſe marvellous mirths for to declare
By arithmetick, they are innumerable:
The portraiture of that palace perclare,
By geometry it is unmeaſurable,
By rhetorick alſo inpronounceable;
There is no ears may hear, nor eyes may ſee,
Nor heart may think this their felicity
Wherefore ſhould I preſume for to endite,
The which ſaint Paul, that doctor ſapient,
Cannot expreſs, nor into paper write,
The high excellent work indeficient,
And perfect pleaſures ever permanent,
In preſence of that mighty king of glore,
Which was, and is, and ſhall be evermore.
At Remembrance I humbly did deſire,
If I might in that pleaſure ſtill remain.
Said ſhe, againſt reaſon is thy deſire,

Wherefore,

Wherefore, my friend, thou muſt return again
Into the world, where thou muſt ſuffer pain,
And thole the death with cruel pains ſore,
Ere thou begin to reign with him in glore.
Then we returned, ſore againſt my will,
Down through the ſpheres of the heavens clear:
Her commandment behov'd I to fulfil,
With ſorry heart wot ye, withoutten weer,
I would full fain have ſtayed there all year;
But ſhe ſaid to me, there is no remead,
Ere thou remaineſt here firſt thou muſt be dead.
Said I, I pray you heartily, madame,
Since that we have ſuch contemplation
Of heavenly pleaſures; yet ere we paſs hame,
Let us have ſome conſideration
Of earth, and her ſituation.
She anſwered and ſaid, That ſhall be done.
So were we brought into the air full ſoon:
Where we might ſee the earth all at one ſight,
But like a mote ſo it appear'd to me,
In the reſpect of the heavens bright.
I have marvel, ſaid I, how this may be,
The earth it ſeems of a ſmall quantity?
The leaſt ſtar fixed in the firmament,
Is more than all the earth, by my judgment.
Said ſhe, ſon, thou haſt ſhown the verity,
The ſmalleſt ſtar fixt in the firmament,
Indeed is of a greater quantity
Than all the earth, after the intent
Of the wiſe and cunning clerks ſapient.
What quantity is then the earth, ſaid I?
That ſhall I ſhow, ſaid ſhe, to thee ſhortly.
After the naked of the aſtronomers,
And ſpecially the author of the ſphere,
And other divers great philoſophers,
The quantity of the earth circular,
Is fifty thouſand leagues withoutten weer,
Seven hundred and fifty and one mo,
Dividing ay one league in miles two:
And every mile in eight ſtades divided,
Each ſtade an hundred pace twenty and five:
A pace five foot, who would them right divide;

A foot four palm, as I can right deſcrive:
A palm four inch: and whoſo would believe
The circuit of the earth paſs round about,
Muſt be conſidered in this wiſe, no doubt.
Suppoſe that there were no impediment,
But that the earth but peril were and plain,
Then that a perſon were right diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certain,
He might paſs round about, and come again
In four years, and fifteen weeks, and days two,
Go read the author, and thou ſhalt find it ſo.

The Diviſion of the Earth.

THEN certainly ſhe took me by the hand,
And ſaid, my ſon, come on thy way with me.
And ſo ſhe made me clearly underſtand,
How that the earth divided was in three.
In Africa, Europe and Aſia,
After the mind of the Coſmographours;
That is to ſay, the two world's deſcriptures,
Firſt, Aſia is contained in the orient,
And is well more than both the other twain:
Africa and Europe in the occident.
And are divided by the ſea certain,
And that is called the ſea Mediterran,
Which at the ſtrait of Marock hath entry,
That is between Spanyie and Barbarie.
Toward the ſouth weſt lieth Africa;
On the north-weſt Europe doth ſtand,
And all the eaſt containeth Aſia,
On this wiſe is divided the firm land.
It were meikle for me to take in hand
Theſe regions to declare in ſpecial,
Yet ſhall I ſhow their names in general,
In many divers famous regions,
Is divided this part of Aſia,
Well pleniſht with cities, towers and towns,
The great Inde and Meſopotamia,
Pentapolis, Perſia, and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabie.

Sydon,

Sydon, Judea, and Paleſtina,
Upper Scythia, Jure and Galilee,
Aypheria, Bactria and Paleſtina,
Hircania, Gampegina and Samaria,
In little Aſia ſtands Galatie,
Pamphilia, Iſauria and Lede,
Rhegia, Arthuſia, Aſſyria and Mede.
Secondly, we conſidered Africa,
With many fruitful famous regions,
As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
Zeuges, where ſtandeth that triumphant town,
Of noble Carthage, that city of renown,
Garamentes, Napaber and Lybia,
Egypt alſo and Mauritania.
Fez, with Numidie, and Tingitane,
Of Africa, theſe are the principal.
Then Europe we conſidered in certain,
Whoſe regions ſhortly rehearſe I ſhall:
Theſe principal I find above them all,
Which are Spanyie, Italy and France;
Whoſe ſub regions were meikle to advance.
Neither Scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
Auſtria, Hiſtria, and Pannonia;
Denmark, Gothland, Grunland, and Almanie;
Pole, Hungary, Boem, Norica, Rhetica,
Helvetia, and divers countries ma.
Alſo in four divided is Italie,
Tuſcane, Hetruria, Naples and Cumpanie.
And ſub-divided ſundry other ways
As Lumbardie, Venice and other ma,
Calaber, Romanes, and Genoways
In Greece, Epirus and Dalmatia,
Theſſalia, Africa and Illyria,
Achaia, Beotica and Macedon,
Arcadie, Pierie, and Lacedemon,
And France we ſaw divided into three,
Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane;
And ſub-divided in Flanders, Picardy,
Normandy, Gaſcoign, Burgundy and Bretagne;
And other divers Dutcheries in certain,
The which were too long for to declare:
Wherefore of them as now I ſpeak no mare.

In Spanyie lies Caſtile and Arragone,
Navar, Galice, Portugal, and Granate.
Then ſaw we famous iſles many one,
Which in the ocean ſea were ſituate,
Them to deſcrive my wits were deſolate;
Of Coſmography I am not ſo expert,
For I did never ſtudy in that art.
Yet I ſhall ſome of their names declare,
As Madagaſcar, Gades, and Tapreban,
And other divers iſles both good and fair,
Situate into the ſea Miditerran;
As Cyper, Caddie, Corſica and Saban,
Crete, Abydos, Thoes and Sicilia,
Tapius, Eolie, and many others ma.
Who would at length hear the deſcription
Of every iſle, as well as the firm land,
And property of every region,
To ſtudy and to read muſt take in hand,
All the authentick works to underſtand
Of Plinius and worthy Ptolemie,
Who were expert into Coſmographie.
There ſhall they find the names and properties
Of every iſle, and each region;
Then I enquired of earthly paradiſe,
Of the which Adam loſt poſſeſſion:
Then ſhewed ſhe me the ſituation
Of that precelling place full of delite,
Whoſe properties were long for to endite.

Of Paradiſe.

THIS paradiſe of all pleaſures perfect,
Situate I ſaw into the orient:
That glorious earth of every flower doth fleet,
The luſty lilies, and roſes redolent,
Freſh wholeſome fruits indeficient.
Both herb and tree there groweth ever green,
Through virtue of the temperate air ſerene.
The ſweet wholeſome aromatick odors,
Proceeding from the herbs medicinal:
The heavenly hew of thoſe fragrant flowers

It was a ſight wonder celeſtial.
The perfection to ſhow in ſpecial,
And joys of the region divine,
Of mankind it exceedeth the ingine.
And eke ſo high in ſituation,
Surmounting the mid region of the air:
Where no manner of perturbation
Of weather may aſcend ſo high as there.
For floods flowing from a fountain fair,
As Tygres, Ganges. Euphrates and Nile,
Which in the eaſt tranſcurreth many a mile.
The country cloſed is about full right,
With walls high of hot and burning fire,
And ſtraitly keeped by an angel bright.
Since the departing of Adam our grandſyr,
Which through his crime incurred God's ire,
And of that place loſt the poſſeſſion,
Both for himſelf and his ſucceſſion.
When this loveſome lady Remembrance,
All [illegible] foreſaid, had caus'd me underſtand,
I prayed her of her benevolence,
To ſhow me the country of Scotland,
Well ſon, ſaid ſhe, that ſhall I take in hand:
So ſuddenly ſhe brought me in certain,
Even juſt above the broad iſle of Britain.
Which ſtandeth north-weſt into the ocean ſea,
And divided into famous regions two:
The ſouth part England a full rich countrie,
Scotland the north, with many iſles mo,
By weſt England, Ireland doth ſtand alſo,
Whoſe properties I will not take in hand
To ſhow at length, but only of Scotland.

Of the Realm of Scotland.

WHICH after my ſimple intendment,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I ſhall declare the truth and veriment:
As I beſt can, and into terms ſhort,
Wherefore effectually I you exhort,
Albeit my writing be not to advance,
Yet where I fail, excuſe mine ignorance.

When that I had o'erſeen this region,
The which of nature is both good and fair;
I did propone a little queſtion,
Beſeeching her the ſame for to declare,
What is the cauſe our bounds been ſo bare,
Said I, or what doth move our miſery?
Or wherefrom doth proceed our poverty?
For through the ſupport of your high prudence,
Of Scotland I perceive the properties:
Alſo conſider by experience,
Of this country the great commodities;
Firſt, the abundance of fiſhes in our ſeas,
And fruitful mountains for our beſtial,
And for our corn full many luſty vale.
The rich rivers pleaſant and profitable,
The luſty lochs with fiſhes of ſundry kinds;
Hunting, hawking, for nobles convenable,
Forreſts full of doe, roe, harts and hinds,
The freſh fountains whoſe wholſome cryſtal ſtrands
Refreſhing ſo the flouriſhing green meads,
So lack we nothing that to nature needs.
Of every metal we have the rich mines,
Both gold, and ſilver, and ſtones precious;
Albeit we lack the ſpices and the wines,
Or other ſtrange fruits delicious,
We have as good, and more needful for us:
Meat, drink, fire, cloaths might there be caus'd abound
Which elſe is not into the map found.
More fairer men, nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more ſtrength, great deeds for to endure:
Wherefore I pray you, that you would define
The principal cauſe wherefore we are ſo poor?
For I marvel greatly, I you aſſure,
Conſidering the people and the ground
That riches ſhould not in this realm abound.
My ſon, ſaid ſhe, by my diſcretion,
I ſhall make anſwer, as I underſtand:
I ſay to thee, under confeſſion,
The fault is not, I dare well take in hand,
Neither unto the people, nor the land.
As for the land, it lacks none other thing
But *labour*, and the people's governing.

Then wherein lies our inprosperity.
Said I, I pray you heartfully, madam,
You shall declare to me the verity?
Or who shall bear of our barren the blame?
For, by my truth, to see I think great shame,
So pleasant people, and so fair a land,
And so few virtuous deeds taken in hand.
Said she, I shall after my small judgment,
Declare some causes into general;
And into terms short show mine intent,
And then transcend into more special,
So this is my conclusion final,
Lacking of justice, policy and peace,
Are cause of this unhappiness, alas!
It is difficile riches to encrease,
Where policy maketh no residence:
And policy may never have entress,
But where that justice did its diligence,
To punish where there may be found offence.
Justice may not have domination,
But where peace maketh habitation.
What is the cause then would I understand,
That we should lack justice and policy,
More than doth France, Italy, or England?
Madam, said I, show me the verity,
Since we have many laws in this country,
Why lack we of laws exercition,
Why would put justice to execution?
Wherein doth stand our principal remead?
Or who may make amends for this mischief?
Said she, I find the fault into the head;
For they in whom doth ly our whole relief
I find them root and ground of all our grief;
For when the heads they were not diligent,
The members must of needs be negligent.
So I conclude, the causes principal
Of all the troubles of this nation,
Are in the princes into special,
The which have the gubernation,
And of the people domination:
Whose continual exercition
Should be in justice execution

when the ſlothful herd doth ſlug and ſleep,
g no care in keeping of his flock:
would go ſearch among ſuch herds ſheep,
ible find many poor ſcabbed crock:
going wild at large withoutten lock,
Lupus comes, and Laurence in a ling,
vithout ruth the ſilly ſheep down thring.
the good herd wakrife and diligent,
ſo that all the flock are ruled right,
noſe whiſſel are all obedient.
f the wolves do come by day or night
to devore, then they are put to flight,
d and ſlain by their well-daunted dogs,
e they ſure both of ews, lambs and hogs.
I conclude through the negligence
ir fatuate heads inſolent,
iſe of all this realm's indigence,
h in juſtice have not been diligent;
good counſel diſobedient,
ig ſmall eye unto the common weal,
the ſingular profit every deal.
when theſe wolves by oppreſſion,
poor people but pity do oppreſs,
ſhould the princes make punition,
cauſe theſe rebels for to make redreſs,
riches might by policy increaſe:
ight difficile it were to make remead,
that the fault is ſo into the head.

Complaint of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

D thus as we were walking to and fro,
We ſaw a boiſterous beern come o'er the bent,
orſe, on foot as faſt as he might go,
ſe raiment was all ragged, torn and rent,
viſage lean, as he had faſted Lent:
forward faſt his way he did advance,
a right melancholius countenance.
ith ſcrip on hip, and pike-ſtaff in his hand,
had purpoſed to paſs from hame:
I, good man, I would fain underſtand,
it you pleaſe, to ſhow what were your name?
he, *my ſon*, of that I think great ſhame?

But ſince ye would of my name have a feel.
Forſooth they call me *John* the *Common-weal*,
Sir *Common-weal*, who hath you ſo diſguiſed?
Said I, or what makes you ſo miſerable?
I have marvel to ſee you ſo ſurpriſed,
The which that I have ſeen ſo honorable:
To all the world you have been profitable,
And well honor'd in every nation:
How happens now your tribulation?
Alas! ſaid he, thou ſeeſt how it doth ſtand
With me, and how I am diſcheriſhed,
Of all my grace, and muſt paſs from Scotland,
And go where I before was cheriſhed,
Remain I here, I am but periſhed,
For there are few to me that taketh tent,
Which makes me go thus ragg'd, riven and rent.
My tender friends are all paſt to the flight,
For policy is fled again in France:
My ſiſter Juſtice almoſt hath loſt her ſight,
That ſhe cannot hold rightly the ballance,
Plain wrong is captain of the ordinance,
The which debarreth lawty and reaſon,
And ſmall remead is found for open treaſon.
Into the ſouth, alas! I was near ſlain,
O'er all the land I could find no relief:
Almoſt between the Mers and Lochmabane,
I could not know a leel man by a thief.
To ſhow their reef, theft, murder and miſchief,
And vicious works, it would infect the air,
Alſo too longſome for me to declare.
Into the Highland I coul! find no remead,
But ſuddenly I was put to exile:
Thoſe ſweer ſwingers they took of me no heed,
Nat among them let me remain a while.
Alſo in the out-iſles, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, ſweerneſs, falſhood, poverty and ſtrife,
But Policy in danger of her life.
In the Law-land I came to ſeek refuge,
And purpos'd there to make my reſidence:
But ſingular profit caus'd me ſoon diſlodge,
And did me great injuries and offence:
And ſaid to me, Scon, harlot hie thee hence,

n this country ſee thou take no cures,
ng as mine authority endures.
d now I may no longer make debate,
know not to whom I ſhould me mean:
have ſought all the ſpiritual ſtate,
h took no count for to hear me complain:
officers they held me at diſdain,
imony he rules up all that rout,
Covetice that churl caus'd bar me out.
de hath chaſed from them humility,
tion is fled unto the friers;
al pleaſure hath baniſht chaſtity:
of religion they go like ſeculers,
ng more count in telling their deniers,
they do of their conſtitution:
are we blinded by ambition.
r gentle-men are all degenerate:
ality and lawty both are loſt,
covetice with lords laureat;
itly courage turned to brag and boaſt;
ivil war miſguideth every hoſt:
is nought elſe, but each man for himſelf,
makes me go thus baniſht like an elf.
erefore adieu, I make no longer tarry:
vel, ſaid I, and with ſaint John to borrow:
ot ye well mine heart was wondrous ſory.
Common-weal ſo ſopped was in ſorrow.
fter the night commeth the glad morrow;
efore, I pray you, ſhow me in certain,
that you purpoſe for to come again?
at queſtion it ſhall ſoon be decided,
e, there ſhall no Scot have comforting
until I ſee the country guided
iſdom of a good and prudent king,
a ſhall delight him moſt above all thing,
t juſtice to execution,
n ſtrong traytors make punition.
yet to thee I ſay another thing.
right well that proverb is full true,
the realm that hath too young a king.
that he turn'd his back and ſaid, Adieu.
firth and fell right faſt from me he flew:

Whoſe departing to me was diſpleaſand.
With that Remembrance took me by the hand.
And ſoon I thought ſhe brought me to the roch,
And to the cave where I began to ſleep;
With that a ſhip did ſpeedily approach,
Full pleaſantly ſailing upon the deep,
And then did ſlack her ſails, and 'gan to creep
Toward the land, forenent that where I lay;
But wot you well, I got a fellon fray.
All her great cannons ſhe let crack at once,
Down ſtook the ſtreamers from the top caſtel;
They ſpared not the powder nor the ſtones:
They ſhot their boats, and down their anchors fell:
Their mariners they did ſhout and yell;
Then haſtily I ſtart out of my dream,
Half in a fray, and ſpeedily paſt home.
And lightly dined with liſt and appetite,
Then after paſt into an orator,
I took my pen, and there began to write
All the viſion that I have ſhown before.
Sir, of my dream, as now thou gets no more.
But I beſeech God for to ſend thee grace,
To rule thy realm in unity and peace.

The Exhortation to the King's Grace.

SIR, ſince that God of his preordinance,
Hath granted thee to have the governance
Of his people, and created thee a king,
Fail not to print in thy remembrance,
That he will not excuſe thine ignorance,
If thou be careleſs in thy governing;
Wherefore addreſs thee above all other thing,
Of his laws to keep obſervance,
If thou think long in royalty to reign.
Thank him that hath commanded dame Nature,
To paint thee of ſo pleaſant portraitour,
Her gifts they may be clearly on thee known:
To dame Fortune thou needs no procatour,
For ſhe hath largely ſhown on thee her cure,
Her gratitude ſhe hath unto thee ſhown:

An

And ſince that thou muſt reap as thou haſt ſown,
Have all thy hope on God the Creator,
And ask him grace, that thou mayſt be his own.
And then conſider thy vocation,
That for to have the gubernation
Of this kingdom thou art predeſtinate.
Thou mayſt well know by true narration,
What ſorrow and what tribulation
Hath been in this poor realm infortunate;
Now comfort them that hath been deſolate,
And of thy people have compaſſion,
Since thou by God art ſo preordinate.
Take manly courage, and leave inſolence,
And uſe counſel of noble dame Prudence:
Ground thee firmly on faith and fortitude;
Draw to the court juſtice and temperance,
And to thy common-wealth have attendance.
And alſo I beſeech thy celſitude,
Hate vicious men, and love them that are good:
And each flatterer thou fleem from thy preſence,
And falſe report out of thy court exclude.
Do equal juſtice both to great and ſmall,
And be example to the people all,
Exerciſing virtuous deeds honorable,
Be not a wretch for ought that may befal;
To that unhappy vice if thou be thral,
To all men thou ſhalt be abominable.
Kings nor knights are never convenable
To rule the people, be they not liberal,
Was never yet no wretch too honorable.
And take example of the wretched ending,
Which made Midas of Thrace, the mighty king,
That to his gods made invocation,
Through greedineſs, that all ſubſtantial thing
That e'er he toucht, ſhould turn but tarrying
Into fine gold; he got his ſupplication;
All that he toucht without delation
Turned into gold, both meat, drink and clothing,
And died for hunger without recreation.
And I beſeech thy majeſty ſerene,
From lechery thou keep thy body clean:
Taſte *never* that intoxicate poiſon;

From that unhappy ſenſual ſin abſtain,
Till that thou get a luſty pleaſant queen,
Then take thy pleaſure with thy benilon:
Take heed how prideful Tarquin loſt his crown,
For the defloring of Lucrece the ſheen,
And was depriv'd and baniſht Rome's town.
And in deſpite of his lecherous living,
The Romans would be ſubject to no king,
Many long years, as ſtories do record,
Till Julius by virtuous governing,
And princely courage 'gan on them to reign,
And choſen of Romans emperor and lord.
Wherefore, my ſovereign, in thy mind remord,
That vicious life makes oft an evil ending,
Except it be by ſpecial grace reſtor'd.
And if thou wouldſt thy fame and honor grew,
Uſe counſel of thy prudent lords trew;
And ſee thou not preſumptuouſly pretend
Thine own particular will for to enſew.
Work with counſel, ſo ſhalt thou never rew.
Remember of thy friends the fatal end,
Which to good counſel would not condeſcend,
Till bitter death, alas! did them purſue.
From ſuch unhap, I pray God thee defend.
And finally, remember thou muſt die,
And ſuddenly paſs from this mortal ſea,
And art not ſicker of thy life two hours:
Since there is none from that ſentence may flee,
King, queen, nor knight, of low eſtate nor hie,
Where are they gone thoſe popes and emperors?
Be they not dead? So ſhall it fare on thee,
Is no remead, ſtrength, riches, and honors.

And ſo with concluſion,
Make you proviſion,
To get the infuſion
Of his high Grace,
Which bled with effuſion,
With ſcorn and deriſion,
And died with confuſion
Confirming your peace.

THE COMPLAINT
OF
R. DAVID LINDSAY, of the Mount, directed to the King's Grace.

R, I beſeech thine excellence,
Hear my complaint with patience:
y dolent heart doth me conſtrain
mine infortune to complain,
beit I ſtand in great doubtance,
hom I ſhould blame of my miſchance,
hether Saturnus cruelty,
igning in my nativity,
bad aſpects which work vengeance,
other heavenly influence;
ff I be predeſtinate,
court to be infortunate,
hich have ſo long in ſervice been,
ntinually with king and queen,
d entered to thy majeſty,
ie day of thy nativity:
herethrough my friends been aſhamed,
id with my foes I am defamed
ing that I am not regarded,
ir with my brethren of court rewarded;
ming my ſlothful negligence,
at ſeeks not for ſome recompence.
hen divers men do me demand,
hy getſt thou not ſome piece of land,
well as other men have gotten?
ien wiſh I to be dead and rotten,
ith ſuch extreme diſcomforting,
at I can make no anſwering.
would ſome wiſe men did me teach,
hether that I ſhould flatter or fleech:
will not flyt, that I conclude,
r crabbing of thy celſitude:
id to flatter, I am defamed;
ck I reward, then am I ſhamed:
t I hope thou ſhalt do as well,
did the father Famel,

Of whom Chriſt maketh mention,
Who for a certain penſion,
Hired men to work in his vineyard:
But who came laſt got firſt reward,
Wherethrough the firſt men were diſpleaſed,
But he them prudently appeaſed:
For though the laſt men firſt were ſerved,
Yet got the firſt what they deſerved.
So am I ſure thy majeſty
Shall once regard me ere I die,
And rub the ruſt off mine engine,
Which is for languor like to tine:
Although I bare not like a bard,
Long ſervice earneth ay reward.
I cannot blame thine excellence,
That I ſo long lack recompenſe;
Had I ſoliſted like the lave,
My reward had not been to crave:
But now I may not underſtand,
A dumb man yet wan never land;
And in the court men gets nothing
Without importunate aſking.
Alas! my ſloth and ſhamefaſtneſs
Debar'd me from all greedineſs;
Greedy men that are diligent,
Right oft do obtain their intent,
And fail not for to conqueſs lands,
And namely at young princes hands.
But I took never no other cure
In ſpecial, but for thy pleaſure:
But now I am no more deſpar'd,
But I ſhall get princely reward.
The which ſhall be to me more glore,
Than them thou didſt reward before.
When men do aſk ought at a king,
Should aſk his grace a noble thing,
To his Excellence honourable,
And to the aſker profitable.
Though I be in mine aſking ſlidder,
I pray thy grace for to conſider,
Thou haſt both made lords and lairds,
And haſt given many rich rewards

which were full far to ſeek,
lay nightly by thy cheek:
ie queen's grace, thy mother,
chancellor, and many other,
ſe, and thine old miſtreſs,
iem all to bear witneſs;
lie Dillie were he alive,
full well he could deſcrive,
a chapman bears his pack.
y Grace upon my back:
ietimes ſtridlings on my neck,
with many bend and beck.
ſyllabs that thou didſt mute,
da-lyne upon the lute.
iid I twenty ſprings perqueer
ere great pleaſure for to hear,
ay thou never let me reſt;
rton thou lik'd ay beſt.
:n thou cameſt from the ſchool,
ehov'd to play the fool:
ength into my dream,
ry ſervice did expream.
it be better, as ſaith the wife,
he court, than good ſervice:
hou lov'ſt me better than,
w ſome wife doth her good-man;
:n to other did record,
ndſay would be made a lord.
ſt made lords, ſir, by St. Gell,
that have not ſerv'd ſo well.
my lords, that do ſtand by,
u ſhow the reaſon why:
all tarry, I ſhall tell
misfortune thus befel:
daily on my knee,
g maſter that I might ſee,
n his eſtate royal,
ower imperial;
uſted I without demand,
omoved to ſome land;
: aſking I got too ſoon,
the *eclipſe* fell in the moon,

The which all Scotland made on ſteer,
Then did my purpoſe run areer,
The which were longſome to declare:
And eke mine heart is wonder fair,
When I have in remembrance,
The ſudden change of my miſchance:
The king was but twenty years of age,
When new rulers came in their rage,
For common weal not taking care,
But for their profit ſingular;
Imprudently like witleſs fools,
They took the young prince from the ſchools,
Where he underſtood obedience,
Was learning virtue and ſcience,
And haſtily put in his hand,
The governance of all Scotland:
As who would in a ſtormy blaſt,
When mariners been all agaſt,
Through danger of the ſea's rage,
Would take a child of tender age,
Which never had been on the ſea,
And to his bidding all obey,
Giving him the whole governal,
To ſhip, merchant, and marinal,
For dread of rocks, and for land,
To put the ruther in his hand:
Without God's grace is no refuge,
If there be danger ye may judge.
I give them to the devil of hell,
That firſt deviſed that counſel;
I will not ſay it was treaſon,
But I dare ſwear is was no reaſon:
I pray God let me ne'er ſee reign
Into this realm ſo young a king.
I may not tarry to decide it,
How then the church a while was guided,
By them that partly took in hand,
To guide the king and all Scotland;
And eke longſome for to declare,
Their facund flattering words fair;
Sir, ſome would ſay, your majeſty
Shall now go to your liberty;

Thou ſhalt to no man be coacted,
Nor to the ſchool no more ſubjected.
We think them very natural fools,
That learn o'er meikle at the ſchools;
Sir, you muſt learn to turn a ſpear,
And guide you like a man of wear:
For we ſhall put ſuch men about you,
That all the world and mo ſhall doubt you.
Then to his Grace they put a guard,
Which haſtily got their reward,
Each man after their quality,
They did ſoliſt his Majeſty.
Some caus'd him revel at the racket,
Some harl'd him to the hurlie hacket.
And ſome to ſhow their courtly corſes,
Would ride to Leith and run their horſes,
And mightily gallop over the ſands,
They neither ſpared ſpur nor wands;
Caſting gammons with bends and becks,
For wantonneſs ſome broke their necks;
There was no play but cards and dice,
And ay Sir Flattery bare the price.
Rounding and rooking one to another,
Take you my part, ſaid he, my brother,
And make between us ſicker bands,
When ought ſhall vaik among our hands,
That each man ſtand to help his fellow;
I hold thereto man, by alhallow,
So you fiſh not within my bounds:
That ſhall I not, by great wounds,
Said he, but rather take thy part.
So ſhall I do, by my heart.
And if the theſaurer be our friend,
Then ſhall we both get tack and tiend:
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,
And we ſhall part the pelf among us.
But haſte us while the king is young,
But let each man keep well his tongue,
And in each quarter have a ſpy,
Us to advertiſe haſtily,
When any caſualities
Shall happen into our countries.

Let us make ſure proviſion,
Ere he come to diſcretion.
No more he knows than doth a ſaint.
What thing it is to have or want:
So ere he come to perfect age,
We ſhall be ſicker of our wage,
And let each carl crave ere ther.
That mouth ſpeak more, ſaid he, my brother;
For, G—d nor I rax in a rope,
Thou might'ſt give counſel to the pope.
Thus labor'd they within few years,
That they became no pages peers:
So haſtily they made a band.
Some gather'd gold, ſome conqueſt land.
Sir, ſome would ſay, by ſaint Denice,
Give to me ſome fat benefice,
And all the profit you ſhall have;
Give me the name, take you the lave.
But by his bulls were well come hame,
To make ſervice he would think ſhame,
Then ſlip away withoutten more,
When he had got what he ſought for,
Methought it was a piteous thing,
To ſee that fair young tender king,
Of whom theſe gallants ſtood no aw,
To play with him pluck at the craw,
They became rich, I you aſſure,
But ay the prince remained poor,
There was few of that garriſon,
That learned him a good leſſon;
But ſome to crack, and ſome to clatter:
Some play'd the fool, and ſome did flatter.
Said one, Devil ſtick me with a knife,
But, ſir, I know a maid in Fife,
One of the luſtieſt wanton laſſes,
Whereto, ſir, by Mary ſhe paſſes.
Hold thy tongue, brother ſaid the other,
I know fairer by fifteen fother;
Sir, when ye pleaſe to Lithgow paſs,
There ſhall ye ſee a luſty laſs.
Now trittle trattle, trow low,
Said the third man, thou doſt but mow,

When his grace comes to fair Stirling,
There ſhall he ſee a days darling,
Sir, ſaid the fourth, take my counſel,
And go all to an high bordel;
There may ye loup at liberty,
Withoutten any gravity.
Thus every man ſaid for himſelf,
And did among them part the pelf,
But I, alas! ere e'er I wiſt,
Was trodden down into the duſt:
With heavy charge withoutten more,
But I knew never yet wherefore;
And haſtily before my face,
Another ſlipped in my place:
Which full lightly got his reward,
And ſtiled was, the antient laird.
That time I might make no defence,
But took perforce in patience;
Praying to ſend them a miſchance
That had the court in governance:
The which againſt me did malign,
Contrair the pleaſure of the king:
For well I know his Grace's mind
Was ever to me true and kind;
And contrair their intention,
Caus'd pay me well my penſion;
Though I a while lacked preſence,
He let me have none indigence.
When I durſt neither peep nor look,
Yet would I hide me in a nook,
To ſee theſe uncouth vanities,
How they like many buſy bees,
Did occupy their golden hours,
With help of theſe new governours;
But my complaint for to compleat,
I got the fowr, and they the ſweet.
And John Macrerie the king's fool.
Got double garments againſt yool.
Yet in his moſt triumphant glore,
For his reward got the glengore;
Now in the court ſeldom he goes,
In dread men tread upon his toes.

As I that time durſt not be ſeen,
In open court for both mine een:
Alas! I have no time to tarry,
To ſhow you all the feery farry,
How theſe that had the governace,
Among themſelves rais'd variance.
And who moſt to my ſkaith conſented,
Within few years full ſore repented,
When they could make no remead,
For they were harl'd out by the head:
And others took the governing,
Well worſe than they in all kind thing.
Thoſe lords took no more regard,
But who might purchaſe beſt reward:
Some of their friends got benefices,
And other ſome got biſhoprics:
For every lord as he thought beſt,
Brought in a bird to fill the neſt,
To be a watchman to his marrow,
They 'gan to draw at the eartharrow.
The proudeſt prelates of the kirk,
Were fain to hide in the mirk.
That time ſo failed was their ſight,
Senſyn they might not thole the light
Of Chriſt's true goſpel to be ſeen,
So blinded are their corporal een
With wordly luſts ſenſual,
Taking in realms the governal,
Both guiding court and ſeſſion,
Contrair to their profeſſion;
Wherefore I think they ſhould have ſhame,
Of ſpiritual prieſts to take the name;
For Iſaias into his wark,
Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,
That call'd are prieſts, and cannot preach,
Nor Chriſt's law to the people teach;
If for to preach been their profeſſion,
Why ſhould they mell with court or ſeſſion,
Except it were in ſpiritual things,
Referring unto lords and kings
Temporal cauſes to be decided,
If they their ſpiritual office guided,

Each man might ſay they did their parts.
But if they can play at the carts,
And mollet moylie on a mool,
Though they had never ſeen the ſchool,
Yet at this day, as well as then,
Will be made ſuch a ſpiritual man.
Princes that ſuch prelates promoves,
Account thereof to give behoves:
Which ſhall not paſs without puniſhment,
Except that they mend and repent;
And with due miniſtration,
Work after their vocation.
I wiſh the thing that will not be,
The perverſe prelates are ſo hie,
When once that day be called Lords.
They are occaſſion of diſcords:
And largely will propines heght,
To cauſe each lord with other fight,
If for their part it may avail:
So to the purpoſe of my tale,
That time in court roſe great debate,
And every lord did ſtrive for ſtate,
That all the realms might make no redding.
Till on each ſide there was no blood-ſhedding;
All fielded other in land or burgh,
At Lithgow Melroſs and Edinburgh,
But to deplore I think great pain,
Of noble-men that there were ſlain:
And as longſome to be reported,
Of them which to the court reſorted,
As tyrants, traitors and tranſgreſſors,
And common public plain oppreſſors
Men murderers, and common theives,
Into that court got their relieves.
There were few lords in all theſe lands,
But to new regents made their bands,
Then roſe a reek ere e'er I wiſt,
The which could all their bands birſt.
Then they alone which had the guiding,
They could not keep their feet from ſliding:
But of their lives they had ſuch dread,
That they were fain to trot o'er Tweed.

Now, potent prince, I ſay to thee,
I thank the holy Trinitie,
That I have liv'd to ſee the day,
That all the world is went away,
And thou to no man art ſubjected,
Nor to ſuch counſellors coacted.
The four great virtues cardinals,
I ſee them with the principals:
For Juſtice holds her ſword on hie,
With her ballance of equity;
And in this realm hath made ſuch order,
Both through the highland and the border,
That oppreſſion and all his fellows,
Are hanged high upon the gallows.
Dame Prudence had thee by the head,
And temperance doth thy bridle lead.
I ſee dame Force make reſiſtance,
Bearing the targe of aſſurance,
And luſty lady Chaſtity,
Hath baniſht Senſuality.
Dame Riches takes on thee ſuch cure,
I pray God, that ſhe long endure,
Of that Poverty dare not be ſeen,
Into thine houſe for both her een;
But from thy grace fled many miles,
Among the hunters in the iſles.
Diſſimulance dare not ſhow her face,
Which wont for to beguile thy Grace.
Folly is fled out of the town,
Which ay was contrair to reaſon:
Policy and peace begins to plant,
That virtuous men can never want;
And all ſlothfull idle lowns,
Shall ſcattered be in the galeyons.
John upon-land been glad, I trow,
Becauſe the ruſh buſh keeps his kow:
So there is nought I underſtand.
Without good order in this land,
Except the ſpirituality,
Praying thy Grace thereto have eye:
Cauſe them make miniſtration,
Conform to their vocation:

'o preach with unfeigned intents,
nd truely uſe the ſacraments,
fter Chriſt's inſtitutions,
eaving their vain traditions,
/hich do the ſilly ſheep illude.
or whom Chriſt Jeſus ſhed his bloood:
nd ſuperſtitious pilgrimages,
raying to graven images,
xpreſs againſt the Lord's command:
do thy grace to underſtand,
thou to men's laws aſſent,
gainſt the Lord's commandement,
s Jeroboam and many mo,
rinces of Iſrael alſo,
onſenters to Idolatry,
/hich puniſht were right piteouſly,
nd from their realms rooted out,
o ſhalt thou be withoutten doubt,
oth here and there withoutten more,
nd lack the everlaſting glore.
nd if thou wilt thine heart incline,
nd keep his bleſſed law divine,
s did the faithful patriarchs,
oth in their words, and in their warks:
s did many faithful kings
f Iſrael during their reigns;
s king David and Solomon,
/ho Images would ſuffer none,
their rich temple for to ſtand,
ecauſe it was not God's command;
nt deſtroyed all idolatry,
s in the ſcripture thou may'ſt ſee,
/hoſe rich reward was heavenly bliſs,
/hich ſhall be thine, thou doing this.
nce thou haſt choſen ſuch a guard,
ow am I ſure to get reward:
nd ſince thou art the richeſt king,
hat ever in this realm did reign,
f gold and ſtones precious,
oſt prudent and ingenious,
nd haſt thine honour done advance.
Scotland, England, and in France,

By martial deeds honourable.
And are to every virtue able,
I know thy grace will not miſken me,
But thou wilt either give or lend me.
Would thy Grace lend me a day,
Of gold a thouſand pound or tway,
And I ſhall fix with good intent,
Thy grace a day of payment,
With ſealed obligation,
Under this proteſtation:
When the baſs and the iſle of Mai,
Beis ſet upon the mount Sinai;
When the Lowmond beſide Falkland,
Beis liſted up to Northumberland;
When churchmen earns no dignity,
Nor wives no ſovereignty;
Winter without froſt, ſnow, wind or rain,
Then ſhall I give the gold again.
Or I ſhall make to thee payment,
After the day of Judgment,
Within a month at the leaſt,
When St Peter ſhall make a feaſt
To all the fiſhers of Aberlady
So thou have mine acquittance ready;
Failing thereof, by Saint Philan,
Thy grace gets never a groat again,
If thou be not content of this,
I muſt requeſt the king of bleſs,
That he to me have ſome regard,
And cauſe thy grace me to reward:
For David king of Iſrael.
Who was the great prophet royal,
Saith, God hath whole at his command,
The hearts of princes in his hand,
Then as he liſts them for to turn,
That muſt they do without ſojourn:
Some to exalt in dignity.
And ſometime Lords to bind in cords,
And them all utterly deſtroy.
As pleaſeth God that noble Roy:
For thou art but an inſtrument.
Of that great God Omnipotent.

) when it pleaſeth thine excellence,
hy grace ſhall make me recompence,
r he ſhall cauſe me ſtand content,
f quiet life and ſober rent,
nd take me in my latter age,
nto my ſimple hermitage,
nd ſpend what mine elders have won,
s old Diogenes in his tun,
f this complaint, with mind full meek,
hy grace's anſwer, ſir, I ſeek.

Quod Lindſay *to the King.*

ıe complaint and public confeſſion of the king's old hound, called Baſh, directed to Bawty, the king's beſt beloved dog, and his companions: made at command of king James the fifth, by Sir David Lindſay of the Mount, knight, alias, Lyon king of Arms.

LAS! to whom ſhould I complain,
In mine extreme neceſſity?
Or to whom ſhould I make my moan?
court no dog will do for me;
leeching for ſome charity,
o bear my ſupplication,
o Scuddler, Lufra and Bawty,
ow ere the king paſs from town.
have followed the court ſo long,
hile in good-faith, I may no mair:
he country knows I may not gang,
am ſo crooked, old and ſair,
hat I know not where to repair:
or when I had authority,
thought me ſo-familiar,
never dread neceſſity,
rew the caſe that Geordy ſteel,
ought Bawty to the king's preſence,
ray God let him ne'er do well,
nce than I got no audience;
r Bawty now gets ſuch precedence,
hat he lies on the king's night-gown,

When I perforce for mine offence,
Muſt in the cloſs lye like a clown;
For I have been ay to this hour,
A wirrier of lamb and hog,
A tyrant and a tuleyour,
A murtherer of many a dog.
Five fowls I chas'd out through a ſerog,
Wherefore their mothers did me wary,
For they were all drown'd in a bog,
Speer at John Gordon of Pitcarry,
Which in his houſe did bring me up,
And uſed me to kill the deer:
Sweet milk and meal he made me ſup,
That trade I learned ſoon perqueer.
All other virtue ran areer,
When I began to bark and flyte:
For there was neither monk nor frier,
Nor wife, nor child, but I would byte,
When to the king the cauſe was known,
Of mine unhappy hardineſs,
And all the ſooth unto him ſhown,
How every dog I did oppreſs,
Then gave his grace command expreſs,
I ſhould be brought to his preſence:
Notwithſtanding my wickedneſs,
In court I got great audience.
I ſhew'd my great ingratitude
To the captain of Badyeno,
Which in his houſe did find me food,
Two years with other hounds mo:
But when I ſaw that it was ſo
That I grew high into the court,
For his reward I wrought him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.
So they that gave me to the king,
I was their mortal enemy,
I took cure of no kind of thing,
But to pleaſe the king's majeſty;
But when he knew my cruelty,
My falſhood and my plain oppreſſion,
He gave command that I ſhould be
Hanged without confeſſion.

id yet becauſe that I was old,
s grace thought pity for to hang me.
d let me wander where I would,
ıen ſet my foes for to fang me,
d every Butcher's dog down dang me.
hen I trow'd beſt to be a laird,
ıen in the court each wight did wrang me;
d this I got for my reward,
ıad wirried black Mackeſon,
ere not the rebels came and red:
r he was fleemed from the town,
hen once the king ſaw how I bled,
: caus'd lay me upon a bed,
r with knife I was miſchiev'd,
ıis Mackeſon, for fear he fled,
long time ere he was reliev'd,
ıd Patrick Stirling in Argyle,
ıare him backward to the ground,
d had him ſlain within a while,
ere not the helping of an hound:
't got he many a bloody wound,
yet his ſkin will ſhow the marks,
ıd me a dog where'er ye found,
th made ſo many bloody ſarks.
ood brother Laceman, Lindſay's dog,
hich e'er hath kept thy lawtie,
d never wirried Lamb nor hog,
ay Lufra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
me, Baſh, for to have pity,
d provide me a portion
Dumfermling, where I may dree
ıance for mine extortion.
t by their ſoliſtation,
etter from the King's grace,
ıat I may have collation,
th fire and candle in the place,
t I will live ſhort time alas!
ck I good freſh fleſh for my gams
tween Aſh-wedneſday and Paſch,
ıuſt have leave to wirry lambs.
wty, conſider well this bill,
d every point thereof fulfil,

And read this ſchedul that I ſend you,
And now in time of Maſs amend you.
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climb too high, nor do no wrong:
But from your foes with right defend you
And take example how I gang.
I was that no man durſt come near me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging;
No dog durſt from my dinner ſkar me,
When I was tender with the king,
Now every tyk doth me down thring,
The which before by me was wronged:
And ſwear I ſerve no other thing,
But in a halter to be hanged.
Though ye be homely with the king,
Ye Scudlar, Lufra and Bawtie,
Beware that ye do not down thring
Your neighbour through authority,
And your example make by me;
And believe well you are but dogs:
Though ye ſtand in an high degree,
See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs,
Though ye have now great audience,
See that by you none be oppreſt,
Ye will be puniſht for your offence,
When once the king be well confeſt;
There is no dog that hath tranſgreſt
Through cruelty, if he may fang him,
His majeſty will take no reſt,
Till on a gallows he cauſe hang him.
I was once as far ben as ye are,
And had in court ſuch audience,
And ay pretended to be higher;
But when this Excellence
Did know my fallet and offence,
And my prideful preſumption.
I got no other recompence,
But hoy'd and hunted out of town,
Was never ſo unkind a corſe.
As when I had authority:
Of my friends I took no force,
The which before had done for me.

This proverb is of verity,
Which I had heard read in a letter,
The higheſt in court, neareſt the widdy,
Except he guide him all the better,
I took no more thought of a lord,
Than I did of a kitchen knave,
Though every day I make diſcord,
I was ſet up above the lave,
The gentle hound was to me ſlave,
And with the king's own fingers fed,
The ſilly raches would I reave,
Thus for mine ill deeds I was dred,
Therefore, Bawty, look beſt about,
When thou art higheſt with the king;
For then thou ſtandſt in greateſt doubt.
Be thou not good in governing;
Put no poor tyk from his ſteeding,
Nor yet no ſilly raches rave,
He ſits above that ſees all thing,
And of a knight can make a knave.
When I came ſleping ben the floor,
All raches great room to me red;
I of no creature took cure,
But lay upon the king's own bed;
With cloth of gold though it were ſpred,
For fear each freck would ſtand on far;
With every dog I was ſo dred,
They trembled when they heard me nar;
Good brother, Bawty, bear thee even,
Though with thy prince thou be potent,
It cries a vengeance from the heaven,
For to oppreſs the innocent:
In wealth be thou moſt diligent,
And do not wrong to dog nor bitch,
As I have, which I now repent.
No meſſan reave to make thee rich,
Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,
Aſk no reward, ſir, at the king,
Which may do hurt to other hounds;
Expreſs againſt God's own bidding,
Chaſe no poor tyk from his midding,
Through caſt of court, nor king's requeſt:

And of thyſelf preſume nothing,
Except thou be a brutal beaſt,
Truſt well there is no oppreſſor,
Nor butcher's dog, drawer of blood,
A tyrant nor a tranſgreſſor,
That ſhall now of the king get good,
From time forth that his celſitude,
Doth clearly know the verity,
But he is fleem'd, for to conclude,
Or hanged high upon a tree,
Though ye be cupled altogether,
With ſilk and fooles of ſilver fine.
A dog may come out of Balwhidder,
And make you lead a lower train:
Then ſhall your pleaſure turn in pine,
When a ſtrong hunter blows his horn,
And all your credence make you tine,
Then ſhall your labour be forlorn.
I ſay no more good friends, adieu,
In dread we never met again:
That e'er I knew the court, I rew,
Was never wight ſo well of wane.
Let no dog now ſerve our ſovereign,
Except he be of good condition:
Be he perverſe, I'll tell you plain,
He hath need of a good remiſſion.
That I am on this wiſe miſchiev'd,
The earl of Huntly I may warie.
He ween'd that I had been reliev'd,
When to the court he caus'd me carrie:
Would God I were now in Pitcarrie,
Becauſe I have been ſo ill deedy:
Adieu, I dare no longer tarrie,
I dread I wave into a widdie,

A Supplication directed for Sir David Lindſay of Mount, to the king's grace in contemption of ſide t and muzzled faces.

SIR, though your grace hath put good order,
Both in the highland and the border,
Yet I make ſupplication,
To have ſome reformation,

mall fault which is no treaſon.
gh it be contrary to reaſon.
ſe the matter been ſo vile,
y not have an ornate ſtile:
efore I pray your excellence,
ar me with great patience:
aking weeds maculate,
an may wear a roſe chaplate.
eign, I mean of theſe ſide tails,
through the duſt and dubs trails,
quarters long behind their heels,
ſs againſt all common-weals:
gh biſhops in their pontificals,
men to bear up their ſide tails,
gnity of their office;
ſo a queen, or emprice,
they uſe ſuch gravity,
ming to their majeſty,
gh their robes royal be upborn,
it but a very ſcorn,
every lady of the land,
have her tail ſo ſide trailand;
they be of high eſtate,
ueen they may not counterfeit:
'er they go it may be ſeen,
church and cauſey they ſweep clean.
nages into the kirk,
hink of their ſide tails great irk;
hen the weather been moſt fair,
uſt flies higheſt in the air,
ll their face doth begarie;
could ſpeak, they would them wary.
ſee I think a pleaſant ſight,
ly the ladies bright,
ir clothing moſt triumphand,
all other Chriſtian land;
hen they travel through the towns,
ee their feet beneath their gowns,
nches above their proper heels,
ate above as round as wheels;
ethrough there doth no powder riſe,
fair white limbs for to ſupriſe.

But I think moſt abuſion,
To ſee men of religion,
To bear their tails thorough the ſtreet,
That folks may behold their feet:
I trew ſaint Bernard, nor ſaint Blaiſe,
Caus'd never man bear up their claiſe,
Peter nor Paul, nor ſaint Andrew,
Caus'd ne'er bear up their tails I trow.
But I laugh beſt to ſee a nun,
Cauſe bear her tail above her bun,
For nothing elſe, as I ſuppoſe,
But for to ſhow her lilie white hoſe:
In all their rules they will not find
Who ſhould bear up their tails behind,
But I have moſt into diſpite,
Poor clagocks clad with raploch white,
Which have ſcarce two merks of fees,
Will have two ells beneath their knees:
Kittock that cleeked was yeſtreen.
The morn will counterfeit the queen.
A moorland Meg that milks the yows,
Clagged with clay above the hows:
In barn or byre ſhe will not bide,
Except her kirtle tail be ſide.
In borrows wanton burgeſs wives,
Who may have ſideſt tails ſtrives,
Well bordered with velvet fine,
But following them it is a pine,
In ſummer when the ſtreets dryes,
They raiſe the duſt above the ſkies,
None may go near them they at their eaſe,
Except they cover mouth and neeſe,
From the powder to keeep their een:
Conſider if their cloves be clean.
Between their cleaving and their knees,
Who who would be hold their ſweaty thies,
Begaired with dirt and duſt,
It were enought to ſtanch the luſt
Of any man that ſaw them naked:
I think ſuch giglots are but glaiked,
Without preſt to have ſuch pride,
Harling their clagged tails ſo ſide,

ould the borrowſtown bairns had breeks,
keep ſuch miſt from makin's cheeks,
ead rough makin ſuffer drouth,
ien ſuch dry duſt blows in her mouth:
ink moſt pain after a rain,
ſee them rouked up again;
en when they ſtep out through the ſtreet,
eir folding flaps about their feet:
eir loathly lyning forthwith flyped,
at hath the muck and midding wiped:
ey waſte more cloth within few years
an would cloth fifty ſcore of friers:
ien Marrion from the midding goes,
›m her morning-darg ſhe ſtrips the noſe,
d all the day where'er ſhe go,
h liquor ſhe licks up alſo,
e turcumes of her tail I trow
ght be a ſupper to a ſow.
new a man which ſware great oaths,
w he did lift a Kittock's cloths,
d would have done I know not what,
t ſoon remead of love he gat:
thought no ſhame to make it written,
w her ſide tail was all beſhitten.
filth ſuch flowre ſtrake to his heart
at he behov'd for to depart.
d ſhe, Good ſir, methink you rew,
d he your tails caſts ſuch a ſtew,
at by ſaint Bride I cannot abide it;
u were not wiſe that would not hide it;
Of tails I will no more endite,
r dread ſome dudren me deſpite:
twithſtanding I will conclude,
at of ſide tails there comes no good,
er than can their hanchlets hide,
e remanent proceeds of pride,
d pride proceedeth of the devil:
ins always they proceed of evil.
other fault, ſir, may be ſeen,
ey hid their face all but their een.
hen gentlemen bids them good-day,
ithout reverence they ſlide away;

That none may know, I you aſſure,
An honeſt woman by an whore,
Except their naked face I ſee,
They get no more good days of me.
Hailſe a French lady when ye pleaſe,
She will diſcover mouth and neeſe,
And with a humble countenance.
With viſage bare make reverence.
When our ladies do ride in rain,
Should no man have them at diſdain:
Though they be covered mouth and neeſe,
In that caſe they none diſpleaſe,
Nor when they go to quiet places,
I them excuſe to hide their faces,
When they would make collation
With any luſty champion:
Though they be hid then to the een,
Ye may conſider what I mean.
But in the church and market places,
I think they ſhould not hide their faces:
Except theſe faults be ſure amended,
My flyting, ſir, ſhall ne'er be ended.
But would your grace my counſel take,
A proclamation you ſhould make,
Both in the land and Borrowſtowns,
To ſhow their face and cut their gowns.
None ſhould from them exeemed be,
Except the queen's majeſty;
Becauſe this matter is not fair,
Of rhetorick it muſt be bair.
Women will ſay, this is bourds,
To write ſuch vile and filthy words.
But would they clean their filthy tails,
Which o'er the mire and midding trails,
Then ſhould my writing ended be,
No other mends they get of me.
The truth ſhould not be holden cloſe,
Virtus non quærit angulos.
I know good women that been wiſe,
This rur[illegible]ime will not diſpriſe,
None w[illegible]blame, I you aſſure,
Except a wanton glorious whore,

Thoſe flyting I fear not a flee.
Farewell, ye get no more of me.
Quoad Lindſay, in contempt of ſide tails,
That duddrons and duntibours,
Through the dubbs trails.

KITTY's CONFESSION.

Compiled (as is believed) by Sir David Lindſay of the Mount, Knight, &c.

The *Curate* and *Kittie*.

THE Curate, Kitty would confeſs,
And ſhe told on both more and leſs:
Then ſhe was talking as ſhe wiſt.
The Curate Kitty would have kiſt;
Bot yet a countenance he bure,
Digeſt, devout, dain and demure;
And yet began her to exame:
He was beſt at the after game.
Said he, have ye any wronguous gear?
Said ſhe, I ſtole a peck of bear.
Said he, That ſhould reſtored be:
Therefore deliver it to me,
Gibby and Peter bad me ſpeer,
For my conſcience they ſhall it hear.
Said he, live ye in lechery?
Said ſhe. Willie Leno m——d me.
Said he, his wife that ſhall I tell,
To make quaintance with herſel.
Said he, know ye no hereſie?
I know not what this is, ſaid ſhe.
Said he, read ye no Engliſh books?
Said ſhe, my maſter on them looks.
Said he, the biſhop ſhall that know;
For I am ſworn that for to ſhow,
Said he, what ſaid he of the king?
Said ſhe, of good he ſpake nothing.
Said he, his grace of that ſhall wit,
For he ſhall loſe his life for it.

When ſhe in mind did more revolve,
Said he I cannot you abſolve;
But to my chamber come at even,
Abſolved for to be and ſhriven.
Said ſhe, I will paſs to another,
And I met with Sir Andrew's brother,
And he full cleanly did me ſhrive,
But he was ſomewhat talkative:
He aſked many a ſtrange caſe.
How that my love did me embrace?
What day, how oft, what ſort, and where?
Said he, I would I had been there.
He me abſolved for a plack,
Though he with me no price would make,
And meikle Latin he did mumble,
I heard nothing but humble mumble.
He ſhow'd me nothing of God's word,
Which ſharper is than any ſword,
And deep into our hearts doth print,
Our ſins, wherethrough we do repent.
He puts me nothing into fear,
Wherethrough I ſhould my ſins forbear,
He ſhew me not the malediction.
Of God for ſin, nor the affliction,
And in this life the great miſchief
Ordain'd to puniſh whore and thief.
He ſhew me not of the hell's pain,
That I might fear and vice refrain,
He counſell'd me not to abſtain,
And lead an holy life and clean:
Of Chriſt's blood nothing he knew,
Nor of his promiſes full true,
That ſaveth all that will believe,
That ſatan ſhall never grieve.
He teached me not for to traiſt,
The comfort of the holy Ghaiſt;
And bade me not to Chriſt be kind,
To keep his law with heart and mind,
And love and thank his great mercy.
From ſ[redacted] hell that ſaved me,
And lo[redacted] neighbour as myſel,
Of this nothing he could me tell;

: me penance every day,
Maria for to ſay,
lays five no fleſh to eat,
:r and eggs is better meat;
ı a plack to buy a Meſs,
:uken Sir John Latin Leſs.
a plack I will cauſe Sandy
e again at handy dandy;
:o pilgrimage to paſs,
y way to wantonneſs.
is penance I was glad,
:m all perqueer I ſaid:
and ſwear I know the price,
ſet on cinque and ſyce:
ıy counſel could not keep,
: him by the fire to ſleep,
'd collops, beef and coals,
l ſhoes with double ſoals,
d candle, greaſe and ſalt,
ıf meal, and handfuls of malt,
and linen warp and waft,
:eep the keys of your wool laft:
drink and ſleep made him to rave,
'ith us they play the knave,
'ear by their profeſſion,
ſafe without confeſſion,
e all men to underſtand,
; God's own command:
nothing but man's dream,
ɔle to confound and ſhame;
ght elſe but man's law,
n's minds for to knaw,
rough they file them as they will,
e their laws conform theretill,
men's conſcience,
ɔd's magnificence,
the people teach and tyſt.
the pope and antichriſt.
reat God Omnipotent,
ıy ſins, and thee repent,
in Chriſt, as writteth Paul,
ed his blood to ſave thy ſaul.

For none can thee abſolve but He,
Nor take away thy ſins from thee.
If of good counſel thou haſt need,
Or haſt not learned well thy creed,
Or wicked vices reign in thee,
The which thou canſt not mortifie.
Or be in deſpiration,
And would have conſolation;
Then to the preacher true thou paſs,
And ſhow thy ſin and thy treſpaſs:
Thou needs not for to ſhow him all,
Nor tell thy ſins both great and ſmall,
Which is impoſſible to be,
But ſhow the vice which troubleth thee
And he ſhall of thy fault have roth,
And thee inſtruct into the truth;
And with the word of verity,
Shall comfort and ſhall counſel thee:
The ſacraments ſhow thee at length,
Thy little faith to firm and ſtrength,
And how thou ſhouldſt them rightly uſe,
And all hypocriſy refuſe.
Confeſſion firſt was ordain'd free,
In this ſort in the church to be:
So to confeſs as I deſcrive,
Was in the church primitive,
So was confeſſion ordain'd firſt,
Though Codrus kyt ſhould cleave and burſt.

FINIS Quod LINDSAY.

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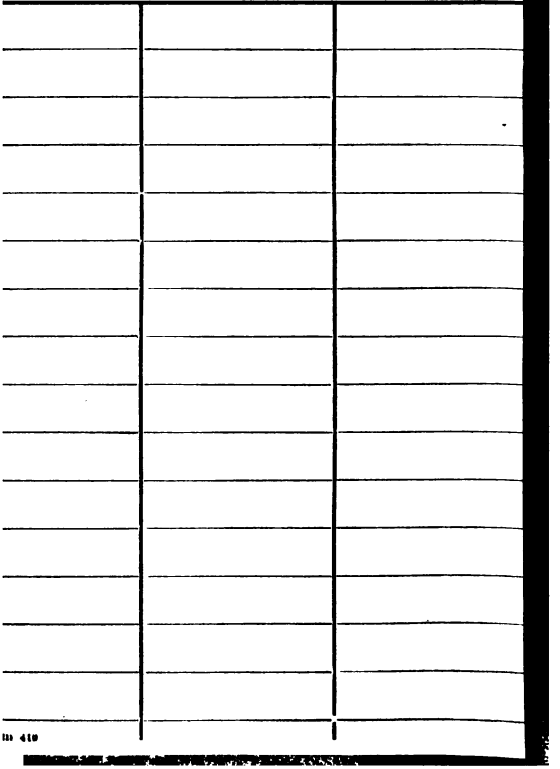
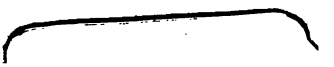
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